

238 d 13

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-SECOND.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY M. BROWN;

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. PAYNE AND
SONS, L. DAVIS, E. WHITE AND SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW,
J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. ROBSON, C. DILLY, T. CADELL,
J. NICHOLS, J. JOHNSON, G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, P. ELMSLY, T. EVANS,
G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT,
J. MURRAY, J. SEWELL, W. GOLDSMITH, W. RICHARDSON,
T. VERNOR, W. LOWNDES, W. BENT, W. OTRIDGE, T. AND
J. EGERTON, S. HAYES, R. FAULDER, J. EDWARDS, G. AND
T. WILKIE, W. NICOLL, OGILVY AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD
AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C STALKER, E. NEWBERY. 1790.



E

P A

THE
FIFTY-SECOND VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
PITT'S POEMS;
AND
PART OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

VOL. LII.

a



THE
P O E M S
OF
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

VOL. XLII.

B



O D E

TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moor-Park, June, 1689.

I.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all monarchies!
 Till, its first emperor rebellious man
 Depos'd from off his feat,
 It fell, and broke with its own weight
 Into small states and principalities,
 By many a petty lord possess'd,
 But ne'er since seated in one single breast!
 'Tis you who must this land subdue,
 The mighty conquest's left for you,
 The conquest and discovery too;
 Search out this Utopian ground,
 Virtue's Terra Incognita,
 Where none ever led the way,
 Nor ever since but in descriptions found,
 Like the philosopher's stone,
 With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led astray;
 Too long have our misguided souls been taught
 With rules from musty morals brought,

'Tis you must put us in the way;
 Let us (for shame!) no more be fed
 With antique reliques of the dead,
 The gleanings of philosophy,
 Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
 The roguery of alchemy;
 And we, the bubbled fools,
 Spend all our present life in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ignorance Learning call?
 We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
 Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
 Remembrance is our treasure and our food;
 Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
 We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
 Stale memorandums of the schools:
 For Learning's mighty treasures look
 In that deep grave a book;
 Think that she there does all her treasures hide,
 And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since
 she dy'd.
 Confine her walks to colleges and schools;
 Her priests, her train, and followers shew
 As if they all were spectres too!
 They purchase knowledge at th' expence
 Of common breeding, common sense,
 And grow at once scholars and fools;
 Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
 Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility,

And,

And, sick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they swallow down,
Still cast it up, and nauseate company.

IV.

Curst be the wretch! nay doubly curst!
(If it may lawful be
To curse our greatest enemy)
Who learnt himself that heresy first
(Which since has seiz'd on all the rest)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our scraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'scap'd this general pest;
Those mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at last united grown.

You cannot be compar'd to one:
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate;
He sav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;

Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
 To shew it cost its price in war;
 War! that mad game the world so loves to play,
 And for it does so dearly pay;
 For, though with loss or victory a while
 Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
 Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
 No thunder e'er can blast:
 'Th' artillery of the skies
 Shoots to the earth, and dies;
 Nor ever green and flourishing 't will last,
 Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans' cries,
 About the head crown'd with these bays,
 Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
 Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
 Makes up its solemn train with death;
 It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

VII.

The wily shifts of state, those jugglers' tricks,
 Which we call deep designs and politicks
 (As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
 Because the cords escape their eye,
 Wonder to see the motions fly);
 Methinks, when you expose the scene,
 Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
 Off fly the vizards, and discover all:
 How plain I see through the deceit!
 How shallow, and how gross, the cheat!

Look

Look where the pulley's tied above!
Great God! (said I) what have I seen!

On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and designs of states!

What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouse makes the mighty mountain shake!
'The mighty mountain labours with its birth,

Away the frighten'd peasants fly,
Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect some great gigantic son of earth;

Lo! it appears!

See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out starts the little beast, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

Then tell, dear favourite Muse!
What serpent's that which still resorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?

Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.

See where she lies!

See how she rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,

To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!

'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
And though as some ('tis said) for their defence

Have worn a casement o'er their skin,

So he wore his within,

Made up of virtue and transparent innocence;

And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almost got priority of fight,

He ne'er could overcome her quite
(In pieces cut, the viper still did re-unite),

Till, at last, tir'd with loss of time and ease,
Resolv'd to give himself, as well as country, peace.

IX.

Sing, belov'd Muse! the pleasures of retreat,

And in some untouch'd virgin strain
Shew the delights thy sister Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;

Go publish o'er the plain

How mighty a profelyte you gain!
How noble a reprisal on the great!

How is the Muse luxuriant grown!

Whene'er she takes this flight,
She soars clear out of sight.

These are the paradises of her own:

(The Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'er so gently led
To the lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his usual course.)

Wake from thy wanton dreams,

Come from thy dear-lov'd streams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames!

Fain the fair nymph would stay,
Oft' she looks back in vain,

Oft' 'gainst her fountain does complain,
And soft'y steals in many windings down,

ODE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. ,

As loth to see the hated court and town,
And murmurs as she glides away.

X.

In this new happy scene
Are nobler subjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predecessor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our sport,
Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel see
(Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of sight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How some go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiously upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
Was cast in the same mould with mine?
Why then does Nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of a fare:

Some

Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
 Some to the drudgery of a trade,
 Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
 Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for straw;
 Some she condemns for life to try
 To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
 Me she has to the Muse's gallies tied,
 In vain I strive to cross this spacious main,
 In vain I tug and pull the oar,
 And, when I almost reach the shore,
 Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch out again;
 And yet, to feed my pride,
 Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
 With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

'Then, Sir, accept this worthless verse,
 The tribute of an humble Muse,
 'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
 Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
 And kindled first with indolence and ease;
 And, since too oft' debauch'd by praise,
 'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
 In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
 In wisdom and philosophy;
 In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
 Where nought but weeds will grow.
 Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
 By an equivocal birth
 Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

ODE TO KING WILLIAM *,
ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

TO purchase kingdoms, and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty Monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins,
The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown
(Cowards are Monarchs by that title made),
Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have:
What trophies and what triumphs are your due;
Who could so well a dying nation save,
At once deserve a crown, and gain it too!

* With much pleasure I here present to the publick an Ode which had been long sought after without success. That it is Swift's, I have not the least doubt; and it is the more curious, as being the *second* poem that he wrote. He refers to it in the second stanza of his "Ode to the Athenian Society," and expressly marks it by a marginal note, under the title of "The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland." See p. 14; and see, also, "The Gentleman's Journal," July, 1692," p. 13. N.

You

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
Which we could neither obviate, nor shun.
Britannia stript from her sole guard the laws,
Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice;
You straight stept in, and from the monster's jaws
Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.
Nor this is all; as glorious is the care
To preserve conquests, as at first to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double share,
Which, what it bravely won, does well maintain.
Your arm has now your rightful title shew'd,
An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
'To which they look as to some guardian God,
That must their doubtful liberty defend.
Amaz'd, thy action at the Boyne we see!
When Schomberg started at the vast design:
The boundless glory all redounds to thee,
Th' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.
The brave attempt does all our foes disarm;
You need but now give orders and command,
Your name shall the remaining work perform,
And spare the labour of your conquering hand.
France does in vain her feeble arts apply,
To interrupt the fortune of your course:
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
Of secret malice, or of open force.

Boldly

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
 Of glorious deeds, that must all tongues employ:
 William's the pledge and earnest given by Fate
 Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

O D E
 TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

I.

AS when the deluge first began to fall,
 That mighty ebb never to flow again
 (When this huge body's moisture was so great,
 It quite o'ercame the vital heat);
 That mountain which was highest, first of all
 Appear'd above the universal main,
 To bless the primitive sailor's weary fight!
 And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height
 It be as great as 'tis in fame,
 And nigh to Heaven as is its name:
 So, after th' inundation of a war,
 When Learning's little household did embark
 With her world's fruitful system in her sacred ark,
 At the first ebb of noise and fears,
 Philosophy's exalted head appears;
 And the Dove-Muse will now no longer stay,
 But plumes her silver wings and flies away;
 And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
 To crown the happy conqueror,

To

To shew the flood begins to cease,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II.

The eager Muse took wing upon the waves' decline,
When War her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
When the bright sun of Peace began to shine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation sat
On the high top of peaceful Ararat;
And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the first
that grew,
The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain);
And thence, with joyful nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the King*.
And the Dove-Muse is fled once more
(Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war);
And now discovers from afar
A peaceful and a flourishing shore:
No sooner did she land
On the delightful strand,
'Than straight she sees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flowery vales, with fruitful gardens crown'd,
And many a pleasant wood!
As if the universal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It seems some floating piece of paradise,
Preserv'd by wonder from the flood,

* The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland. SWIFT. See p. 11.
Long

Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
 Fam'd Delos did of old,
 And the transported Muse imagin'd it
 To be a fitter birth-place for the God of wit,
 Or the much-talk'd oracular grove;
 When with amazing joy she hears
 An unknown musick all around
 Charming her greedy ears
 With many a heavenly song
 Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love,
 Whilst angels tune the voice, and God inspires the tongue.
 In vain she catches at the empty sound,
 In vain pursues the musick with her longing eye,
 And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
 The wild excursions of a youthful pen*;
 Forgive a young, and (almost) Virgin-Muse,
 Whom blind and eager curiosity
 (Yet curiosity, they say,
 Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)
 Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
 After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye.
 No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense
 For a dear ramble through impertinence;
 Impertinence! the scurvy of mankind.
 And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,

* See Swift's very remarkable Letter to the Athenian Society,
 in the "Supplement to his Works." N.

Though

Though we be of two different factions still,
 Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
 Yet wherefoe'er you look, you'll always find
 We join, like flies and wasps, in buzzing about wit.
 In me, who am of the first sect of these,
 All merit, that transcends the humble rules
 Of my own dazzled scanty sense,
 Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
 Of admiration and of praise.
 And our good brethren of the surly sect
 Must e'en all herd us with their kindred fools:
 For though, possess'd of present vogue, they've made
 Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade;
 Yet the same want of brains produces each effect.
 And you, whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud
 From us the blind and thoughtless croud,
 Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
 Who both our follies and impertinences see,
 Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

IV.

But censure 's to be understood
 Th' authentic mark of the elect,
 The public stamp Heaven sets on all that's great and good,
 Our shallow search and judgement to direct.
 The war methinks has made
 Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
 Instead of boldly sailing far, to buy
 A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
 We fondly stay at home, in fear
 Of every censuring privateer;

Forcing

Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
And selling basely by retail.

The wits, I mean the atheists of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit as they do the stage;
Wondrous refiners of philosophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logick and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cause.

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little, do prevail
Their first and chiefest force
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another course:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall,
And straight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
'Tis but to say, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a croud of atoms jostling in a heap,
Which from eternal seeds begun,
Jostling some thousand years till ripen'd by the sun;
Vol. XLII. C They 're

They 're now, just now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to see;
Methinks I 'm satisfy'd to guess,
That this new, noble, and delightful scene
Is wonderfully mov'd by some exalted men,
Who have well studied in the world's disease
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgement or our eye),
That what surprizes us can only please.
We often search contentedly the whole world round,
To make some great discovery;
And scorn it when 'tis found.
Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame,
Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
We 've found a little inconsiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal stream.
Consider human folly, and you 'll quickly own,
That all the praises it can give,
By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Else why should the fam'd Lydian king
(Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and state,
With all that power unfelt courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait)
Still wear, still doat, on his invisible ring?

VII. Were

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
 Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
 As to paint Echo to the sight;
 I would not draw th' idea from an empty name;
 Because, alas! when we all die,
 Careless and ignorant posterity,
 Although they praise the learning and the wit,
 And though the title seems to show
 The name and man by whom the book was writ,
 Yet how shall they be brought to know,
 Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
 Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
 And water-colours of these days:
 These days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
 Is at a loss for figures to express
 Men's folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
 And by a faint description makes them less.
 Then tell us what is Fame, where shall we search for it?
 Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit
 Enthron'd with heavenly Wit!
 Look where you see
 The greatest scorn of learned Vanity!
 (And then how much a nothing is mankind!
 Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
 Who, by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
 And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
 Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
 To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind!)
 And when you find out these, believe true Fame is there,
C 2
Far

Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown! is only known in you.

VIII.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepan'd
By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand,
Impatient of all answers, strait became
A stealing brook, and strove to creep away
 Into his native sea,
Vext at their follies, murmur'd in his stream;
But, disappointed of his fond desire,
Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
'This furly slippery God, when he design'd
 To furnish his escapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
 Than you to please and satisfy mankind,
And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
 So well you answer all phænomena there:
Though madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
 Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and shame,
Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless
 doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic God would grope in igno-
 rance and night,
 The God of learning and of light
Would want a God himself to help him out.

IX. Philosophy,

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY. 21

IX.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it pass'd,
But always with a stronger relish of the last.
This beauteous queen, by Heaven design'd
To be the great original
For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her since the fall!
More oft' in fools' and madmen's hands than sages,
She seems a medley of all ages,
With a huge fardingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a top-knot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How soon have you restor'd her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Drest her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of Heaven is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muse oft' blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty, and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.

The rebel Muse, alas! takes part
 But with my own rebellious heart,
 And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
 To fan th' unhappy fire.

Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
 Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!
 Rather forgive what my first transport said:
 May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be shed,
 Lie upon you and on your children's head!
 For you (ah! did I think I e'er should live to see
 The fatal time when that could be!)
 Have ev'n increas'd their pride and cruelty.
 Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
 Still boasting of her great unknown
 Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
 Or the vast charges of a smile;
 Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
 You 've taught the covetous wretches to o'er-rate,
 And which they 've now the consciences to weigh
 In the same balance with our tears,
 And with such scanty wages pay
 The bondage and the slavery of years.
 Let the vain sex dream on; the empire comes from us,
 And, had they common generosity,
 They would not use us thus.
 Well—though you 've rais'd her to this high degree,
 Ourselves are rais'd as well as she;
 And, spite of all that they or you can do,
 'Tis pride and happiness enough to me
 Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain
 Is ev'n the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
 I sigh whene'er I think of it:
 As at the closing of an unhappy scene
 Of some great king and conqueror's death,
 When the sad melancholy Muse
 Stays but to catch his utmost breath.
 I grieve, this nobler work most happily begun,
 So quickly and so wonderfully carry'd on,
 May fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.

There is a noon-tide in our lives,
 Which still the sooner it arrives,
 Although we boast our winter-sun looks bright,
 And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
 Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
 No conquest ever yet begun,
 And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
 E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son;
 It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it past,
 And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.

For, when the animating mind is fled
 (Which nature never can retain,
 Nor e'er call back again),
 The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
 With what unhappy men shall dare
 To be successors to these great unknown,
 On Learning's high-establish'd throne.

Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
 Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
 Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth
 From Ignorance's universal North,
 And with blind rage break all this peaceful government:
 Yet shall these traces of your wit remain,
 Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
 Of conquest in your short and happy reign;
 And to all future mankind shew
 How strange a paradox is true,
 That men who liv'd and dy'd without a name
 Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of Fame.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-
 BOOK. 1699.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
 And think thou seest my owner's heart,
 Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
 As hard, as senseless, and as light;
 Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
 But hid with caution from the wise.
 Here you may read, "Dear charming faint!"
 Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
 Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
 There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
 Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
 There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
 Here, a page fill'd with billets-doux;
 On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes"—
 'Madam, I die without your grace"—
 "Item, for half a yard of lace."

Who

Who that had wit would place it here,
 For every peeping fop to jeer;
 In power of spittle and a clout,
 Whene'er he please, to blot it out;
 And then, to heighten the disgrace,
 Clap his own nonsense in the place?
 Whoe'er expects to hold his part
 In such a book, and such a heart,
 If he be wealthy, and a fool,
 Is in all points the fittest tool;
 Of whom it may be justly said,
 He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION.

1699.

TO their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland*,
 the humble petition of Frances Harris,
 Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries;

Humbly sheweth,

That I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's † chamber,
 because I was cold;

And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and
 six pence, besides farthings, in money and gold:

So, because I had been buying things for my Lady last
 night,

I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was right.

* The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germaine.

Now,

Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very
bad lock,

Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows,
is a very small stock,

I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to
my smock.

So when I went to put up my purse, as God would
have it, my smock was unript,

And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it flipt;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady
to bed;

And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as
my maidenhead.

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very
light:

But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord! I
thought I should have sunk outright.

Lord! Madam, says Mary, how d' ye do? Indeed, says
I, never worse:

But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with
my purse?

Lord help me! said Mary, I never stirr'd out of this place:
Nay, said I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's
a plain case.

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, she stole away my garters, that I might do
myself no harm.

So I tumbled and tofs'd all night, as you may very well
think,

But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

So

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and
search'd the folks round,

And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's * box, ty'd in a rag,
the money was found.

So next morning we told Whittle †, and he fell a-
fswearing:

Then my dame Wadgar‡ came; and she, you know, is
thick of hearing.

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know
what a loss I have had?

Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's§ folks are all very sad;
For my Lord Dromedary|| comes a Tuesday without
fail.

Pugh! said I, but that 's not the business that I ail.

Says Cary **, says he, I have been a servant this five and
twenty years, come spring,

And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a
thing.

Yes, says the steward ††, I remember, when I was at
my Lady Shrewsbury's,

Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of
gooseberries.

* Wife to one of the footmen.

† Earl of Berkeley's valet.

‡ The old deaf housekeeper.

§ Galway.

|| The Earl of Drogheda, who, with the Primate, was to
succeed the two Earls.

** Clerk of the kitchen.

†† Ferris.

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full
of grief,

(Now, you must know, of all things in the world, I hate
a thief).

However, I am resolv'd to bring the discourse slyly
about:

Mrs. Dukes, said I, here 's an ugly accident has hap-
pen'd out:

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse*;
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.

'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and six pence,
makes a great hole in my wages:

Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these
ages.

Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body under-
stands,

That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go
without hands.

The *devil* take me! said she (blessing herself) if ever
I saw 't!

So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as though I had call'd her
all to naught.

So you know, what could I say to her any more?

I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well; but then they would have had me gone to the
cunning man!

No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the *chaplain* will be
here anon.

* An usual saying of hers.

So the *chaplain** came in. Now the servants say he is
my sweetheart,

Because he 's always in my chamber, and I always take
his part.

So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out
I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a *nativity*, when a body 's
plunder'd?

(Now, you must know, he hates to be call'd *parson* like
the *devil*!)

Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be
more civil;

If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says, d' ye
see,

You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I 'd have you
to know.

Lord! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never thought
you so;

You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a *parson*'s
wife;

I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all my
life.

With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as
who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me! and so went away.

Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. *Lord!* said I,
what shall I do?

I have lost my *money*, and shall lose my *true love* too!

* Dr. Swift.

Then

Then my Lord call'd me: Harry *, said my Lord,
 don't cry;
 I 'll give you something towards thy loss; and, says my
 Lady, so will I.
 Oh! but, said I, what if, after all, the chaplain won't
come to?
 For that, he said, (an't please your *Excellencies*) I must
 petition you.
 The premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire your *Ex-*
cellencies protection,
 And that I may have a share in next Sunday's col-
 lection;
 And, over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies*
 letter,
 With an order for the *chaplain* aforesaid, or, instead of
 him, a better:
 And then your poor *petitioner*, both night and day,
 Or the *chaplain* (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound,
 shall ever *pray*.

A B A L L A D
 ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC.

Written at the Castle of Dublin, 1699.

MY Lord †, to find out who must deal,
 Delivers cards about,
 But the first knave does seldom fail
 To find the Doctor out.

* A cant word of Lord and Lady B. to Mrs. Harris.

† The Earl of Berkeley.

But then his Honour cry'd, Gadzooks!

And seem'd to knit his brow:

For on a knave he never looks

But h' thinks upon Jack How*.

My Lady, though she is no player,

Some bungling partner takes,

And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,

Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

Dame Floyd † looks out in grave suspense

For pair-royals and sequents;

But, wisely cautious of her pence,

The castle seldom fréquents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,

I 'd won it on my word,

If I had but a pair of aces,

And could pick up a third.

But Weston has a new-cast gown

On Sundays to be fine in,

And, if she can but win a crown,

'Twill just new-dye the lining.

“ † With these is *Parson Swift*,

“ Not knowing how to spend his time,

“ Does make a wretched shift,

“ To deafen them with puns and rhyme.”

* Paymaster to the army.

† See the verses on this lady, p. 42.

‡ See the note, p. 32.

A B A L L A D,

To the Tune of THE CUT-PURSE*.

I.

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
 A friar would needs shew his talent in Latin;
 But was forely put to 't in the midst of a verse,
 Because he could find no word to come pat in:
 Then all in the place
 He left a void space,
 And so went to bed in a desperate case:
 When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
 He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.

Cho. *Let censuring critics then think what they list
 on 't;*

*Who would not write verses with such an
 assistant?*

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement:
 For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite;
 That he came through the key-hole, or in at the casement;
 And it needs must be one that could both read and
 write:

* Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verses in the author's room unfinished, wrote under them the concluding stanza; which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.

Yet

Yet he did not know
 If it were friend or foe,
 Or whether it came from above or below:
 However, 'twas civil in angel or elf,
 For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.
 Chor. *Let censuring, &c.*

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
 In making a ballad, but was at a stand:
 He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains;
 When he found a new help from invisible hand.
 Then, good Doctor Swift,
 Pay thanks for the gift;
 For you freely must own, you were at a dead lift:
 And, though some malicious young spirit did do't,
 You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
 Chor. *Let censuring, &c.*

THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN wise Lord Berkeley first came here*
 Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
 Nor thought to find so great a peer
 Ere a week past committing blunders.
 Till, on a day cut out by fate,
 When folks came thick to make their court,
 Out slipt a mystery of state,
 To give the town and country sport.

* To Ireland, as one of the Lords Justices.

Now enters * Bush with new state airs,
 His lordship's premier minister;
 And who in all profound affairs
 Is held as needfull as his † clyster.

With head reclining on his shoulder,
 He deals and hears mysterious chat,
 While every ignorant beholder
 Asks of his neighbour, Who is that?

With this he put up to my lord,
 The courtiers kept their distance due,
 He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word;
 Then to a corner both withdrew.

Imagine now, my lord and Bush
 Whispering in junto most profound,
 Like good king † Phyz and good king Ush,
 While all the rest stood gaping round.

At length a spark not too well bred,
 Of forward face and ear acute,
 Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
 To over-hear the grand dispute:

To learn what Northern kings design,
 Or from Whitehall some new exprefs,
 Papists disarm'd, or fall of coin:
 For sure (thought he) it can't be less.

* Bush, by some underhand insinuation, obtained the post of secretary; which had been promised to Swift.

† Always taken before my lord went to council.

‡ See "The Rehearsal."

My

My lord, said Bush, a friend and I,
 Disguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,
 Ere morning's dawn, stole out to spy
 How markets went for hay and oats.
 With that he draws two handfuls out,
 The one was oats, the other hay;
 Puts this to 's excellency's snout,
 And begs he would the other weigh.
 My lord seems pleas'd, but still directs
 By all means to bring down the rates;
 Then, with a congee circumflex,
 Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.
 Our listener stood a while confus'd,
 But, gathering spirits, wisely ran for 't,
 Enrag'd to see the world abus'd
 By two such whispering kings of Brentford.

THE PROBLEM,

“THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS, WHEN HE
 IS IN LOVE.”

DID ever problem thus perplex,
 Or more employ, the female sex?
 So sweet a passion, who would think,
 Jove ever form'd to make a stink?
 The ladies vow and swear, they 'll try
 Whether it 'be a truth or lye.
 Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
 Works in my lord by stool and sweat,
 Which brings a stink from every pore,
 And from behind and from before;

Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can smell it.
But now, to solve the natural cause
By sober philosophic laws:
Whether all passions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weazel you torment,
You find his passion by his scent.
We read of kings, who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to sh—.
Beside all this, deep scholars know,
That the main string of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an a— gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or desert preferr'd
From giving passage to a t—;
But still, though fix'd among the stars,
Does sympathize with human a—.
Thus, when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-string at full stretch,
Till the kind looseness comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.

And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;
Watching the first unfavoury wind,
Some ply before, and some behind.
My lord, on fire amidst the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.

The fair approach the speaking part,
 To try the back-way to his heart :
 For, as when we a gun discharge,
 Although the bore be ne'er so large,
 Before the flame from muzzle burst,
 Just at the breech it flashes first;
 So from my lord his passion broke,
 He f—d first, and then he spoke.

The ladies vanish in the smother,
 To confer notes with one another;
 And now they all agreed to name
 Whom each-one thought the happy dame.
 Quoth Neal, whate'er the rest may think,
 I'm sure 'twas I, that smelt the stink.
 You smell the stink! by G—, you lye,
 Quoth Rofs, for I'll be sworn 'twas I.
 Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear:
 Let 's not fall out; we all had share;
 And, by the most I can discover,
 My lord 's an universal lover.

THE DESCRIPTION

OF

A S A L A M A N D E R. 1706.

Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. x. c. 67. lib. xxix. c. 4.

AS Mastiff Dogs in modern phrase are
 Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæsar;
 As Pyes and Daws are often styl'd
 With Christian nicknames, like a child;

D 3

As

As we say Monsieur to an Ape,
 Without offence to human shape;
 So men have got, from bird and brute,
 Names that would best their natures suit.
 The Lion, Eagle, Fox, and Boar,
 Were Heroes titles heretofore,
 Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit
 To shew their valour, strength, or wit:
 For what is understood by *fame*,
 Besides the getting of a *name*?
 But, e'er since men invented guns,
 A different way their fancy runs:
 To paint a Hero, we inquire
 For something that will conquer *fire*.
 Would you describe Turenne or Trump?
 Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
 Are these too low?—then find out grander,
 Call my lord Cutts a Salamander.
 'Tis well;—but, since we live among
 Detractors with an evil tongue,
 Who may object against the term,
 Pliny shall prove what we affirm:
 Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
 And I'll be judg'd by standers-by.

First, then, our author has defin'd
 This reptile of the Serpent kind,
 With gaudy coat and shining train;
 But loathsome spots his body stain:
 Out from some hole obscure he flies,
 When rains descend, and tempests rise,

Till the sun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
I've seen a Snake in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish, and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the sky serene;
Then shrink into its hole again.

"All this we grant—why then look yonder:
"Sure that must be a Salamander!"

Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This Serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spues a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or lust, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out Love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And should some nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charlton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects

Her tainted carcase to pursue,
 As from the Salamander's spue;
 A dismal shedding of her locks,
 And, if no leprosy, a pox.
 "Then I 'll appeal to each by-stander,
 "If this be not a Salamander?"

TO THE
 EARL OF PETERBOROW,
 Who commanded the BRITISH forces in SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
 The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
 And prints are crouded with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
 Sits up till midnight with his host,
 Talks politicks, and gives the toast;

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
 Flies like a squib from place to place,
 And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
 'This day arriv'd, without his train,
 Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek,
 Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
 He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
 And rides through Dover in the morn:
 Mordanto 's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto

Mordanto gallops on alone;
The roads are with her followers strown;
This breaks a girth, and that a bone.

His body active as his mind,
Returning found in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition:

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-fake Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

THE Queen has lately lost a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH* heart;
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with SCOTCH.
Blest revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!

* The motto on Queen Anne's coronation medal.

See how the double nation lies;
 Like a rich coat with skirts of frize:
 As if a man, in making posies,
 Should bundle thistles up with roses.
 Who ever yet a union saw
 Of kingdoms without faith or law?
 Henceforward let no statesman dare
 A kingdom to a ship compare;
 Lest he should call our commonweal
 A vessel with a double keel:
 Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
 And got about a league from land,
 By change of wind to leeward side,
 The pilot knew not how to guide.
 So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
 Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD:

Or, The RECEIPT to form a BEAUTY*.

WHEN Cupid did his grandfire Jove intreat
 To form some Beauty by a new receipt,
 Jove sent, and found far in a country-scene
 Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene:
 From which ingredients first the dextrous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.

* An elegant Latin version of this little poem is in the sixth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies.

The Graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride :
 These Venus cleans from every spurious grain
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
 Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd;
 Then call'd the happy Composition *Floyd*.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs. FINCH, afterwards Countess
 of WINCHELSEA, under her name of ARDELIA.

PHŒBUS, now shortening every shade,
 Up to the northern *tropic* came,
 And thence beheld a lovely maid,
 Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
 Then lighted from his glittering coach;
 But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
 Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
 From common lightning of the skies,
 He fondly thought he might endure
 The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft' had read in books
 Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
 Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
 And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He,

See how the double nation lies;
 Like a rich coat with skirts of frize:
 As if a man, in making posies,
 Should bundle thistles up with roses.
 Who ever yet a union saw
 Of kingdoms without faith or law?
 Henceforward let no statesman dare
 A kingdom to a ship compare;
 Lest he should call our commonweal
 A vessel with a double keel:
 Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
 And got about a league from land,
 By change of wind to leeward side,
 The pilot knew not how to guide.
 So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
 Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

O N M R S. B I D D Y F L O Y D :

Or, The RECEIPT to form a BEAUTY*.

WHEN Cupid did his grandfire Jove intreat
 To form some Beauty by a new receipt,
 Jove sent, and found far in a country-scene
 Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene:
 From which ingredients first the dextrous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the awkward; and the coy.

* An elegant Latin version of this little poem is in the sixth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies.

The Graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
 These Venus cleans from every spurious grain
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
 Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd;
 Then call'd the happy Composition *Floyd*.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs. FINCH, afterwards Countess
 of WINCHELSEA, under her name of ARDELIA.

PHŒBUS, now shortening every shade,
 Up to the northern *tropic* came,
 And thence beheld a lovely maid,
 Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
 'Then lighted from his glittering coach;
 But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
 Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
 From common lightning of the skies,
 He fondly thought he might endure
 The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft' had read in books
 Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
 Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
 And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He,

He, in the old celestial cant,
Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant—
But wife Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her, to beware
Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was resolv'd upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my request, the virgin said;
Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
The god could not refuse her prayer:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
'Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due:
But she the charm already tried.
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to stay;
Nor in her presence durst be rude;
But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour,
 When on their Queen the Muses wait:
 But Pallas owns Ardelia's power;
 For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
 Deceitful Nymph! I see thy art;
 And, though I can't my gift revoke,
 I'll disappoint its nobler part.

Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
 And be thou negligent of fame;
 With every Muse to grace thy song,
 May'st thou despise a poet's name!

Of modest poets thou be first;
 To silent shades repeat thy verse,
 Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
 Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

And last, my vengeance to complete,
 May'st thou descend to take renown,
 Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
 A Whig! and one that wears a gown!

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the RUINS of WHITEHALL, 1706*.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
 And poets their own verses sung,
 A verse would draw a stone or beam,
 That now would over-load a team;

* See the note, p. 52.

Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power:
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or Elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories;
A Lyric Ode would slate; a Catch
Would tile; an Epigram would thatch.

But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging *for a song*:
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observ'd they grew a numerous race;
And, should they build as fast as *write*,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the spacious air,
With licence to *build castles* there:
And, 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say:
Sing, Muse, the house of poet Van
In higher strains than we began.

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;

No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a *house* gone to decay;
Or, by *atchievement, arms, device*,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And, as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
Great Jove! he cry'd, the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my Muse the architect;
What palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies.

Jove smil'd, and, like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies;
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would *smoke*;
And (like a wag set down to write)
Would whisper to himself, a *bite*;
Then, from this motley, mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.

So

So men of old, to gain renown, did
 Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
 Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
 To turn the matter to a jest:
 Down from Olympus' top he slides,
 Laughing as if he 'd burst his sides:
 Ay, thought the God, are these your tricks?
 Why then *old plays* deserve *old bricks*;
 And, since you 're sparing of your stuff,
 Your building shall be small enough.
 He spake, and, grudging, lent his aid;
 Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade,
 (As being bricks at second-hand),
 Now move, and now in order stand.

The building, as the poet writ,
 Rose in proportion to his wit:
 And first the Prologue built a wall
 So wide as to encompass all.
 The Scene a wood produc'd, no more
 Than a few scrubby trees before.
 The Plot as yet lay deep; and so
 A cellar next was dug below:
 But this a work so hard was found,
 Two Acts it cost him under ground:
 Two other acts, we may presume,
 Were spent in building each a room.
 Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
 To raise a roof with act the fifth.
 The Epilogue behind did frame
 A place not decent here to name.

Now

Yet, mighty prince, vouchsafe to smile,
Return and bless our longing isle ;
Though fond Germania begs thy stay,
And courts thee from our eyes away.

Though Belgia would our king detain,
We know she begs and pleads in vain ;
We know our gracious king prefers
Britania's happiness to her's.

And lo ! to save us from despair,
At length he listens to our prayer.
Dejected Albion's vows he hears,
And hastes to dry her falling tears.

He hears his anxious people pray,
And loudly call their king away,
Once more their longing eyes to bless,
And guard their freedom and their peace.

They know, while Brunswick fills the throne,
The seasons glide with pleasure on ;
The British suns improve their rays,
Adorn, and beautify the days.

But see the royal vessel flies,
Lessening to Belgia's weeping eyes :
She proudly sails for Albion's shores,
Guard her, ye Gods, with all your powers.

O sea, bid every wave subside,
And teach allegiance to thy tide ;
Thy billows in subjection keep,
And own the monarch of the deep.

Old Thames can scarce his joy sustain,
But runs down headlong to the main,
His mighty master to descry,
And leaves his spacious channel dry.

Augusta's sons from either hand
Pour forth, and darken all the strand;
Their eyes pursue the royal barge,
Which now resigns her sacred charge.

Th' unruly transport shakes the shore,
And drowns the feeble cannon's roar;
The nations in the sight rejoice,
And send their souls in every voice.

But now amidst the loud applause,
With shame the conscious Muse withdraws;
Nor can her voice be heard amidst the throng,
The theme so lofty, and so low the song.

ON THE MASQUERADES.

“ Si Natura negat, facit indignatio versum.”

WELL—we have reach'd the precipice at last;
The present age of vice obscures the past.
Our dull forefathers were content to stay,
Nor fin'd, till nature pointed out the way:
No arts they practis'd to forestall delight,
But stop'd, to wait the calls of appetite.
Their top-debauches were at best precise,
An unimprov'd simplicity of vice.

But

But this blest age has found a fairer road,
And left the paths their ancestors had trod.
Nay, we could wear (our taste so very nice is)
Their old cast-fashions sooner than their vices.
Whoring till now a common trade has been,
But masquerades refine upon the sin :
An higher taste to wickedness impart,
And second nature with the helps of art.
New ways and means to pleasure we devise,
Since pleasure looks the lovelier in disguise.
The stealth and frolick give a smarter gust,
Add wit to vice, and eloquence to lust.

In vain, the modish evil to redress,
At once conspire the pulpit and the press :
Our priests and poets preach and write in vain ;
All satyr's lost both sacred and profane.
So many various changes to impart,
Would tire an Ovid's or a Proteus' art ;
Where lost in one promiscuous whim we see,
Sex, age, condition, quality, degree.
Where the facetious crowd themselves lay down,
And take up every person but their own.
Fools, dukes, rakes, cardinals, fops, Indian queens,
Belles in tye-wigs, and lords in harlequins ;
Troops of right-honourable porters come,
And garter'd small-coal-merchants crowd the room :
Valets adorn'd with coronets appear,
Lacqueys of state, and footmen with a star :
Sailors of quality with judges mix,
And chimney-sweepers drive their coach and fix.

Statesmen so us'd at court the mask to wear,
 With less disguise assume the vizor here.
 Officious Heydegger deceives our eyes,
 For his own person is his best disguise:
 And half the reigning toasts of equal grace,
 Trust to the natural vizor of the face.
 Idiots turn conjurers; and courtiers clowns;
 And sultans drop their handkerchiefs to nuns.
 Starch'd quakers glare in furbelows and silk;
 Beaux deal in sprats, and dutchesses cry milk.

But guard thy fancy, Muse, nor stain thy pen
 With the lewd joys of this fantastic scene;
 Where sexes blend in one confus'd intrigue,
 Where the girls ravish, and the men grow big:
 Nor credit what the idle world has said,
 Of lawyers forc'd, and judges brought to bed:
 Or that to belles their brothers breathe their vows,
 Or husbands through mistake gallant a spouse.
 Such dire disasters, and a numerous throng
 Of like enormities, require the song:
 But the chaste Muse, with blushes cover'd o'er,
 Retires confus'd, and will reveal no more.

O N A S H A D O W.

A N O D E.

HOW are deluded human kind
 By empty shows betray'd?
 In all their hopes and schemes they find
 A nothing or a shade.

The prospects of a truncheon cast
The soldier on the wars ;
Dismiss with shatter'd limbs at last,
Brats, poverty, and scars.

The fond philosophers for gain
Will leave unturn'd no stone ;
But though they toil with endless pain,
They never find their own.

By the same rock the chemists drown,
And find no friendly hold,
But melt their ready specie down,
In hopes of fancy'd gold.

What is the mad projector's care ?
In hopes elate and swelling,
He builds his castles in the air,
Yet wants an house to dwell in.

At court the poor dependants fail,
And damn their fruitless toil,
When complimented thence to jail,
And ruin'd with a smile.

How to philosophers will sound
So strange a truth display'd ?
" There's not a substance to be found,
" But every where a shade."

TO CÆLIA PLAYING ON A LUTE.

AN ODE.

WHILE Cælia's hands fly swiftly o'er,
And strike this soft machine,
Her touch awakes the springs, and life
Of harmony within.
Sweetly they sink into the strings,
The quivering strings rebound,
Each stroke obsequiously obey,
And tremble into sound.
Oh! had you blest the years of old;
His lute had Ovid strung,
And dwelt on yours, the charming theme
Of his immortal song.
Your's, with Arion's wondrous harp,
The bard had hung on high;
And on the new-born star bestow'd
The honours of the sky.
The radiant spheres had ceas'd their tunes,
And danc'd in silence on,
Pleas'd the new harmony to hear,
More heavenly than their own.
Of old to raise one shade from hell,
To Orpheus was it given:
But every tune of yours calls down
An angel from his heaven.

To the Unknown AUTHOR of the BATTLE of the SEXES.

THE theme in other works, for every part,
Supplies materials to the builder's art:
To build from matter, is sublimely great,
But Gods and Poets only can create;

And such are you; their privilege you claim,
To show your wonders, but conceal your name.

Like some establish'd king, without control,
You take a general progress through the soul;
Survey each part, examine every side,
Where she's secure, and where unfortify'd.
In faithful lines her history declare,
And trace the causes of her civil war;
Your pen no partial prejudices sway,
But truth decides, and virtue wins the day.

Through what gay fields and flowery scenes we pass,
Where fancy sports, and fiction leads the chase?
Where life, as through her various acts she tends,
Like other comedies, in marriage ends.

What Muse but yours so justly could display
Th' embattled passions marshal'd in array?
Bid the rang'd appetites in order move,
Give lust a figure, and a shape to love?
To airy notions solid forms dispense,
And make our thoughts the images of sense?
Discover all the rational machine,
And show the movements, springs, and wheels within?

But Hymen waves his torch, all discords cease;
All parley, drop their arms, and sue for peace.

Soon as the signal flames, they quit the fight,
 For all at first but differ'd to unite.
 From every part the lines in order move,
 And sweetly center in the point of love.

Let blockheads to the musty schools repair,
 And poach for morals and the passions there,
 Where virtue, like a dwarf in giant's arms,
 Cumber'd with words, and manacled in terms,
 Serves to amuse the philosophic fool,
 By method dry, and regularly dull.
 Who sees thy lines so visibly express
 The soul herself in such a pleasing dress;
 May from thy labours be convinc'd and taught,
 How Spenfer would have sung, and Plato thought.

The TWELFTH ODE of the FIRST BOOK of
 HORACE, TRANSLATED.

WHAT man, what hero will you raise,
 By the shrill pipe, or deeper lyre?
 What God, O Clio, will you praise,
 And teach the echoes to admire?

Amidst the shades of Helicon,
 Cold Hæmus' tops, or Pindus' head,
 Whence the glad forests hasten'd down,
 And danc'd as tuneful Orpheus play'd.

Taught by the Muse, he stop'd the fall
 Of rapid floods, and charm'd the wind;
 The listening oaks obey'd the call,
 And left their wondering hills behind.

Whom

Whom should I first record, but Jove,
Whose sway extends o'er sea and land,
The king of men and gods above,
Who holds the seasons in command?

To rival Jove, shall none aspire,
None shall to equal glory rise;
But Pallas claims beneath her fire,
The second honours of the skies.

To thee, O Bacchus, great in war,
To Dian will I strike the string,
Of Phœbus wounding from afar,
In numbers like his own I'll sing.

The Muse Alcides shall resound;
The twins of Leda shall succeed;
This for the standing fight renown'd,
And that for managing the steed.

Whose star shines innocently still;
The clouds disperse, the tempests cease,
The waves obedient to their will,
Sink down, and hush their rage to peace.

Next shall I Numa's pious reign,
Or thine, O Romulus, relate:
Or Rome by Brutus free'd again,
Or haughty Cato's glorious fate?

Or dwell on noble Paulus' fame?
Too lavish of the patriot's blood?
Or Regulus' immortal name,
Too obstinately just and good?

These

These with Camillus brave and bold,
 And other chiefs of matchless might,
 Rome's virtuous poverty of old,
 Severely season'd to the fight.

Like trees, Marcellus' glory grows,
 With an insensible advance;
 The Julian star, like Cynthia, glows,
 Who leads the planetary dance.

The fates, O fire of human race,
 Entrust great Cæsar to thy care,
 Give him to hold thy second place,
 And reign thy sole vicegerent here.

And whether India he shall tame,
 Or to his chains the Seres doom;
 Or mighty Parthia dreads his name,
 And bows her haughty neck to Rome.

While on our groves thy bolts are hurl'd,
 And thy loud car shakes heaven above,
 He shall with justice awe the world,
 To none inferior but to Jove.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE of the FIRST BOOK of
 HORACE.

THE man unfully'd with a crime,
 Disdains the pangs of fear,
 He scorns to dip the poison'd shaft,
 Or poise the glittering spear.

Nor with the loaded quiver goes
To take the dreadful field :

His solid virtue is his helm,
And innocence his shield.

In vain the fam'd Hydaspes' tides,
Obstruct and bar the road,
He smiles on danger, and enjoys
The roarings of the flood.

All climes are native, and forgets
Th' extremes of heats and frosts,
The Scythian Caucasus grows warm,
And cool the Libyan coasts.

For while I wander'd through the woods,
And rang'd the lonely grove,
Lost and bewilder'd in the songs
And pleasing cares of love ;

A wolf beheld me from afar,
Of monstrous bulk and might ;
But, naked as I was, he fled
And trembled at the sight.

A beast so huge, nor Daunia's grove,
Nor Africk ever view'd ;
Though nurs'd by her, the lion reigns
The monarch of the wood.

Expose me in those horrid climes,
Where not a gentle breeze
Revives the vegetable race,
Or cheers the drooping trees,

Where

Where on the world's remotest verge
 Th' unactive seasons lie,
 And not one genial ray unbinds
 The rigor of the sky.
 On that unhabitable shore,
 Expose me all alone,
 Where I may view without a shade,
 The culminating sun.
 Beneath th' Æquator, or the Pole,
 In safety could I rove ;
 And in a thousand different climes
 Could live for her I love.

A PROLOGUE FOR THE STROLLERS.

GENTEELS, of old pert prologues led the way,
 To guide, defend, and usher in the play,
 As powder'd footmen run before the coach,
 And thunder at the door my lord's approach.
 But though they speak your entertainment near,
 Most prologues speed like other bills of fare ;
 Seldom the languid stomach they excite,
 And oftener pall, than raise the appetite.
 As for the play—'tis hardly worth our care,
 The prologue craves your mercy for the player ;
 That is, your money---for by Jove I swear,
 White-gloves and lodging are confounded dear.
 Since here are none but friends, the truth to own,
 Hasp'd in a coach our company came down,

But

But I most shrewdly fear we shall depart,
Ev'n in our old original, a cart.

With pride inverted, and fantastic power,
We strut the fancy'd monarchs of an hour ;
While duns our emperors and heroes fear,
And * Cleomenes starves in earnest here :
The mightiest kings and queens we keep in pay,
Support their pomp on eighteen-pence a day.
Great Cyrus for a dram has pawn'd his coat,
And all our Cæsars can't command a groat ;
Our Scipio's, Hannibals, and Pompeys break,
And Cleopatra shifts but once a week.

To aggravate the case, we have not one,
Of all the new refinements of the town :
No moving statues, no lewd harlequins,
No pasteboard-players, no heroes in machines ;
No rosin to flash lightning---'twould exhaust us,
To buy a devil and a Doctor Faustus.
No windmills, dragons, millers, conjurers,
To exercise your eyes, and spare your ears ;
No paper-seas, no thunder from the skies,
No witches to descend, no stage to rise ;
Scarce one for us the actors---we can set
Nothing before you but meer sense and wit.
A bare downright old-fashion'd English feast,
Such as true Britons only can digest ;
Such as your homely fathers us'd to love,
Who only came to hear and to improve :
Humbly content and pleas'd with what was drest,
When Otway, Lee, and Shakespeare rang'd the feast.

* The Spartan Hero, a tragedy, by Mr. Dryden.

PSALM VIII. TRANSLATED.

O King eternal and divine !
The world is thine alone :
Above the stars thy glories shine,
Above the heavens thy throne.
How far extends thy mighty name !
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.
The infant's tongue shall speak thy power,
And vindicate thy laws ;
The tongue that never spoke before,
Shall labour in thy cause.
For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Yon' stretching waste of azure skies,
With stars and planets crown'd ;
Who in their dance attend the moon,
The empress of the night,
And pour around her silver throne,
Their tributary light :
Lord ! what is mortal man ? that he
Thy kind regard should share ?
What is his son, who claims from thee
And challenges thy care ?

PSALM VIII. TRANSLATED. 63

Next to the blest angelic kind,
 Thy hands created man,
 And this inferior world assign'd,
 To dignify his span.

Him all revere, and all obey
 His delegated reign,
 The flocks that through the valley stray,
 The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger speeds his flight,
 And trembles at his power;
 In fear of his superior might,
 The lions cease to roar.

Whatever horrid monsters tread
 The paths beneath the sea,
 Their king at awful distance dread,
 And fullenly obey.

O Lord, how far extends thy name!
 Where-e'er the sun can roll,
 That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
 Thy deeds from pole to pole.

PSALM XXIV. PARAPHRASED.

FAR as the world can stretch its bounds,
 The Lord is king of all,
 His wondrous power extends around
 The circuit of the ball.

For

For he within the gloomy deeps
Its dark foundations cast,
And rear'd the pillars of the earth
Amid the watery waste.

Who shall ascend his Sion's hill,
And see Jehovah there?
Who from his sacred shrine shall breathe
The sacrifice of prayer?

He only whose unfully'd soul
Fair virtue's paths has trod,
Who with clean hands and heart regards
His neighbour and his God.

On him shall his indulgent Lord
Diffusive bounties shed,
From God his Saviour shall descend
All blessings on his head.

Of those who seek his righteous ways,
Is this the chosen race,
Who bask in all his bounteous smiles,
And flourish in his grace.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
With hasty reverence rise;
Ye everlasting doors, who guard
The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.

For see! the King of glory comes
 Along th' ethereal road :
 The cherubs through your folds shall bear
 The triumph of your God.

Who is this great and glorious King ?
 Oh! 'tis the Lord, whose might
 Decides the conquest, and suspends
 The balance of the fight.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
 With hasty reverence rise ;
 Ye everlasting doors, who guard
 The Passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
 Your barriers roll away,
 Now throw your blazing portals wide,
 And burst the gates of day.

For see ; the King of glory comes
 Along th' ethereal road :
 The cherubs through your folds shall bear
 The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King ?
 Oh! 'tis the God, whose care
 Leads on his Israel to the field,
 Whose power controls the war.

PSALM XXIX.

YE mighty princes, your oblations bring,
And pay due honours to your awful king ;
His boundless power to all the world proclaim,
Bend at his shrine, and tremble at his name.
For hark ! his voice with unresisted sway
Rules and controls the raging of the sea ;
Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
And in their watery cavern awes the deeps :
Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around
Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful sound.
The blasted cedars low in dust are laid,
And Lebanon is left without a shade.
See ! when he speaks, the lofty mountains croud,
And fly for shelter from the thundering God :
Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,
And in wild measures lead th' unwieldy dance.
His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire,
Back from the blast the shrinking flames retire.
Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah speaks,
With all his savages the desert shakes.
At the dread sound the hinds with fear are stung,
And in the lonely forest drop their young.
While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
His glorious honours, and adore his name.
High o'er the foaming surges of the sea
He sits, and bids the listening deeps obey :

He reigns o'er all; for ever lasts his power
 Till nature sinks, and time shall be no more.
 With strength the sons of Israel shall he bless,
 And crown our tribes, with happiness and peace.

P S A L M XLVI. PARAPHRASED.

ON God we build our sure defence,
 In God our hope repose :
 His hand protects us in the fight,
 And guards us from our woes.

Then, be the earth's unwieldy frame
 From its foundations hurl'd,
 We may, unmov'd with fear, enjoy
 The ruins of the world.

What though the solid rocks be rent,
 In tempests whirl'd away?
 What though the hills should burst their roots,
 And roll into the sea?

Thou sea, with dreadful tumults swell,
 And bid thy waters rise
 In furious surges, till they dash
 The flood-gates of the skies.

Our minds shall be serene and calm,
 Like Siloah's peaceful flood;
 Whose soft and silver streams refresh
 The city of our God.

Within the proud delighted waves,
The wanton turrets play ;
The streams lead down their humid train,
Reluctant to the sea.

Amid the scene the temple floats,
With its reflected towers,
Gilds all the surface of the flood,
And dances to the shores.

With wonder see what mighty power
Our sacred Sion hears,
Lo ! there amidst her stately walls,
Her God, her God appears.

Fixt on her basis she shall stand,
And, innocently proud,
Smile on the tumults of the world,
Beneath the wings of God.

See ! how, their weakness to proclaim,
The heathen tribes engage !
See ! how with fruitless wrath they burn,
And impotence of rage !

But God has spoke ; and lo ! the world,
His terrors to display,
With all the melting globe of earth,
Drops silently away.

Still to the mighty Lord of hosts
Securely we resort ;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succour and support.

Hither,

PSALM XLVI. PARAPHRASED. 69

Hither, ye numerous nations, croud,
 In silent rapture stand,
 And see o'er all the earth display'd
 The wonders of his hand.

He bids the din of war be still,
 And all its tumults cease ;
 He bids the guiltless trumpet sound
 The harmony of peace.

He breaks the tough reluctant bow,
 He bursts the brazen spear,
 And in the crackling fire his hand
 Consumes the blazing car.

Hear then his formidable voice,
 " Be still, and know the Lord ;
 " By all the heathen I'll be fear'd ;
 " By all the earth ador'd."

Still to the mighty Lord of hosts,
 Securely we resort ;
 For refuge fly to Jacob's God ;
 Our succour and support.

PSALM XC. PARAPHRASED.

THY hand, O Lord, through rolling years
 Has sav'd us from despair,
 From period down to period stretch'd
 The prospects of thy care.

Before the world was first conceiv'd,
Before the pregnant earth,
Call'd forth the mountains from her womb,
Who struggled to their birth;

Eternal God! thy early days
Beyond duration run,
Ere the first race of starting time
Was measur'd by the sun.

We die; but future nations hear
Thy potent voice again,
Rise at the summons, and restore
The perish'd race of man;

Before thy comprehensive fight,
Duration fleets away;
And rapid ages on the wing,
Fly swifter than a day.

As great Jehovah's piercing eyes
Eternity explore,
The longest æra is a night,
A period is an hour.

We at thy mighty call, O Lord,
Our fancy'd beings leave,
Rous'd from the flattering dream of life,
To sleep within the grave.

Swift from their barrier to their goal
The rapid moments pass,
And leave poor man, for whom they run,
The emblem of the grass.

In the first morn of life it grows,
And lifts its verdant head,
At noon decays, at evening dies,
And withers in the mead.

We in the glories of thy face
Our secret sins survey,
And see how gloomy those appear,
How pure and radiant they.

To death as our appointed goal
Thy anger drives us on,
To that full period fix'd at length
This tale of life is done.

With winged speed, to stated bounds
And limits we must fly,
While seventy rolling suns compleat
Their circles in the sky.

Or if ten more around us roll,
'Tis labour, woe, and strife,
Till we at length are quite drawn down
To the last dregs of life.

But who, O Lord, regards thy wrath,
Though dreadful and severe?
That wrath, whatever fear he feels,
Is equal to his fear.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And eye their constant race,
To measure what we want in time,
By wisdom, and by grace.

With us repent, and on our hearts
 Thy choicest graces shed,
 And shower from thy celestial throne
 Thy blessings on our head.

Oh! may thy mercy crown us here,
 And come without delay;
 Then our whole course of life will seem
 One glad triumphant day.

Now the blest years of joy restore,
 For those of grief and strife,
 And with one pleasant drop allay
 This bitter draught of life.

Thy wonders to the world display,
 Thy servants to adorn,
 That may delight their future sons,
 And children yet unborn;

Thy beams of majesty diffuse,
 With them thy great commands,
 And bid prosperity attend
 The labours of our hands.

PSALM CXXXIX. PARAPHRASED,

In Miltonic Verse.

O Dread Jehovah! thy all-piercing eyes
 Explore the motions of this mortal frame,
 This tenement of dust: Thy stretching sight
 Surveys th' harmonious principles, that move

In beauteous rank and order, to inform
This cask, and animated mass of clay.
Nor are the prospects of thy wondrous sight
To this terrestrial part of man confin'd;
But shoot into his soul, and there discern
The first materials of unfashion'd thought,
Yet dim and undigested, till the mind,
Big with the tender images, expands,
And, swelling, labours with th' ideal birth.

Where-e'er I move, thy cares pursue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of sleep,
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A sweet forgetfulness of all my toils,
Unseen, thy sovereign presence guards my sleep,
Wafts all the terrors of my dreams away,
Sooths all my soul, and softens my repose.

Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to sound;
Before imagination stands display'd,
Thine eye the future eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with speech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Hast moulded man from his congenial dust,
And spoke him into being; while the clay,
Beneath thy forming hand, leap'd forth, inspir'd,
And started into life: through every part,
At thy command, the wheels of motion play'd.

But such exalted knowledge leaves below
And drops poor man from its superior sphere.
In vain, with reason's ballast, would he try
To stem th' unfathomable depth; his bark
O'er-sets, and founders in the vast abyss.

Then

Then whither shall the rapid fancy run,
Though in its full career, to speed my flight
From thy unbounded presence? which, alone,
Fills all the regions and extended space
Beyond the bounds of nature! Whither, Lord!
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove,
To leave behind thy spirit, and out-fly
Its influence, which, with brooding wings, out-spread
Hatch'd unfledg'd nature from the dark profound.

If mounted on my towering thoughts I climb
Into the heaven of heavens; I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded majesty!
In the pure empyrean thee I view,
High thron'd above all height, thy radiant shrine,
Throng'd with the prostrate seraphs, who receive
Beatitude past utterance! If I plunge
Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
There too I find thee, in the lowest bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee, in the scenes
Of complicated wrath: I see thee clad
In all the majesty of darkness there.

If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings
Up-born, with indefatigable course,
I seek the glowing borders of the East,
Where the bright sun, emergent from the deeps,
With his first glories gilds the sparkling seas,
And trembles o'er the waves; ev'n there, thy hand
Shall through the watery desert guide my course,
And o'er the broken surges pave my way,
While on the dreadful whirls I hang secure,

And

And mock the warring ocean. If, with hopes,
 As fond as false, the darknefs I expect
 To hide, and wrap me in its mantling shade,
 Vain were the thought : for thy unbounded ken
 Darts through the thickening gloom, and pries through all
 The palpable obscure. Before thy eyes,
 The vanquish'd night throws off her dusky shroud,
 And kindles into day : the shade, and light,
 To man still various, but the same to thee.

On thee, is all the structure of my frame
 Dependant. Lock'd within the silent womb,
 Sleeping I lay, and ripening to my birth ;
 Yet, Lord, thy out-stretch'd arm preserv'd me there ;
 Before I mov'd to entity, and trod
 The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
 I'll pay due honours : for thy mighty hand
 Built this corporeal fabrick, when it laid
 The ground-work of existence. Hence, I read
 The wonders of thy art. This frame I view
 With terror and delight ; and, wrapt in both,
 I startle at myself. My bones, unform'd
 As yet, nor hardening from the viscous parts,
 But blended with th' unanimated mass,
 Thy eye distinctly view'd ; and, while I lay
 Within the earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
 The first faint dawn of life, with ease survey'd
 The vital glimmerings of the active seeds,
 Just kindling to existence ; and beheld
 My substance scarce material. In thy book,
 Was the fair model of this structure drawn,

Where

Where every part, in just connection join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious piece,
Ere the dim speck of being learn'd to stretch
Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler space.

How dear, how rooted in my inmost soul,
Are all thy counsels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence! The sum
So boundless and immense, it leaves behind
The low account of numbers; and out-flies
All that imagination e'er conceiv'd,
Less numerous are the sands that crowd the shores,
The barriers of the ocean. When I rise
From my soft bed, and softer joys of sleep,
I rise to thee. Yet lo! the impious flight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the sons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand,
And mock thy lingering thunder, which with-holds
Its forked terrors from their guilty heads?
Thou great tremendous God!—Avaunt, and fly,
All ye who thirst for blood.—For, swoln with pride,
Each haughty wretch blasphemes thy sacred name,
And bellows his reproaches to affront
Thy glorious Majesty. Thy foes I hate
Worse than my own, O Lord! Explore my soul,
See if a flaw or stain of sin infects
My guilty thoughts. Then, lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own heaven and thee.

PSALM

P S A L M CXLIV. PARAPHRASED.

MY soul, in raptures rise to bless the Lord,
 Who taught my hands to draw the fatal sword;
 Led by his arm, undaunted I appear
 In the first ranks of death, and front of war.
 He taught me first the pointed spear to wield,
 And mow the glorious harvest of the field.
 By him inspir'd, from strength to strength I pass,
 Plung'd through the troops, and laid the battle waste.

In him my hopes I center and repose,
 He guards my life, and shields me from my foes.
 He held his ample buckler o'er my head,
 And screen'd me trembling in the mighty shade:
 Against all hostile violence and power,
 He was my sword, my bulwark, and my tower.
 He o'er my people will maintain my sway,
 And teach my willing subjects to obey.

Lord! what is man, of vile and humble birth?
 Sprung with this kindred reptiles from the earth?
 That he should thus thy secret counsels share?
 Or what his son, who challenges thy care?
 Why does thine eye regard this nothing, man?
 His life a point, his measure but a span?
 The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,
 Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a shade.

Come in thy power, and leave th' ethereal plain,
 And to thy harness'd tempest give the rein;

Yon

Yon starry arch shall bend beneath the load,
So loud the chariot, and so great the God!
Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls,
The folding skies shall tremble to the poles:
Heaven's gaudy axle with the world shall fall,
Leap from the centre, and unhinge the ball.

Touch'd by thy hands, the labouring hills expire
Thick clouds of smoke, and deluges of fire;
On the tall groves the red destroyer preys,
And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze:
Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly,
On purple pinions through the gloomy sky.

Extend thy hand, thou kind all-gracious God,
Down from the heaven of heavens thy bright abode,
And shield me from my foes, whose towering pride
Lowers like a storm, and gathers like a tide:
Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,
Train'd to blaspheme, and eloquent in guilt:
Their hands are impious, and their deeds profane,
They plead their boasted innocence in vain.

Thy name shall dwell for ever on my tongue,
And guide the sacred numbers of my song;
To thee my Muse shall consecrate her lays,
And every note shall labour in thy praise;
The hallow'd theme shall teach me how to sing,
Swell on the lyre, and tremble on the string.

Oft has thy hand from fight the monarch led,
When death flew raging, and the battle bled;

And snatch'd thy servant in the last despair
From all the rising tumult of the war.

Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
That our fair sons may smile in early bloom,
Our sons, the hopes of all our years to come:
Like plants that nurs'd by fostering showers arise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies.
That our chaste daughters may their charms display,
Like the bright pillars of our temple, gay,
Polish'd, and tall, and smooth, and fair as they. }

Piled up with plenty let our barns appear,
And burst with all the seasons of the year;
Let pregnant flocks in every quarter bleat,
And drop their tender young in every street.
Safe from their labours may our oxen come,
Safe may they bring the gather'd summer home.
Oh! may no sighs, no streams of sorrow flow,
To stain our triumphs with the tears of woe,

Bless'd is the nation, how sincerely bless'd!
Of such unbounded happiness possess'd,
To whom Jehovah's sacred name is known,
Who claim the God of Israel for their own.

JOB, CHAPTER III.

JOB curs'd his birth, and bade his curses flow
In words of grief, and eloquence of woe;
Lost be that day which dragg'd me to my doom,
Recent to life, and struggling from the womb;

Whose

Whose beams with such malignant lustre shone,
 Whence all my years in anxious circles run.
 Lost be that night in undetermin'd space,
 And veil with deeper shades her gloomy face,
 Which crowded up with woes this slender span,
 While the dull mass rose quickening into man.

O'er that curs'd day let sable darkness rise,
 Shroud the blue vault, and blacken all the skies;
 May God o'er-look it from his heavenly throne,
 Nor rouse from sleep the sedentary sun.
 O'er its dark face to shed his genial ray,
 And warm to joy the melancholy day.
 May the clouds frown, and livid poisons breathe,
 And stain heaven's azure with the shade of death.

May ten-fold darkness from that dreadful night
 Seize and arrest the straggling gleams of light;
 To pay due vengeance for its fatal crime,
 Still be it banish'd from the train of time;
 Nor in the radiant list of months appear,
 To stain the shining circle of the year:
 'There through her dusky range may silence roam,
 'There may no ray, no glimpse of gladness come,
 No voice to cheer the solitary gloom.
 May every star his gaudy light with-hold,
 Nor through the vapour shoot his beamy gold:
 Nor let the dawn with radiant skirts come on,
 Tipp'd with the glories of the rising sun;
 Because that dreadful period fix'd my doom,
 Nor seal'd the dark recesses of the womb.

To that original my ills I owe,
 Heir of affliction, and the son of woe.
 Oh! had I dy'd unexercis'd in pain,
 And wak'd to life, to sleep in death again!
 Why did not Fate attend me at my birth,
 And give me back to my congenial earth?
 Why was I, when an infant, sooth'd to rest,
 Lull'd on the knee, or hung upon the breast?
 For now the grave would all my cares compose,
 Conceal my sorrows, and inter my woes:
 There wrapp'd and lock'd within his cold embrace,
 Safe had I slumber'd in the arms of peace;
 There with the mighty kings, who lie inroll'd
 In clouds of incense, and in beds of gold:
 There with the princes, who in grandeur shone,
 And aw'd the trembling nations from the throne;
 Afflicted Job an equal rest might have,
 And share the dark retirement of the grave;
 Or as a shapeless Embryo seek the tomb,
 Rude and imperfect from the abortive womb:
 Ere motion's early principle began,
 Or the dim substance kindled into man.
 There from their monstrous crimes the wicked cease,
 Their labouring guilt is weary'd into peace;
 There blended sleep the coward and the brave,
 Stretch'd with his lord, the undistinguish'd slave
 Enjoys the common refuge of the grave.
 An equal lot the mighty victor shares,
 And lies amidst the captives of his wars;

VOL. LII.

G

With

To

With his, those captives mingle their remains,
 The same in death, nor lessen'd by their chains,
 Why are we doom'd to view the genial ray?
 Why curst to bear the painful light of day?
 Oh! with what joy the wretches yield their breath?
 And pant in bitterness of soul for death?
 As a rich prize, the distant bliss they crave,
 And find the glorious treasure in the grave.
 Why is the wretch condemn'd without relief,
 To combat woe, and tread the round of grief,
 Whom in the toils of fate his God has bound,
 And drawn the line of miseries around?

When nature calls for aid, my sighs intrude,
 My tears prevent my necessary food:
 Like a full stream o'ercharg'd, my sorrows flow,
 In bursts of anguish, and a tide of woe;
 For now the dire affliction which I fled,
 Pours like a roaring torrent on my head.
 My terrors still the phantom view'd, and wrought
 The dreadful image into every thought:
 At length pluck'd down, the fatal stroke I feel,
 And lose the fancy'd in the real ill.

JOB, CHAP. XXV. PARAPHRASED.

THEN will vain man complain and murmur still?
 And stand on terms with his Creator's will?
 Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
 Shall dust arraign the providence of heaven?

With

With reason's line the boundless distance scan;
Oppose heaven's awful majesty to man.
To what a length his vast dominions run?
How far beyond the journeys of the sun?
He hung yon' golden balls of light on high,
And launch'd the planets through the liquid sky:
To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain space,
Fixt and sustain'd the elemental peace

Unnumber'd as those worlds his armies move,
And the gay legions guard his realms above;
High o'er th' ethereal plains, the myriads rise,
And pour their flaming ranks along the skies:
From their bright arms incessant splendors stream,
And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.

To this low world he bids the light repair,
Down through the gulfs of undulating air:
For man he taught the glorious sun to roll,
From his bright barrier to his western goal.

How then shall man, thus insolently proud,
Plead with his Judge, and combat with his God?
How from his mortal mother can he come,
Unstain'd from sin, untingur'd from the womb?

The Lord from his sublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe, regards the silver moon.
Those stars, that grace the wide celestial plain,
Are but the humblest sweepings of his train;
Dim are the brightest splendors of the sky;
And the sun darkens in Jehovah's eye.

But does not sin diffuse a fouler stain,
And thicker darkness cloud the soul of man?

Shall he the depths of endless wisdom know?
 'The short-liv'd sovereign of the world below?
 His frail original confounds his boast,
 Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the dust.

The SONG of MOSES, in the FIFTEENTH CHAPTER
 of EXODUS, PARAPHRASED.

THEN to the Lord, the vast triumphant throng
 Of Israel's sons, with Moses, rais'd the song.

To God our grateful accents will we raise,
 And every tongue shall celebrate his praise:
 Behold display'd the wonders of his might;
 Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
 With what immortal fame and glory grac'd!
 What trophies rais'd amid the watery waste!
 How did his power the steeds and riders sweep
 Ingulf'd in heaps, and whelm'd beneath the deep?

Whom should we fear, while he, heaven's awful Lord,
 Unsheaths for Israel his avenging sword?
 His outstretch'd arm, and tutelary care,
 Guarded and sav'd us in the last despair:
 His mercy eas'd us from our circling pains,
 Unbound our shackles, and unlock'd our chains.
 To him our God, our Fathers God, I'll rear
 A sacred temple, and adore him there,
 With vows and incense, sacrifice and prayer.

The Lord commands in war; his matchless might
 Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight:
 By him the war the mighty leaders form,
 And teach the hovering tumult where to storm.

His Name, O Israel, Heaven's Eternal Lord,
For-ever honour'd, reverenc'd, and ador'd.

When to the fight from Ægypt's fruitful soil,
Pour'd forth in myriads all the sons of Nile;
The Lord o'erthrew the courser and the car,
Sunk Pharaoh's pride, and overwhelm'd his war.
Beneath th' encumber'd deeps his legions lay,
For many a league impurpling all the sea:
The chiefs, and steeds, and warriors whirl'd around,
Lay midst the roarings of the surges drown'd.

Who shall thy power, thou mighty God, withstand,
And check the force of thy victorious hand?
Thy hand, which red with wrath in terror rose,
To crush that day thy proud Ægyptian foes.
Struck by that hand, their drooping squadrons fall,
Crowding in death; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

Soon as thy anger, charg'd with vengeance, came,
They sunk like stubble crackling in the flame.

At thy dread voice the summon'd billows crowd,
And a still silence lulls the wondering flood:

Roll'd up, the crystal ridges strike the skies,
Waves peep o'er waves, and seas o'er seas arise.

Around in heaps the listening surges stand,

Mute and observant of the high command.

Congel'd with fear attends the watery train,

Rous'd from the secret chambers of the main.

With savage joy the sons of Ægypt cry'd,
(Vast were their hopes, and boundless was their pride)

Let us pursue those fugitives of Nile,
This servile nation, and divide the spoil:

And spread so wide the slaughter, till their blood
Dyes with a stronger red the blushing flood.
Oh ! what a copious prey their hosts afford,
To glut and fatten the devouring sword !

As thus the yawning gulf the boasters pass'd,
At thy command rush'd forth the rapid blast.
'Then, at the signal given, with dreadful sway,
In one huge heap roll'd down the rearing sea ;
And now the disintangled waves divide,
Unlock their folds, and thaw the frozen tide.
The deeps alarm'd call terribly from far
The loud, embattled surges to the war ;
Till her proud sons astonish'd Ægypt found,
Cover'd with billows, and in tempests drown'd.

What God can emulate thy power divine,
Or who oppose his miracles to thine ?
When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
Thy trembling foes confess their fear and shame.
The world attends thy absolute command,
And nature waits the wonders of thine hand.
That hand, extended o'er the swelling sea,
The conscious billows reverence and obey.
O'er the devoted race the surges sweep,
And overwhelm the guilty nation in the deep.
That hand redeem'd us from our servile toil,
And each insulting tyrant of the Nile :
Our nation came beneath that mighty hand,
From Ægypt's realms, to Canaan's sacred land.
'Thou wert their Guide, their Saviour, and their God,
To smooth the way, and clear the dreadful road.

The

The distant kingdoms shall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philistines shall confess their fear;
Thy fame shall over Edom's princes spread,
And Moab's kings, the universal dread;
While the vast scenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horror to the bravest heart.
As through the world the gathering terror runs,
Canaan shall shrink, and tremble for his sons.
Till thou hast Jacob from his bondage brought,
At such a vast expence of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and blest abodes,
Led through the dark recesses of the floods.
Crown'd with their tribes shall proud Moriah rise,
And rear his summit nearer to the skies.

Through ages, Lord, shall stretch thy boundless power,
Thy throne shall stand when Time shall be no more:
For Pharaoh's steeds, and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in, and boldly rang'd the sandy plain.
While in the dreadful road, and desert way,
The shining crowds of gasping fishes lay:
Till, all around with liquid toils beset,
The Lord swept o'er their heads the watery net.
He freed the ocean from his secret chain,
And on each hand discharg'd the thundering main.
The loosen'd billows burst from every side,
And overwhelm the war and warriors in the tide;
But on each hand the solid billows stood,
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood;
Till the blest race to promis'd Canaan past
O'er the dry path, and trod the watery waste.

The THIRD ODE of the SECOND BOOK of
HORACE, PARAPHRASED.

LET the brave youth be train'd, the stings
Of poverty to bear,
And in the school of want be taught
The exercise of war.

Let him be practis'd in his bloom,
To listen to alarms,
And learn proud Parthia to subdue
With unresisted arms.

The hostile tyrant's beauteous bride,
Distracted with despair,
Beholds him pouring to the fight,
And thundering through the war.

As from the battlements she views
The slaughter of his sword,
Thus shall the fair express her grief,
And terrors for her Lord :

Look down, ye gracious powers, from heaven,
Nor let my comfort go,
Rude in the arts of war, to fight
This formidable foe.

Oh ! not with half that dreadful rage
The royal savage flies,
When, at the slightest touch, he springs,
And darts upon his prize.

How

How fair, how comely are our wounds,

In our dear country's cause!

What fame attends the glorious fate,

That props our dying laws!

For death's cold hand arrests the fears

That haunt the coward's mind;

Swift she pursues the flying wretch,

And wounds him from behind.

Bravely regardless of disgrace,

Bold virtue stands alone,

With pure unfully'd glory shines,

And honours still her own.

From the dark grave, and silent dust,

She bids her sons arise,

And to the radiant train unfolds

The portals of the skies.

Now, with triumphant wings, she soars,

Above the realms of day,

Spurns the dull earth, and groveling crowd,

And towers th' ethereal way.

With her has silence a reward,

Within the blest'd abodes,

That holy silence which conceals

The secrets of the Gods.

But with a wretch I would not live,

By sacrilege prophan'd,

Nor lodge beneath one roof, nor launch

One vessel from the land:

For

For, blended with the bad, the good
 The common stroke have felt,
 And heaven's dire vengeance struck alike
 At innocence and guilt.

The wrath divine pursues the wretch,
 At present lame, and slow,
 But yet, though tardy to advance,
 She gives the surer blow.

The THIRD ODE of the FOURTH BOOK of
 HORACE, PARAPHRASED.

WHOM first, Melpomene, thy eye
 With friendly aspect views,
 Shall from his cradle rise renown'd,
 And sacred to the Muse.

Nor to the Isthmian games his fame
 And deathless triumphs owe;
 Nor shall he wear the verdant wreath,
 That shades the champion's brow.

Nor in the wide Elean plains
 Fatigue the courser's speed;
 Nor through the glorious cloud of dust,
 Provoke the bounding steed.

Nor, as an haughty victor, mount
 The Capitolian heights,
 And proudly dedicate to Jove
 The trophies of his fights.

Because

Because his thundering hand in war
Has check'd the swelling tide
Of the stern tyrant's power, and broke
The measures of his pride.

But by sweet Tyburn's groves and streams
His glorious theme pursues,
And scorns the laurels of the war,
For those that crown the Muse.

There in the most retir'd retreats,
He sets his charming song,
To the sweet harp which Sappho touch'd,
Or bold Alcæus strung.

Rank'd by thy sons, Imperial Rome,
Among the poet's quire,
Above the reach of envy's hand
I safely may aspire.

Thou sacred Muse, whose artful hand
Can teach the bard to sing;
Can animate the golden lyre,
And wake the living string:

Thou, by whose mighty power, may sing,
In unaccustom'd strains,
The silent fishes in the floods,
As on their banks the swans.

To thee I owe my spreading fame,
That thousands, as they gaze,
Make me their wonder's common theme,
And object of their praise.

If first I struck the Lesbian lyre,
 No fame belongs to me;
 I owe my honours, when I please,
 (If e'er I please) to thee.

On the approaching CONGRESS of CAMBRAY.

Written in 1721.

YE patriots of the world, whose cares combin'd
 Consult the public welfare of mankind,
 One moment let the crowding kingdoms wait,
 And Europe in suspense attend her fate,
 Which turns on your great councils; nor refuse
 To hear the strains of the prophetic Muse;
 Who sees those councils with a generous care
 Heal the wide wounds, and calm the rage of war;
 She sees new verdure all the plain o'erspread,
 Where the fight burn'd, and where the battle bled,
 The fields of death a softer scene disclose,
 And Ceres smiles where iron harvests rose.
 The bleating flocks along the bastion pass,
 And from the awful ruins crop the grass.
 Freed from his fears, each unmolested swain,
 In peaceful furrows cuts the fatal plain;
 Turns the high bulwark and aspiring mound,
 And sees the camp with all the seasons crown'd.
 Beneath each clod, bright burnish'd arms appear;
 Each furrow glitters with the pride of war;
 The fields resound and tinkle as they break,
 And the keen faulchion rings against the rake;

At

At rest beneath the hanging ramparts laid,
He sings securely in the dreadful shade.

Hark!—o'er the seas, the British lions roar
Their monarch's fame to every distant shore :
Swift on their canvass wings his navies go,
Where-ever tides can roll, or winds can blow ;
Their sails within the arctic circle rise,
Led by the stars that gild the northern skies ;
Tempt frozen seas, nor fear the driving blast,
But swell exulting o'er the hoary waste ;
O'er the wide ocean hold supreme command,
And active commerce spread through every land ;
Or with full pride to southern regions run,
To distant worlds, on t'other side the sun ;
And plow the tides, where odoriferous gales
Perfume the smiling waves, and stretch the bellying sails.

See! the proud merchant seek the precious shore,
And trace the winding veins of glittering ore ;
Low in the earth his wondering eyes behold
Th' imperfect metal ripening into gold.

The mountains tremble with alternate rays,
And cast at once a shadow and a blaze :
Streak'd o'er with gold, the pebbles flame around,
Gleam o'er the soil, and gild the tinkling ground ;
Charg'd with the glorious prize, his vessels come,
And in proud triumph bring an India home.

Fair Concord, hail ; thy wings o'er Brunswick spread,
And with thy olives crown his laurel'd head.
Come ; in thy most distinguish'd charms appear ;
Oh ! come, and bolt the iron-gates of war.

The

The fight stands still when Brunswick bids it cease,
 The monarch speaks, and gives the world a peace;
 Like awful justice, sits superior lord,
 To poise the balance, or to draw the sword;
 In due suspense the jarring realms to keep,
 And hush the tumults of the world to sleep.

Now with a brighter face, and nobler ray,
 Shine forth, thou Source of light, and God of day;
 Say, didst thou ever in thy bright career
 Light up before a more distinguish'd year?
 Through all thy journeys past thou canst not see
 A perfect image of what this shall be:
 Scarce the Platonic year shall this renew,
 Or keep the bright original in view.

The FABLE of the YOUNG MAN and his CAT.

A Hapless youth, whom fates averse had drove
 To a strange passion, and preposterous love,
 Long'd to possess his pufs's spotted charms,
 And hug the tabby beauty in his arms.
 To what odd whimsies love inveigles men?
 Sure if the boy was ever blind, 'twas then.
 Rack'd with his passion, and in deep despair,
 The youth to Venus thus address'd his prayer.

O queen of beauty, since thy Cupid's dart
 Has fir'd my soul, and rankles in my heart;
 Since doom'd to burn in this unhappy flame,
 From thee at least a remedy I claim;

If once, to bless Pigmalion's longing arms,
 The marble soften'd into living charms;
 And warm with life the purple current ran
 In circling streams through every flinty vein;
 If, with his own creating hands display'd,
 He hugg'd the statue, and embrac'd a maid;
 And with the breathing image fir'd his heart,
 The pride of nature, and the boast of art:
 Hear my request, and crown my wondrous flame,
 The same its nature, be thy gift the same;
 Give me the like unusual joys to prove,
 And though irregular, indulge my love.

Delighted Venus heard the moving prayer,
 And soon resolv'd to ease the lover's care,
 To set Miss Tabby off with every grace,
 To dress, and fit her for the youth's embrace.

Now she by gradual change her form forsook,
 First her round face an oval figure took;
 The roguish dimples next his heart beguile,
 And each grave whisker soften'd to a smile;
 Unusual ogles wanton'd in her eye,
 Her solemn purring dwindled to a sigh:
 Sudden, a huge hoop-petticoat display'd,
 A wide circumference! intrench'd the maid,
 And for the tail in waving circles play'd.
 Her fur, as destin'd still her charms to deck,
 Made for her hands a muff, a tippet for her neck.

In the fine lady now her shape was lost,
 And by such strange degrees she grew a toast;

Was

Was all for ombre now; and who but she,
 To talk of modes and scandal o'er her tea;
 To settle every fashion of the sex,
 And run through all the female politics;
 To spend her time at toilet and basset,
 To play, to flaunt, to flutter, and coquet:
 From a grave thinking mouser, she was grown
 The gayest flirt that coach'd it round the town.

But see how often some intruding woe,
 Nips all our blooming prospects at a blow!
 For as the youth his lovely consort led
 To the dear pleasures of the nuptial bed,
 Just on that instant from an inner house,
 Into the chamber popt a heedless mouse.
 Miss Tabby saw, and brooking no delay,
 Sprung from the sheets, and seiz'd the trembling prey?
 Nor did the bride, in that ill-fated hour,
 Reflect that all her mousing-days were o'er.
 The youth, astonish'd, felt a new despair,
 Ixion-like he grasp'd, and grasp'd but air;
 He saw his vows and prayers in vain bestow'd,
 And lost the jilting goddess in a cloud.

TO MR. POPE, on his TRANSLATION of
HOMER'S ILIAD.

TIS true, what fam'd Pythagoras maintain'd,
That souls departed in new bodies reign'd:

We must approve the doctrine, since we see
The soul of godlike Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius first, then Virgil felt her fires;
But now a British Poet she inspires.

To you, O Pope, the lineal right extends,
To you th' hereditary Muse descends.
At a vast distance we of Homer heard,
Till you brought in, and naturaliz'd the Bard;
Bade him our English rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air the same.
Now in the mighty stranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee with a public voice.

See! too the Poet, a majestic shade,
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurel'd head,
To thank his successor, who sets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbes and Ogilby;
Who vext his venerable ashes more,
Than his ungrateful Greece, the living Bard before.

While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are shown,
Though worlds contend, we claim him for our own;
Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail;
Our lisping babes repeat the dreadful tale,
Ev'n in their slumbers they pursue the theme,
Start, and enjoy a sight in every dream.

By turns the chief and bard their souls inflame,
And every little bosom beats for fame.
Thus shall they learn (as future times will see)
From him to conquer, or to write from thee.

In every hand we see the glorious song,
And Homer is the theme of every tongue.
Parties in state poetic schemes employ,
And Whig and Tory side with Greece and Troy;
Neglect their feuds; and seem more zealous grown
To push those countries interests than their own.
Our busiest politicians have forgot
How Somers counsel'd, and how Marlborough fought;
But o'er their settling coffee gravely tell,
What Nestor spoke, and how brave Hector fell.
Our softest beaux and coxcombs you inspire,
With Glaucus' courage, and Achilles' fire.
Now they resent affronts which once they bore,
And draw those swords that ne'er were drawn before:
Nay, ev'n our belles, inform'd how Homer writ,
Learn thence to criticise on modern wit.

Let the mad criticks to their side engage
The envy, pride, and dulness of the age:
In vain they curse, in vain they pine and mourn,
Back on themselves their arrows will return;
Whoe'er would thy establish'd fame deface,
Are but immortaliz'd to their disgrace.
Live, and enjoy their spight, and share that fate,
Which would, if Homer liv'd, on Homer wait.

And lo! his second labour claims thy care,
Ulysses' toils succeed Achilles' war.

Haste to the work; the ladies long to see
 The pious frauds of chaste Penelope.
 Helen they long have seen, whose guilty charms
 For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms.
 Then, as thy fame shall see a length of days,
 Some future Bard shall thus record thy praise :
 * In those blest times when smiling heaven and fate
 * Had rais'd Britannia to her happiest state,
 * When wide around, she saw the world submit,
 * And own her sons supreme in arts and wit ;
 * Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home
 * The pride of Greece, and ornament of Rome ;
 * To the great task each bold translator came,
 * With Virgil's judgment, and with Homer's flame ;
 * Here the pleas'd Mantuan swan was taught to soar,
 * Where scarce the Roman eagles tower'd before :
 * And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
 * Though her seven rival cities claim'd his birth ;
 * On her seven cities he look'd down with scorn,
 * And own'd with pride he was in Britain born."

SPECIMEN of a TRANSLATION of the ODYSSEY *.

THE nurse all wild with transport seem'd to swim ;
 Joy wing'd her feet, and lighten'd ev'ry limb ;
 Then, to the room with speed impatient borne,
 Flew with glad tidings of her lord's return.

* Dr. Ridley was one of Mr. Spence's executors. Mr. Steevens
 assisted him in looking over the papers of the deceased ; and tran-
 scribed this letter, &c. from the original. N.

There bending o'er the sleeping queen, she cries,
 Rise, my Penelope, my daughter, rise
 To see Ulysses thy long absent spouse,
 Thy soul's desire and lord of all thy vows:
 Though late, he comes, and in his rage has slain,
 For all their wrongs, the haughty suitor train.

Ah! Euryclea, she replies, you rave;
 The gods resume that reason which they gave;
 For Heaven deep wisdom to the fool supplies,
 But oft infatuates and confounds the wife.
 And wisdom once was thine! but now I find
 The gods have ruin'd thy distemper'd mind.
 How could you hope your fiction to impose?
 Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
 How could you break a sleep with talk so vain,
 That held my sorrows in so soft a chain?
 A sleep so sweet I never could enjoy
 Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:
 Curs'd Troy—oh! why did I thy name disclose?
 Thy fatal name awakens all my woes:
 But fly—some other had provok'd my *rage**,
 And you but owe your pardon to your *age*.

No artful tales, no studied lies, I frame,
Ulysses lives (rejoins the reverend dame)
 In that dishonour'd stranger's close disguise,
 Long has he pass'd all unsuspecting eyes,
 All but thy son's—and long has he suppress'd
 The well-concerted secret *in his breast*;

* The words in *Italic* are copied by Mr. Pope. N.

Till his brave father should his foes defeat,
And the close scheme of his revenge compleat.

Swift as the word *the queen transported sprung,*
And round the dame in strict embraces hung;
Then, as the big round tears began to roll,
Spoke the quick doubts and hurry of her soul.

If my victorious hero safe arrives,
If my dear lord, Ulysses, still survives,
Tell me, oh tell me, how he fought alone?
How were such multitudes destroy'd by one?

Nought I beheld, but heard their cries, she said,
When Death flew raging, and the suitors bled:
Immur'd we listen'd, as we sat around,
To each deep groan and agonizing sound.
Call'd by thy son to view the scene I fled,
And saw Ulysses striding o'er the dead!
Amidst the rising heaps the hero stood
All grim, and terribly adorn'd with blood.

* * "This is enough in conscience for this time: besides, I am desired, by Mr. Pope or Mr. Lintot, I don't know which, to write to Mr. Pope on a certain affair."

On his M A J E S T Y 's Playing with a TIGER in
Kensington Gardens.

"Primâ dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camœnâ."

A MIDST the den, the lions prey,
Seal'd up for death the prophet lay;
But couch'd the hungry monsters sit,
And fawning lick his sacred feet;

Swift shot an angel from above,
And chang'd their fury into love.

As swift did Britain's Genius fly,
And for her charge stand trembling by;
When Brunswick, pious, brave, and wise,
Like Him the favourite of the skies,
Play'd with the monster's dreadful teeth,
And sported with the fangs of death.

Genius of Britain, spare thy fears,
For know, within, our Sovereign wears
The surest guard; the best defence;
A firm untainted innocence.
So sweet an innocence disarms
The fiercest rage with powerful charms,
So far rebellion it beguiles,
That Faction bends; that Envy smiles;
That furious savages submit,
And pay due homage at his feet.

Britain! by this example prove
Thy duty, loyalty, and love.
See! the fierce brutes thy King caress,
And court him with a mute address;
Well may'st thou own his gentle sway,
If tigers bend, and savages obey.

A DIALOGUE between a POET and his SERVANT.

In Imitation of HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VII.

To enter into the beauties of this Satire, it must be remembered, that Slaves, among the Romans, during the Feasts of Saturn, wore their Masters Habits, and were allowed to say what they pleased.

SERVANT.

SIR,—I've long waited in my turn to have
A word with you---but I'm your humble slave.

P. What knave is that? my rascal!

S. Sir, 'tis I,

No knave nor rascal, but your trusty Guy.

P. Well, as your wages still are due, I'll bear
Your rude impertinence this time of year.

S. Some folks are drunk one day, and some for ever,
And some, like Wharton, but twelve years together.

Old Evremond, renown'd for wit and dirt,
Would change his living oftener than his shirt;
Roar with the rakes of state a month; and come
To starve another in his hole at home.

So rov'd wild Buckingham the public jest,
Now some innholder's, now a monarch's guest;

H 4

His

His life and politics of every shape,
 This hour a Roman, and the next an ape.
 The gout in every limb from every vice,
 Poor Clodio hir'd a boy to throw the dice.
 Some wench for ever; and their sins on those,
 By custom, sit as easy as their cloaths.
 Some fly, like pendulums, from good to evil,
 And in that point are madder than the devil:
 For they——

P. To what will these wild maxims tend?
 And where, sweet sir, will your reflections end?

S. In you.

P. In me, you knave? make out your charge.

S. You praise low-living, but you live at large.
 Perhaps you scarce believe the rules you teach,
 Or find it hard to practise what you preach.
 Scarce have you paid one idle journey down,
 But, without business, you're again in town.
 If none invite you, sir, abroad to roam,
 'Then—Lord, what pleasure 'tis to read at home:
 And sip your two half-pints, with great delight,
 Of beer at noon, and muddled port at night.
 From * Encombe, John comes thundering at the door,
 With "Sir, my master begs you to come o'er,
 "To pass these tedious hours, these winter nights,
 "Not that he dreads invasions, rogues, or sprites."
 Strait for your two best wigs aloud you call,
 This stiff in buckle, that not curl'd at all,

* The seat of John Pitt, Esq. in Dorsetshire.

"And where, you rascal, are the spurs," you cry;
 "And O! what blockhead laid the buskins by?"
 On your old batter'd mare you 'll needs be gone,
 (No matter whether on four legs or none)
 Splash, plunge, and stumble, as you scour the heath;
 All swear at Morden 'tis on life or death;
 Wildly through Wareham streets you scamper on,
 Raise all the dogs and voters in the town;
 Then fly for six long dirty miles as bad,
 That Corfe and Kingston gentry think you mad.
 And all this furious riding is to prove
 Your high respect, it seems, and eager love:
 And yet, that mighty honour to obtain,
 Banks, Shaftesbury, Doddington, may send in vain.
 Before you go, we curse the noise you make,
 And bless the moment that you turn your back:
 As for myself, I own it to your face,
 I love good eating, and I take my glass:
 But sure 'tis strange, dear sir, that this should be
 In you amusement, but a fault in me.
 All this is bare refining on a name,
 To make a difference where the fault's the same.
 My father sold me to your service here,
 For this fine livery, and four pounds a year.
 A livery you should wear as well as I,
 And this I'll prove—but lay your cudgel by.
 You serve your passions—Thus, without a jest,
 Both are but fellow-servants at the best.
 Yourself, good Sir, are play'd by your desires,
 A mere tall puppet dancing on the wires.

P. Who

P. Who, at this rate of talking, can be free?

S. The brave, wise, honest man, and only he:
 All else are slaves alike, the world around,
 Kings on the throne, and beggars on the ground:
 He, sir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
 And (greater still) is master of himself:
 Not to-and-fro by fears and factions hurl'd,
 But loose to all the interests of the world:
 And while that world turns round, entire and whole,
 He keeps the sacred tenor of his soul;
 In every turn of fortune still the same,
 As gold unchang'd, or brighter from the flame:
 Collected in himself, with godlike pride,
 He sees the darts of envy glance aside;
 And, fix'd like Atlas, while the tempest blow,
 Smiles at the idle storms that roar below.
 One such you know, a layman, to your shame,
 And yet the honour of your blood and name,
 If you can such a character maintain,
 You too are free, and I'm your slave again.

But when in Hemskirk's pictures you delight,
 More than yourself, to see two drunkards fight;
 "Fool, rogue, sot, blockhead," or such names are mine:
 Your's are, "a Connoisseur," or "Deep Divine."
 I'm chid for loving a luxurious bit,
 The sacred prize of learning, worth, and wit:
 And yet some sell their lands these bits to buy;
 Then, pray, who suffers most from luxury?
 I'm chid, 'tis true; but then I pawn no plate,
 I seal no bonds, I mortgage no estate.

Besides,

Besides, high living, sir, must wear you out
With surfeits, qualms, a fever, or the gout.
By some new pleasures are you still engross'd,
And when you save an hour, you think it lost.
To sports, plays, races, from your books you run,
And like all company, except your own.
You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idlier still) you rhyme;
Why?—but to banish thought, and murder time:
And yet that thought, which you discharge in vain,
Like a foul-loaded piece, recoils again.

P. Tom, fetch a cane, a whip, a club, a stone,---

S. For what?

P. A sword, a pistol, or a gun:

I'll shoot the dog.

S. Lord! who would be a wit?

He's in a mad, or in a rhyming fit.

P. Fly, fly, you rascal, for your spade and fork;

For once I'll set your lazy bones to work:

Fly, or I'll send your back, without a groat,

To the bleak mountains where you first were caught.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, Esq.

Advising him to build a Banqueting-house on a Hill
that overlooks the Sea.

FROM this tall promontory's brow

You look majestic down,

And see extended wide below

Th' horizon all your own.

With

With growing piles the vales are crown'd,
Here hills peep over hills;
There the vast sky and sea profound
Th' increasing prospect fills.

O bid, my friend, a structure rise,
And this huge round command;
Then shall this little point comprise
The ocean and the land.

Then you, like *Æolus*, on high,
From your aerial tower,
Shall see secure the billows fly,
And hear the whirlwinds roar.

You, with a smile, their rage despise,
'Till some sad wreck appears,
And calls, from your relenting eyes,
The sympathizing tears.

Thus may you view, with proud delight,
While winds the deep deform,
(Till human woes your grief excite)
All nature in a storm.

Majestic, awful scene! when, hurl'd
On surges, surges rise,
And all the heaving watery world
Tumultuous mounts the skies.

The seas and thunder roar by turns,
By turns the peals expire;
The billows flash, and æther burns
With momentary fire.

But lo! the furious tempests cease,
 The mighty rage subsides;
 Old ocean hush'd, in solemn peace,
 Has still'd the murmuring tides.
 Spread wide abroad, the glassy plain,
 In various colours gay,
 Reflects the glorious sun again,
 And doubly gilds the day.
 Th' horizon glows from side to side,
 And flames with glancing rays;
 The floating, trembling, silver tide,
 Is one continual blaze.
 Your eyes the prospect now command,
 All uncontrol'd and free,
 Fly like a thought from land to land,
 And dart from sea to sea.
 Thus, while above the clouds we sit,
 And innocently gay,
 Pass in amusements, wine, or wit,
 The sultry hours away;
 Sometimes, with pity, or disdain,
 In thought a glance we throw
 Down on the poor, the proud, the vain,
 In yonder world below.
 We see, from this exalted seat,
 (How shrunk, reduc'd, confin'd!)
 The little person of the great,
 As little as his mind.

See

See there—amidst the crowds our view
Some scatter'd virtues strike ;
But those so throng'd, and these so few,
The world looks all alike.

Yet, through this cloud of human-kind,
The Talbots we survey,
The Pitts, the Yorkes, the Seckers find,
Who shine in open day.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, Esq.

On the same Subject.

O'ER curious models as you rove
The vales with piles to crown,
And great Palladio's plans improve
With nobler of your own ;

O bid a structure o'er the floods
From this high mountain rise,
Where we may sit enthron'd like gods,
And revel in the skies.

Th' ascending breeze, at each repast,
Shall breathe an air divine,
Give a new brightness to the taste,
New spirit to the wine.

Or these low pleasures we may quit
For banquets more refin'd,
The works of each immortal wit,
The luxury of the mind.

Plato, or Boyle's, or Newton's page,
 Our towering thoughts shall raise,
 Or Homer's fire, or Pindar's rage,
 Or Virgil's lofty lays.

Or with amusive thoughts the Sea
 Shall entertain the mind,
 While we the rolling scene survey,
 An emblem of mankind.

Where, like sworn foes, successive all,
 The furious furies run,
 To urge their predecessor's fall,
 Though follow'd by their own.

Where, like our moderns so profound,
 Engag'd in dark dispute,
 The skuttles cast their ink around
 To puzzle the dispute.

Where sharks, like shrewd directors, thrive,
 Like lawyers, rob at will;
 Where flying-fish, like trimmers live;
 Like soldiers, sword-fish kill.

Where on the less the greater feed,
 The tyrants of an hour,
 Till the huge royal whale succeed,
 And all at once devour.

Thus in the mortal world we now
 Too truly understand,
 Each monster of the sea below
 Is match'd by one at land.

ON MRS. WALKER'S POEMS.

Particularly that on the Author.

BLUSH, Wilmot, blush; a female Muse,
Without one guilty line,
The tender theme of love pursues
In softer strains than thine.

'Tis thine the passion to blaspheme,
'Tis her's with wit and ease
(When a mere nothing is the theme)
Beyond thyself to please.

Then be to her the prize decreed,
Whose merit has prevail'd;
For what male poet can succeed,
If Rochester has fail'd?

Since Phœbus quite forgetful grows,
And has not yet thought fit,
In his high wisdom, to impose
A salique law on wit;

Since of your rights he takes no care,
Ye Priors, Popes, and Gays;
'Tis hard! — but let the women wear
The breeches and the bays.

VERSES

VERSES ON A FLOWERED CARPET.

Worked by the Young Ladies at Kingston.

WHEN Pallas saw the piece her pupils wrought,
 She stood long wondering at the lovely draught :
 “ And, Flora, now (she cried) no more display
 Thy flowers, the trifling beauties of a day :
 For see ! how these with life immortal bloom,
 And spread and flourish for an age to come !
 In what unguarded hour did I impart
 To these fair virgins all my darling art ?
 In all my wit I saw these rivals shine,
 But this one art I thought was always mine :
 Yet lo ! I yield ; their mistresses now no more,
 But proud to learn from these I taught before.
 For look, what vegetable sense is here !
 How warm with life these blushing leaves appear !
 What temper’d splendors o’er the piece are laid !
 Shade steals on light, and light dies into shade.
 Through heaven’s gay bow less various beauties run,
 And far less bright, though painted by the sun.
 See in each blooming flower what spirit glows !
 What vivid colours flush the opening rose !
 In some few hours thy lily disappears ;
 But this shall flourish through a length of years,
 See unfelt winters pass successive by,
 And scorn a mean dependence on the sky.

VOL. LII.

I

And

And oh! may Britain, by my counsels sway'd,
But live and flourish, till these flowers shall fade!
Then go, fond Flora, go, the palm resign
To works more fair and durable than thine;
For I, even I, in justice yield the crown
To works so far superior to my own."

VERSES ON A FLOWERED CARPET.

ON this fair ground, with ravish'd eyes,
We see a second Eden rise,
As gay and glorious as the first,
Before th' offending world was curst.
While these bright nymphs the needle guide,
To paint the rose in all her pride,
Nature, like her, may blush to own
Herself so far by art out-done.
These flowers she rais'd with all her care,
So blooming, so divinely fair!
The glorious children of the sun,
That David's regal heir out-shone,
Were scarce like one of these array'd;
They died, but these shall never fade.

ON THE ART OF PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT.

In Imitation of HORACE'S Art of Poetry.

“ — Pendent opera interrupta. — ”

SHOULD some fam'd hand, in this fantastic age,
 Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the stage,
 With all his postures in one motley plan,
 The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man,
 Here o'er his head high brandishing a leg,
 And there just hatch'd, and breaking from his egg;
 While monster crowds on monster through the piece,
 Who could help laughing at a sight like this?
 Or, as a drunkard's dream together brings
 “ A court of cobblers, or a mob of kings * ; ”
 Such is a sermon, where, confus'dly dark,
 Join † Sharp, South, Sherlock, Barrow, Wake, and
 So eggs of different parishes will run [Clarke;
 To batter, when you beat six yolks to one;
 So six bright chemic liquors when you mix,
 In one dark shadow vanish all the six.

Full licence priests and painters ever had
 To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;
 For these can't reconcile God's grace to sin,
 Nor those paint tigers in an ass's skin.

* Dryden.

† Another copy reads,

“ Join Hoadly, Sharp, South, Sherlock, Wake, and Clarke.”

No common dauber in one piece would join
 The fox and goose—unless upon a sign.
 Some steal a page of sense from Tillotson,
 And then conclude divinely with their own.
 Like oil on water, mounts the prelate up;
 His Grace is always sure to be at top:
 That vein of mercury its beams will spread,
 And shine more strongly through a mine of lead.
 With such low arts your audience never bilk;
 For who can bear a fustian lin'd with silk?
 Sooner than preach such stuff, I'd walk the town,
 Without my scarf, in Whiston's draggled gown;
 Ply at the Chapter, and at Child's, to read
 For pence, and bury for a groat a head.

Some easy subject chuse, within your power,
 Or you can never hold out half an hour.
 One rule observe: this Sunday split your text;
 Preach one part now, and t'other half the next.
 Speak, look, and move, with dignity and ease,
 Like mitred Secker, you'll be sure to please.
 But, if you whine like boys at country schools,
 Can you be said to study Cambray's rules?
 Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
 Set out in this high prancing stumbling style,
 "Whoever with a piercing eye can see
 "Through the past records of futurity—"
 All gape—no meaning—the puff'd orator
 Talks much, and says just nothing for an hour.
 Truth and the text he labours to display,
 Till both are quite interpreted away:

So frugal dames insipid water pour,
 Till green, bohea, and coffee, are no more.
 His arguments in silly circles run
 Still round and round, and end where they begun :
 So the poor turn-spit, as the wheel runs round,
 The more he gains, the more he loses ground.
 Surpris'd with solitary self-applause,
 He sees the motley mingled scene he draws :
 Dutch painters thus at their own figures start,
 Drawn with their utmost uncreating art.
 Thus when old Bruin teems, her children fail
 Of limbs, form, figure, features, head, or tail;
 Nay, though she licks her cubs, her tender cares
 At best can bring the bruins but to bears.
 Still to your hearers all your sermons fort ;
 Who'd preach against Corruption at the Court ?
 Against Church-power at Visitations bawl,
 Or talk about Damnation at Whitehall ?
 Harangue the Horse-guards on a Cure of souls,
 Condemn the quirks of Chancery at the Rolls,
 Or rail at Hoods and Organs at St. Paul's ?
 Or be, like David Jones, so indiscreet,
 To rave at Usurers in Lombard-street ?
 Ye Country-vicars, when you preach, in town,
 A turn at Paul's to pay your journey down,
 If you would shun the sneer of every prig,
 Lay-by the little band and rusty wig ;
 But yet be sure your proper language know,
 Nor talk as born within the sound of Bow ;

Speak not the phrase that Drury-lane affords,
 Nor from 'Change-alley steal a cant of words:
 Coachmen will criticise your style; nay, further,
 Porters will bring it in for wilful murther:
 The dregs of the Canaille will look askew,
 To hear the language of the town from you:
 Nay, my Lord-mayor, with merriment possest,
 Will break his nap, and laugh among the rest,
 And jog the Aldermen to hear the jest.

* * * * *

INVITATION TO MR. DODINGTON.

In Allusion to HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

IF Dodington will condescend
 To visit a poetic friend,
 And leave a numerous bill of fare,
 For four or five plain dishes here;
 No costly welcome, but a kind
 He and his friends will always find;
 A plain, but clean and spacious room,
 The master and his heart at home,
 A cellar open as his face,
 A dinner shorter than his grace;
 Your mutton comes from Pimper-down,
 Your fish (if any) from the town;
 Our rogues, indeed, of late, o'eraw'd,
 By human laws, not those of God,

* Created Lord Melcombe in 1761.

No

No venifon steal, or none they bring.
 Or fend it all to master King*;
 And yet, perhaps, some venturous spark
 May bring it, now the nights are dark.
 Punch I have store, and beer beside,
 And port that's good, though frenchified.
 Then, if you come, I'm sure to get
 From Eastbery †—a desert—of wit.
 One line, good Sir, to name the day,
 And your petitioner will pray, &c.

MR. R. PITT, to his Brother C. PITT.

On his having a Fit of the Gout.

AMONG the well-bred natives of our isle,
 "I kiss your hand, Sir," is the modish style;

In humbler manner, as my fate is low,
 I beg to kiss your venerable toe,
 Not Old Infallibility's can have
 Profounder reverence from its meanest slave.

What dignity attends the solemn Gout!
 What conscious greatness if the heart be stout!
 Methinks I see you o'er the house preside,
 In painful majesty and decent pride,
 With leg toft high, on stately sofa fit,
 More like a sultan than a modern wit;

* The Blandford carrier.

† Mr. Dodington's seat at that time.

Quick at your call the trembling slaves appear,
Advance with caution, and retire with fear;
Ev'n Peggy trembles, though (or authors fail)
At times the anti-fallic laws prevail.

Now, Lord have mercy on poor Dick! say I;
"Where's the lac'd shoe—who laid the flannel by?"
Within, 'tis hurry, the house seems posset;
Without, the ho-fes wonder at their rest.
What terrible dismay, what scenes of care!
Why is the footy Mintrem's hopeful heir*
Before the morning-dawn compell'd to rise,
And give attendance with his half-shut eyes?
What fiends prevent Ead's † journey to the fair‡?
Why all this noise, this bustle and this rout?
"Oh, nothing—but poor master has the gout."

Meantime, superior to the pains below,
Your thoughts in soaring meditations flow,
In rapturous trance on Virgil's genius dwell,
To us, poor mortals, his strong beauties tell,
And, like Æneas, from your couch of state,
In all the pomp of words display the Trojan fate.

Can nothing your aspiring thoughts restrain?
Or does the Muse suspend the rage of pain?

* Mr. Pitt's servant, the son of a blacksmith.

† Another servant of Mr. Pitt.

‡ Blandford fair; two miles from Pimpern, Mr. Pitt's rectory, where he was born, and where he died, April 13, 1743, aged 43. See his epitaph in Hutchins's Dorset, i. 82. N.

Awhile give o'er your rage ; in sickness prove
 Like other mortals, if you'd pity move :
 Think not your friends compassionate can be,
 When such the product of disease they see ;
 Your sharpest pangs but add to our delight,
 We'll wish you still the Gout, if still you write.

Written in the Folds of a PIN-PAPER.

OF old, a hundred Cyclops strove
 To forge the thunder-bolt for Jove ;
 I too employ a hundred hands,
 And travel through as many lands.
 A head I have, though very small,
 But then I have no brains at all.
 The miser locks me up with care,
 Close as his money, all the year.
 When John and Joan are both at strife,
 'Tis I find money for the wife.
 At court I make the ladies shine,
 I grace ev'n gracious Caroline :
 And, though I often take my way
 Through town and country, land and sea,
 I'm neither fish, flesh, nor herring,
 And now I live with goody Verring*.

* A seller of pins at Blandford. PITT.

De

DE MINIMIS MAXIMA.

AUTORE LUDOVICO DUNCOMBE*.

EXIGUA crescit de glande altissima quercus,
 Et tandem patulis surgit in astra comis:
 Dumque anni pergunt, crescit latissima moles;
 Mox secat æquoreas bellica navis aquas.
 Angliacis hinc fama, salus hinc nascitur oris,
 Et glans est nostri præsidium imperii.

TRANSLATION of the foregoing, by MR. PITT.

FROM a small acorn, see! the oak arise,
 Supremely tall, and towering in the skies!
 Queen of the groves! her stately head she rears,
 Her bulk increasing with increasing years:
 Now moves in pomp, majestic, o'er the deep,
 While in her womb ten thousand thunders sleep.
 Hence Britain boasts her far-extended reign,
 And by th' expanded acorn rules the main.

* See this ingenious young gentleman's verses to the memory of Mr. Hughes, in vol. XXXI. He was second son of John Duncombe, Esq. of Stocks; and died at Merton College, Oxford, where he was a gentleman commoner, Dec. 26, 1730, in the twentieth year of his age. N.

A N E P I T A P H,

Inscribed on a Stone that covers his Father, Mother,
and Brother*.

Y E sacred spirits! while your friends distress'd
Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the blest'd;
O let the pensive Muse inscribe that stone,
And with the general sorrows mix her own:
The pensive Muse!—who, from this mournful hour,
Shall raise her voice, and wake the string no more!
Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive;
Tis all a brother, all a son can give.

* Robert Pitt, A. M. his eldest brother. See the Latin inscription, in Hutchins's Dorset, vol. I. p. 83.

A POEM

A POEM ON the DEATH of the late Earl STANHOPE.

Humbly inscribed to the Countess of STANHOPE.

“ At length, grim Fate, thy dreadful triumphs cease:
“ Lock up the tomb, and seal the grave in peace.”

NOW from thy riot of destruction breathe,
Call in thy raging plagues, thou tyrant Death:
Too mean's the conquest which thy arms bestow,
Too mean to sweep a nation at a blow.
No, thy unbounded triumphs higher run,
And seem to strike at all mankind in one;
Since Stanhope is thy prey, the great, the brave,
A nobler prey was never paid the grave.
We seem to feel from this thy daring crime,
A blank in nature, and a pause in time.
He stood so high in Reason's towering sphere,
As high as man unglorify'd could bear.
In arms, and eloquence, like Cæsar, shone
So bright, that each Minerva was his own.
How could so vast a fund of learning lie
Shut up in such a short mortality?
One world of science nobly travell'd o'er,
Like Philip's glorious son, he wept for more.

And now, resign'd to tears, th' angelic choirs,
With drooping heads, unstring their golden lyres,
Wrapt in a cloud of grief, they sigh to view
Their sacred image laid by death so low:

And deep in anguish sunk, on Stanhope's fate,
Begin to doubt their own immortal state.

But hold, my Muse, thy mournful transport errs,

Hold here, and listen to Lucinda's tears,
While thy vain sorrows echo to his tomb,
Behold a sight that strikes all sorrow dumb:

Behold the partner of his cares and life,

Bright in her tears, and beautiful in grief.

Shall then in vain those streams of sorrow flow,

Drest up in all the elegance of woe?

And shall the kind officious Muse forbear

To answer sigh for sigh, and tell out tear for tear?

Oh! no; at such a melancholy scene,

The Poet echoes back her woes again.

Each weeping Muse should minister relief,

From all the moving eloquence of grief.

Each, like a Niobe, his fate bemoan,

Melt into tears, or harden into stone.

From dark obscurity his virtues save,

And, like pale spectres, hover round his grave.

With them the marble should due measures keep,

Relent at every sigh, at every accent weep.

Britannia mourn thy hero, nor refuse

To vent the sighs and sorrows with the Muse:

Oh! let thy rising groans load every wind,

Nor let one sluggish accent lag behind.

Thy heavy fate with justice to deplore,

Convey a gale of sighs from shore to shore.

And thou, her guardian angel, widely spread

Thy golden wings, and shield the mighty dead.

Brood

Brood o'er his ashes, and illustrious dust,
And sooth with care the venerable ghost.
To guard the nobler relicks, leave a while
The kind protection of thy favourite isle:
Around his silent tomb, thy station keep,
And, with thy sister-angel, learn to weep.

Ye sons of Albion, o'er your patriot mourn,
And cool with streams of tears his sacred urn.
His wondrous virtues, stretch'd to distant shores,
Demand all Europe's tears, as well as yours.
Nature can't bring in every period forth,
A finish'd hero, of exalted worth,
Whose godlike genius, towering and sublime,
Must long lie ripening in the womb of time:
Before a Stanhope enters on the stage,
The birth of years, and labour of an age.
In field, and council, born the palm to share,
His voice a senate, as his sword a war:
And each illustrious action of his life,
Conspire to form the patriot, and the chief:
On either side, unite their blended rays,
And kindly mingle in a friendly blaze.

Stand out, and witness this, unhappy Spain,
Lift up to view the mountains of thy slain:
'Tell how thy heroes yielded to their fear,
When Stanhope rous'd the thunder of the war:
With what fierce tumults of severe delight
Th' impetuous hero plung'd into the fight.
How he the dreadful front of death defac'd,
Pour'd on the foe, and laid the battle waste.

Did not his arm the ranks of war deform,
 And point the hovering tumult where to storm?
 Did not his sword through legions cleave his way,
 Break their dark squadrons, and let in the day?
 Did not he lead the terrible attack,
 Push conquest on, and bring her bleeding back?
 Throw wide the scenes of horror and despair,
 The tide of conflict, and the stream of war?
 Bid yellow Tagus, who in triumph roll'd,
 Till then his turbid tides of foaming gold,
 Boast his rich channels to the world no more,
 Since all his glittering streams, and liquid ore,
 Lie undistinguish'd in a flood of gore.
 Bid his charg'd waves, and loaded billows sweep,
 Thy slaughter'd thousands to the frightened deep.
 Confess, fair Albion, how the listening throng
 Dwelt on the moving accents of his tongue.
 In the sage council seat him, and confess
 Thy arm in war, thy oracle in peace:
 How here triumphant too, his nervous sense
 Bore off the palm of manly eloquence:
 The healing balm to Albion's wounds apply'd,
 And charm'd united factions to his side:
 Fix'd on his sovereign's head the nodding crown,
 And prop'd the tottering basis of the throne,
 Supported bravely all the nation's weight,
 And stood the public Atlas of the state.
 Sound the loud trumpet, let the solemn knell
 Bid with due horror his great soul farewell.

Tune

Tune every martial instrument with care,
At once wake all the harmony of war.
Let each sad hero in procession go,
And swell the vast solemnity of woe.
Neglect the yew, the mournful cypress leave,
And with fresh laurels strew the warrior's grave.
There they shall rise, in honour of his name,
Grow green with victory, and bloom with fame.

Lo! from his azure throne, old father Thames
Sighs through his floods, and groans from all his streams;
O'er his full urn he droops his reverend head,
And sinks down deeper in his oozy bed,
As the sad pomp proceeds along his sides,
O'ercharg'd with sorrow, pant his heaving tides.
Low in his humid palace laid to mourn,
With streams of tears, the God supplies his urn.
Within his channels he forgets to flow,
And pours o'er all his bounds the deluge of his woe.

But see, my Muse, if yet thy ravish'd sight
Can bear that blaze, that rushing stream of light;
Where the great hero's disencumber'd soul,
Springs from the earth, to reach her native pole.
Boldly she quits th' abandon'd cask of clay,
Freed from her chains, and towers th' æthereal way:
Soars o'er th' eternal funds of hail and snow,
And leaves heaven's stormy magazines below.
Thence through the vast profound of heaven she flies,
And measures all the concave of the skies:
Sees where the planetary worlds advance,
Orb above orb, and lead the starry dance.

Nor rests she there, but, with a bolder flight,
 Explores the undiscover'd realms of light.
 Where the fix'd orbs, to deck the spangled pole,
 In state around their gaudy axles roll.
 Thence his aspiring course in triumph steers,
 Beyond the golden circles of the spheres;
 Into the heaven of heavens, the seat divine,
 Where Nature never drew her mighty line.
 A region that excludes all time and place,
 And shuts creation from th' unbounded space:
 Where the full tides of light in oceans flow,
 And see the sun ten thousand worlds below.
 So far from our inferior orbs disjoin'd,
 The tir'd imagination pants behind.
 Then cease thy painful flight, nor venture more,
 Where never Muse has stretch'd her wing before.
 Thy pinions tempt immortal heights in vain,
 That throw thee fluttering back to earth again.
 On earth a while, blest shade, thy thoughts employ,
 And steal one moment from eternal joy.
 While there, in heaven, immortal songs inspire
 Thy golden strings, and tremble on the lyre,
 Which raise to nobler strains th' angelic choir.
 Look down with pity on a mortal's lays,
 Who strives, in vain, to reach thy boundless praise:
 Who with low verse profanes thy sacred name,
 Lost in the spreading circle of thy fame.
 Thy fame, which, like thyself, is mounted high,
 Wide as thy heaven, and lofty as thy sky,

}

And thou, his pious comfort, here below,
Lavish of grief, and prodigal of woe:
Oh! choak thy griefs, thy rising sighs suppress,
Nor let thy sorrows violate his peace.
This rage of anguish, that disdains relief,
Dims his bright joys, with some allay of grief.
Look on his dearest pledge, he left behind,
And see how Nature, bountiful and kind,
Stamps the paternal image on his mind.
Oh! may th' hereditary virtues run
In fair succession, to adorn the son;
The last best hopes of Albion's realms to grace,
And form the hero worthy of his race:
Some means at last by Britain may be found,
To dry her tears, and close her bleeding wound.
And if the Muse through future times can see,
Fair youth, thy father shall revive in thee:
Thou shalt the wondering nation's hopes engage,
To rise the Stanhope of the future age.

E P I T A P H O N D R. K E I L.

The late famous Astronomer.

BENEATH this stone the world's just wonder lies,
 Who, while on earth, had rang'd the spacious skies;
 Around the stars his active soul had flown,
 And seen their courses finish'd ere his own :
 Now he enjoys those realms he could explore,
 And finds that heaven he knew so well before.
 He through more worlds his victory pursued
 Than the brave Greek could wish to have subdued ;
 In triumph ran one vast creation o'er,
 Then stop'd, — for Nature could afford no more.
 With Cæsar's speed, young Ammon's noble pride,
 He came, saw, vanquish'd, wept, return'd, and died.

HORACE, BOOK II. EP. XIX. IMITATED.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. ROBERT LOWTH*.

'TIS said, dear Sir, no poets please the town,
 Who drink mere water, though from Helicon:
 For in cold blood they seldom boldly think;
 Their rhymes are more insipid than their drink.
 Not great Apollo could the train inspire,
 Till generous Bacchus help'd to fan the fire.
 Warm'd by two Gods at once, they drink and write,
 Rhyme all the day, and fuddle all the night.
 Homer, says Horace, nods in many a place,
 But hints, he nodded oftner o'er the glass.
 Inspir'd with wine old Ennius sung and thought
 With the same spirit, that his heroes fought:
 And we from Johnson's tavern-laws divine,
 That bard was no great enemy to wine.
 'Twas from the bottle King deriv'd his wit,
 Drank till he could not talk, and then he writ.
 Let no coif'd serjeant touch the sacred juice,
 But leave it to the bards for better use:
 Let the grave judges too the glass forbear,
 Who never sing and dance but once a year.
 This truth once known, our poets take the hint,
 Get drunk or mad, and then get into print:
 To raise their flames indulge the mellow fit,
 And lose their senses in the search of wit:

* Late Bishop of London.

And when with claret fir'd they take the pen,
 Swear they can write, because they drink, like Ben.
 Such mimic Swift or Prior to their cost,
 For in the rash attempt the fools are lost.
 When once a genius breaks through common rules,
 He leads an herd of imitating fools.
 If Pope, the prince of poets, sick a-bed,
 O'er steaming coffee bends his aching head,
 The fools in public o'er the fragrant draught
 Incline those heads, that never ach'd or thought.
 This must provoke his mirth or his disdain,
 Cure his complaint,—or make him sick again.
 I too, like them, the poet's path pursue,
 And keep great Flaccus ever in my view;
 But in a distant view—yet what I write,
 In these loose sheets, must never see the light;
 Epistles, odes, and twenty trifles more,
 Things that are born and die in half an hour.
 What! you must dedicate, says sneering Spence,
 This year some new performance to the prince:
 Though money is your scorn, no doubt in time
 You hope to gain some vacant stall by rhyme;
 Like other poets, were the truth but known,
 You too admire whatever is your own.
 These wise remarks my modesty confound,
 While the laugh rises, and the mirth goes round;
 Next at the jest, yet glad to shun a fray,
 I whisk into my coach, and drive away.

TO MR. SPENCE.

Prefixed to the ESSAY ON POPE'S ODYSSEY.

'TIS done—Restor'd by thy immortal pen,
The critic's noble name revives again;
Once more that great, that injur'd name we see
Shine forth alike in Addison and thee.

Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feast,
And feed on scraps refus'd by every guest;
From the old Thracian * dog they learn'd the way
To snarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey.
As though they grudg'd themselves the joys they feel,
Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd against their will.
Such their inverted taste, that we expect
For faults their thanks, for beauties their neglect;
So the fell snake rejects the fragrant flowers,
But every poison of the field devours.

Like bold Longinus of immortal fame,
You read your poet with a poet's flame;
With his, your generous raptures still aspire;
The critic kindles when the bard's on fire.
But when some lame, some limping line demands
The friendly succour of your healing hands;
The feather of your pen drops balm around,
And plays, and tickles, while it cures the wound.

While Pope's immortal labour we survey,
We stand all dazzled with excess of day,

* Zoilus, so called by the ancients.

Blind with the glorious blaze;—to vulgar sight
 'Twas one bright mass of undistinguish'd light;
 But, like the towering eagle, you alone
 Discern'd the spots and splendors of the sun.

To point out faults, yet never to offend;
 To play the critic, yet preserve the friend;
 A life well spent, that never lost a day;
 An easy spirit, innocently gay;
 A strict integrity, devoid of art;
 The sweetest manners, and sincerest heart;
 A soul, where depth of sense and fancy meet;
 A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit,
 Were ever yours;—be what you were before,
 Be still yourself; the world can ask no more.

IMITATION of SPENSER.

I.

A Well-known vase of sovereign use I sing,
 Pleasing to young and old, and Jordan hight,
 The lovely queen, and eke the haughty king
 Snatch up this vessel in the murky night:
 Ne lives there poor, ne lives there wealthy wight,
 But uses it in mantle brown or green;
 Sometimes it stands array'd in glossy white;
 And est in mighty dortours may be seen
 Of China's fragile earth, with azure flowrets sheen.

K 4

II. The

II.

The virgin, comely as the dewy rose,
 Here gently sheds the softly-whispering rill;
 The frannion, who ne shame ne blushing knows,
 At once the potter's glossy vase does fill;
 It whizzes like the waters from a mill.
 Here frouzy housewives clear their loaded reins;
 The beef-fed justice, who fat ale doth swill,
 Grasps the round-handled jar, and tries, and strains,
 While slowly dribbling down the scanty water drains.

III.

The dame of Fraunce shall without shame convey
 This ready needment to its proper place;
 Yet shall the daughters of the lond of Fay
 Learn better amenaunce and decent grace;
 Warm blushes lend a beauty to their face,
 For virtue's comely tints their cheeks adorn;
 Thus o'er the distant hillocks you may trace
 The purple beamings of the infant morn:
 Sweet are our blooming maids—the sweetest creatures
 born.

IV.

None but their husbands or their lovers true
 They trust with management of their affairs;
 Nor even these their privacy may view,
 When the soft beavys seek the bower by pairs:
 Then from the sight accoy'd, like timorous hares,
 From mate or bellamour alike they fly;
 Think not, good swain, that these are scornful airs,
 Think not for hate they shun thine amorous eye,
 Soon shall the fair return, nor done thee, youth, to dye.

V. While

V.

While Belgic frows across a charcoal stove
 (Replenish'd like the Vestal's lasting fire)
 Bren for whole years, and scorch the parts of love,
 No longer parts that can delight inspire,
 Erst cave of bliss, now monumental pyre;
 O British maid, for ever clean and neat,
 For whom I aye will wake my simple lyre,
 With double care preserve that dun retreat,
 Fair Venus' mystic bower, Dan Cupid's feather'd seat.

VI.

So may your hours soft-sliding steal away,
 Unknown to gnarring slander and to bale,
 O'er seas of bliss peace guide her gondelay,
 Ne bitter dole impest the passing gale.
 O! sweeter than the lilies of the dale,
 In your soft breasts the fruits of joyance grow.
 Ne fell despair be here with visage pale,
 Brave be the youth from whom your bosoms glow,
 Ne other joy but you the faithful striplings know.

EPISTLE TO J. PITT, Esq.

In Imitation of HORACE, EPIST. IV. BOOK I.

DEAR SIR,

TO all my trifles you attend,
 But drop the critic to indulge the friend,
 And with most christian patience lose your time,
 To hear me preach, or pester you with rhyme.

Here

Here with my books or friend I spend the day,
But how at Kingston pass your hours away?
Say, shall we see some plan with ravish'd eyes,
Some future pile in miniature arise?
(A model to excel in every part
Judicious Jones, or great Palladio's art)
Or some new bill, that, when the house is met,
Shall claim their thanks, and pay the nation's debt?
Or have you study'd in the silent wood
The sacred duties of the wise and good?
Nature, who form'd you, nobly crown'd the whole
With a strong body, and as firm a soul:
The praise is yours to finish every part
With all th' embellishments of taste and art.
Some see in canker'd heaps their riches roll'd,
Your bounty gives new lustre to your gold.
Could your dead father hope a greater bliss,
Or your surviving parent more than this?
Than such a son — a lover of the laws,
And ever true to honour's glorious cause:
Who scorns all parties, though by parties fought:
Who greatly thinks, and truly speaks his thought:
With all the chaste severity of sense,
Truth, judgment, wit, and manly eloquence.
So in his youth great Cato was rever'd,
By Pompey courted, and by Caesar fear'd:
Both he disdain'd alike with godlike pride,
For Rome and Liberty he liv'd — and dy'd.
In each perfection as you rise so fast,
Well may you think each day may be your last.

Uncom-

Uncommon worth is still with fate at strife,
 Still inconsistent with a length of life.
 The future time is ever in your power,
 Then 'tis clear gain to seize the present hour;
 Break from the serious thought, and laugh away
 In Pimperm walls one idle easy day.
 You'll find your rhyming kinsman well in case,
 For ever fix'd to the delicious place.
 Tho' not like L——with corpulence o'ergrown,
 For he has twenty cures, and I but one.

EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE.

In Imitation of HORACE, EPIST. X. BOOK I.

HEALTH from the bard who loves the rural sport,
 To the more noble bard that haunts the court :

In every other point of life we chime,
 Like two soft lines when coupled into rhyme.
 I praise a spacious villa to the sky,
 You a close garret full five stories high;
 I revel here in Nature's varied sweets,
 You in the nobler scents of London streets.
 I left the court, and here at ease reclin'd,
 Am happier than the king who staid behind :
 Twelve stinking dishes I could scarce live o'er,
 At home I dine with luxury on four.
 Where would a man of judgment chuse a seat,
 But in a wholesome, rural, soft retreat ?
 Where hills adorn the mansion they defend ?
 Where could he better answer Nature's end ?

Here

Here from the sea the melting breezes rise,
Unbind the snow, and warm the wintry skies :
Here gentle gales the dog-star's heat allay,
And softly breathing cool the sultry day.
How free from cares, from dangers and affright,
In pleasing dreams I pass the silent night !
Does not the variegated marble yield
To the gay colours of the flowery field ?
Can the New-river's artificial streams,
Or the thick waters of the troubled Thames,
In many a winding rusty pipe convey'd,
Or dash'd and broken down a deep cascade,
With our clear silver streams in sweetness vie,
That in eternal rills run bubbling by ;
In dimples o'er the polish'd pebbles pass,
Glide o'er the sands, or glitter through the grass ?
And yet in town the country prospects please,
Where stately colonades are flank'd with trees :
On a whole country looks the master down
With pride, where scarce five acres are his own.
Yet nature, though repell'd, maintains her part,
And in her turn she triumphs over art ;
The hand-maid now may prejudice our taste,
But the fair mistress will prevail at last.
That man must smart at last whose puzzled sight
Mistakes in life false colours for the right ;
As the poor dupe is sure his loss to rue,
Who takes a Pinchbeck guinea for a true.
The wretch, whose frantic pride kind fortune crowns,
Grows twice as abject when the goddess frowns ;

As he, who rises when his head turns round,
Must tumble twice as heavy to the ground.
Then love not grandeur, 'tis a splendid curse;
The more the love, the harder the divorce.
We live far happier by these gurgling springs,
Than statesmen, courtiers, counsellors, or kings.
The stag expell'd the courser from the plain;
What can he do? — he begs the aid of man;
He takes the bit and proudly bears away
His new ally; he fights and wins the day:
But, ruin'd by success, he strives in vain
To quit his master and the curb again.
So from the fear of want most wretches fly,
But lose their noblest wealth, their liberty;
To their imperious passions they submit,
Who mount, ride, spur, but never draw the bit.
'Tis with your fortune, Spence, as with your shoe,
A large may wrench, a small one wring your toe.
Then bear your fortune in the golden mean,
Not every man is born to be a dean.
I'll bear your jeers, if ever I am known
To seek two cures, when scarce I merit one:
Riches, 'tis true, some service may afford,
But oftner play the tyrant o'er their lord.
Money I scorn, but keep a little still,
To pay my doctor's, or my lawyer's bill.
From Encombe's soft romantic scenes I write,
Deep sunk in ease, in pleasure and delight;
Yet, though her gen'rous lord himself is here,
'Twould be one pleasure more, could you appear.

INVITATION to a FRIEND at COURT.

IF you can leave for books the crowded court,
 And generous Bourdeaux for a glass of Port,
 To these sweet solitudes without delay
 Break from the world's impertinence away.

Soon as the sun the face of nature gilds,
 For health and pleasure will we range the fields;
 O'er her gay scenes and opening beauties run,
 While all the vast creation is our own.
 But when his golden globe with faded light
 Yields to the solemn empire of the night;
 And in her sober majesty the moon
 With milder glories mounts her silver throne;
 Amidst ten thousand orbs with splendour crown'd,
 That pour their tributary beams around;
 Through the long level'd tube our strengthen'd sight
 Shall mark distinct the spangles of the night;
 From world to world shall dart the boundless eye,
 And stretch from star to star, from sky to sky.

The buzzing insect families appear,
 When suns unbind the rigour of the year;
 Quick glance the myriads round the evening bower,
 Hosts of a day, or nations of an hour.
 Astonish'd we shall see th' unfolding race,
 Stretch'd out in bulk, within the polish'd glass;
 Through whose small convex a new world we spy,
 Ne'er seen before, but by a Seraph's eye!

So long in darkness shut from human kind
 Lay half God's wonders to a point confin'd !
 But in one peopled drop we now survey
 In pride of power some little monster play ;
 O'er tribes invisible he reigns alone,
 And struts a tyrant of a world his own.

Now will we study Homer's awful page,
 Now warm our souls with Pindar's noble rage :
 To English lays shall Flaccus' lyre be strung,
 And lofty Virgil speak the British tongue.
 Immortal Virgil ! at thy sacred name
 I tremble now, and now I pant for fame ;
 With eager hopes this moment I aspire
 To catch or emulate thy glorious fire ;
 The next pursue the rash attempt no more,
 But drop the quill, bow, wonder, and adore ;
 By thy strong genius overcome and aw'd !
 That fire from heaven ! that spirit of a God !
 Pleas'd and transported with thy name I tend
 Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend ;
 And from my first design by rapture led,
 Neglect the living poet for the dead.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE.

When Tutor to Lord MIDDLESEX.

In Imitation of HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. XVIII.

SPENCE, with a friend you pass the hours away
 In pointed jokes, yet innocently gay :
 You ever differ'd from a flatterer more,
 Than a chaste lady from a flaunting whore.

'Tis true you rallied every fault you found,
 But gently tickled, while you cur'd the wound :
 Unlike the paultry poets of the town,
 Rogues who expose themselves for half a crown :
 And still impose on every soul they meet
 Rudeness for sense, and ribaldry for wit :
 Who, though half-starv'd, in spite of time and place,
 Repeat their rhymes, though dinner stays for grace :
 And as their poverty their dresses fit,
 They think of course a sloven is a wit ;
 But sense (a truth these coxcombs ne'er suspect)
 Lies just 'twixt affectation and neglect.

One step still lower, if you can, descend,
 To the mean wretch, the great man's humble friend ;
 That moving shade, that pendant at his ear,
 That two-legg'd dog, still pawing on the peer.
 Studying his looks, and watching at the board,
 He gapes to catch the droppings of my lord ;
 And, tickled to the soul at every joke,
 Like a press'd watch, repeats what t'other spoke :
 Echo to nonsense ! such a scene to hear !
 'Tis just like Punch and his interpreter.

On trifles some are earnestly absurd,
You'll think the world depends on ev'ry word.
What, is not every mortal free to speak?
I'll give my reasons, tho' I break my neck.
And what's the question?—if it shines or rains,
Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to Staines.

The wretch reduc'd to rags by every vice,
Pride, projects, races, mistresses, and dice,
The rich rogue shuns, though full as bad as he,
And knows a quarrel is good husbandry.

'Tis strange, cries Peter, you are out of pelf,
I'm sure I thought you wiser than myself;
Yet gives him nothing – but advice too late,
Retrench, or rather mortgage your estate,
I can advance the sum,—'tis best for both;
But henceforth cut your coat to match your cloth.

A minister, in mere revenge and sport,
Shall give his foe a paltry place at court.
The dupe for every royal birth-day buys
New horses, coaches, cloaths, and liveries;
Plies at the levee, and distinguish'd there
Lives on the royal whisper for a year;
His wenches shine in Brussels and Brocade!
And now the wretch, ridiculously mad,
Draws on his banker, mortgages and fails,
Then to the country runs away from jails:
There ruin'd by the court he sells a vote
To the next burghers, as of old he bought;
Rubs down the steeds which once his chariot bore.
Or sweeps the town, which once he serv'd before.

But, by this roving meteor led, I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend.
Then take advice ; I preach not out of time,
When good lord Middlesex is bent on rhyme.

Their humour check'd, or inclination cross'd,
Sometimes the friendship of the great is lost.
Unless call'd out to wench, be sure comply,
Hunt when he hunts, and lay the Fathers by :
For your reward you gain his love, and dine
On the best venison and the best French wine,
Nor to lord ***** make the observation,
How the twelve peers have answer'd their creation,
Nor in your wine or wrath betray your trust,
Be silent still, and obstinately just :
Explore no secrets, draw no characters,
For echo will repeat, and walls have ears :
Nor let a busy fool a secret know,
A secret gripes him till he lets it go :
Words are like bullets, and we wish in vain,
When once discharg'd, to call them back again.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Defend, dear Spence, the honest and the civil,
But to cry up a rascal—that's the devil.
Who guards a good man's character, 'tis known,
At the same time protects and guards his own.
For as with houses 'tis with people's names,
A shed may set a palace all on flames ;
The fire neglected on the cottage preys,
But mounts at last into a general blaze.

'Tis a fine thing, some think, a lord to know;
I wish his tradesmen could but think so too.
He gives his word——then all your hopes are gone:
He gives his honour——then you're quite undone.
His and some women's love the same are found;
You rashly board a fireship, and are drown'd.

Most folks so partial to themselves are grown,
They hate a temper differing from their own.
The grave abhor the gay, the gay the sad,
And formalists pronounce the witty mad:
The sot, who drinks six bottles in a place,
Swears at the flinchers who refuse their glass.
Would you not pass for an ill-natur'd man,
Comply with every humour that you can.

Pope will instruct you how to pass away
Your time like him, and never lose a day;
From hopes or fears your quiet to defend,
To all mankind as to yourself a friend,
And, sacred from the world, retir'd, unknown,
To lead a life with mortals like his own.

When to delicious Pimperne I retire,
What greater bliss, my Spence, can I desire?
Contented there my easy hours I spend
With maps, globes, books, my bottle, and a friend.
There can I live upon my income still,
E'en though the house should pass the Quakers bill:
Yet to my share should some good prebend fall,
I think myself of size to fill a stall.
For life or wealth let Heaven my lot assign,
A firm and even soul shall still be mine.

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.

To the Right Honourable PHILIP, Earl STANHOPE,
Viscount MAHON, and Baron ELVASTON, this
Translation is dedicated, by his Lordship's humble
Servant and Chaplain,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

BOOK I.

GIVE me, ye sacred Muses, to impart
The hidden secrets of your tuneful art;
Give me your awful mysteries to sing,
Unlock, and open wide, your sacred spring;
While from his infancy the Bard I lead,
And set him on your mountain's lofty head;
Direct his course, and point him out the road
To sing in epic strains an hero or a God.

What youth, whose generous bosom pants for praise,
Will dare with me to beat those arduous ways?
O'er high Parnassus' painful steeps to go,
And leave the groveling multitude below:
Where the glad Muses sing, and form the choir,
While bright Apollo strikes the silver lyre,
Approach thou first, great Francis, nor refuse
To pay due honours to the sacred Muse;
While Gallia waits for thy auspicious reign,
'Till age completes the monarch in the man;
Meantime the Muse may bring some small relief,
To charm thy anguish, and suspend thy grief;

While

While guilty Fortune's stern decrees detain
Thee and thy brother in the realms of Spain;
Far, far transported from your native place,
Your country's, father's, and your friend's embrace!
Such are the terms the cruel Fates impose
On your great father, struggling with his woes,
Such are their hard conditions:---They require
The sons, to purchase, and redeem the fire.
But yet, brave youth, from grief, from tears abstain,
Fate may relent, and heaven grow mild again;
At last perhaps the glorious day may come,
The day that brings our royal exile home;
When, to thy native realms in peace restor'd,
The ravish'd crowds shall hail their passing lord;
When each transported city shall rejoice,
And nations bless thee with a public voice;
To the throng'd fanes the matrons shall repair;
Absolve their vows, and breathe their souls in prayer.
Till then, let every Muse engage thy love,
With me at large o'er high Parnassus rove,
Range every bower, and sport in every grove.

}

First then observe, that verse is ne'er confin'd
To one fixt measure, or determin'd kind;
Though at its birth it sung the Gods alone,
And then Religion claim'd it for her own;
In sacred strains address'd the Deity,
And spoke a language worthy of the sky;
New themes succeeding Bards began to chuse,
And in a wider field engag'd the Muse;

The common bulk of subjects to rehearse
In all the rich varieties of verse.
Yet none of all with equal honours shine
(But those which celebrate the power divine)
To those exalted measures, which declare
The deeds of heroes, and the sons of war.
From hence posterity the name bestow'd
On this rich present of the Delphic God;
Fame says, Phæmonoe in this measure gave
Apollo's answers from the Pythian cave.

But ere you write, consult your strength, and chuse
A theme proportion'd justly to your Muse.
For though in chief these precepts are bestow'd
On him who sings an hero or a God;
To other themes their general use extends,
And serves in different views to different ends.
Whether the lofty Muse with tragic rage
Would proudly stalk in buskins on the stage;
Or in soft elegies our pity move,
And shew the youth in all the flames of love;
Or sing the shepherd's woes in humble strains,
And the low humours of contending swains:
These faithful rules shall guide the Bard along
In every measure, argument, and song.

Be sure (whatever you propose to write)
Let the chief motive be your own delight,
And well-weigh'd choice;---a task enjoin'd refuse,
Unless a monarch should command your Muse.
(If we may hope those golden times to see,
When Bards become the care of majesty!)

Free and spontaneous the smooth numbers glide,
 Where choice determines, and our wills preside;
 But, at command, we toil with fruitless pain,
 And drag th' involuntary load in vain.

Nor, at its birth, indulge your warm desire,
 On the first glimmering of the sacred fire;
 Defer the mighty task; and weigh your power
 And every part in every view explore;
 And let the theme in different prospects roll
 Deep in your thoughts, and grow into the soul.

But ere with sails unfur'd you fly away,
 And cleave the bosom of the boundless sea;
 A fund of words and images prepare,
 And lay the bright materials up with care,
 Which at due time, occasion may produce,
 All rang'd in order for the Poet's use.
 Some happy objects by meer chance are brought
 From hidden causes to the wandering thought;
 Which if once lost, you labour long in vain
 To catch th' ideal fugitives again.
 Nor must I fail their conduct to extol,
 Who, when they lay the basis of the whole,
 Explore the ancients with a watchful eye,
 Lay all their charms and elegancies by,
 Then to their use the precious spoils apply.

}

At first without the least restraint compose,
 And mould the future poem into prose;
 A full and proper series to maintain,
 And draw the just connexion in a chain;

By stated bounds your progress to control,
To join the parts, and regulate the whole.

And now 'tis time to spread the opening sails
Wide to the wanton winds and flattering gales;
'Tis time we now prescribe the genuine laws
To raise the beauteous fabrick with applause;
But first some method requisite appears
To form the boy, and mould his tender years.
In vain the Bard the sacred wreath pursues,
Unless train'd up and season'd to the Muse.
Soon as the prattling innocent shall reach
To the first use and rudiments of speech,
Ev'n then, by Helicon he ought to rove,
Ev'n then the tuneful Nine should win his love
By just degrees.---But make his guide your choice
For his chaste phrase and elegance of voice;
That he at first successfully may teach
The methods, laws, and discipline of speech;
Lest the young charge, mistaking right and wrong,
With vitious habits prejudice his tongue.
Habits, whose subtle seeds may mock your art,
And spread their roots and poison through his heart.
Whence none shall move me to approve the wretch,
Who wildly borne above the vulgar reach,
And big with vain pretences to impart
Vast shows of learning, and a depth of art,
For sense th' impertinence of terms affords;
An idle cant of formidable words;
The pride of pedants, the delight of fools;
The vile disgrace, and lumber of the schools:

In vain the circling youths, a blooming throng,
Dwell on th' eternal jargon of his tongue.
Deluded fools !---The same is their mistake,
Who at the limpid stream their thirst may slake,
Yet choose the tainted waters of the lake.

}

Let no such pest approach the blooming care,
Deprave his style, and violate his ear;
But far, oh far, to some remoter place
Drive the vile wretch to teach a barbarous race.

Now to the Muse's stream the pupu bring,
To drink large draughts of the Pierian spring;
And from his birth the sacred Bard adore,
Nurft by the Nine, on Mincio's flowery shore;
And ask the Gods his numbers to inspire,
With like invention, majesty, and fire.

He reads Ascanius' deeds with equal flame,
And longs with him to run at nobler game.
For youths of ages past he makes his moan,
And learns to pity years so like his own;
Which with too swift, and too severe a doom,
The fate of war had hurried to the tomb.
His eyes, for Pallas, and for Lausus, flow,
Mourn with their fires, and weep another's woe.
But when Euryalus, in all his charms,
Is snatch'd by Fate from his dear mother's arms,
And as he rolls in death, the purple flood
Streams out, and stains his snowy limbs with blood,
His soul the pangs of generous sorrow pierce,
And a new tear steals out at every verse.

Mean

Mean time with bolder steps the youth proceeds,
And the Greek Poets in succession reads;
Seasons to either tongue his tender ears;
Compares the heroes glorious characters;
Sees, how Æneas is himself alone,
The draught of Peleus' and Laertes' son;
How, by the Poet's art, in one, conspire
Ulysses' conduct, and Achilles' fire.

But now, young Bard, with strict attention hear,
And drink my precepts in at either ear;
Since mighty crowds of Poets you may find,
Crowds of the Grecian and Ausonian kind,
Learn hence what Bards to quit or to pursue,
To shun the false, and to embrace the true;
Nor is it hard to cull each noble piece,
And point out every glorious son of Greece;
Above whose numbers Homer sits on high,
And shines supreme in distant majesty;
Whom with a reverent eye the rest regard,
And owe their raptures to the sovereign Bard;
Through him the God their panting souls inspires,
Swells every breast, and warms with all his fires,
Blest were the Poets with the hallow'd rage,
Train'd up in that and the succeeding age:
As to his time each Poet nearer drew,
His spreading fame in just proportion grew,
By like degrees the next degenerate race
Sunk from the height of honour to disgrace.
And now the fame of Greece extinguish'd lies,
Her ancient language with her glory dies.

Her banish'd princes mourn their ravish'd crowns,
 Driven from their old hereditary thrones;
 Her drooping natives rove o'er worlds unknown,
 And weep their woes in regions not their own;
 She feels through all her states the dreadful blow,
 And mourns the fury of a barbarous foe.

But when our Bards brought o'er th' Aonian maids
 From their own Helicon to Tyber's shades;
 When first they settled on Hesperia's plains,
 Their numbers ran in rough unpolish'd strains.
 Void of the Grecian art their measures flow'd;
 Pleas'd the wild satyrs, and the sylvan crowd.
 Low shrubs and lofty forests whilom rung,
 With uncouth verse, and antiquated song;
 Nor yet old Ennius sung in artless strains,
 Fights, arms, and hosts embattel'd on the plains,
 Who first aspir'd to pluck the verdant crown
 From Grecian heads, and fix it on his own.
 New wonders the succeeding Bards explore,
 Which slept conceal'd in Nature's womb before;
 Her awful secrets the bold Poet sings,
 And sets to view the principles of things;
 Each part was fair, and beautiful the whole,
 And every line was nectar to the soul.
 By such degrees the verse, as ages roll'd,
 Was stamp'd to form, and took the beauteous mould.
 Atonia's Bards drew off from every part
 The barbarous dregs, and civiliz'd the art.
 Till, like the day, all shining and serene,
 That drives the clouds, and clears the gloomy scene,

Refines

Refines the air, and brightens up the skies,
See the majestic head of Virgil rise;
Phœbus' undoubted son!---who clears the rust
Of the rough ancients, and shakes off their dust.
He on each line a nobler grace bestow'd;
He thought, and spoke in every word a god.
To grace this mighty Bard, ye Muses, bring
Your choicest flowers, and rifle all the spring;
See! how the Grecian Bards, at distance thrown,
With reverence bow to this distinguish'd son;
Immortal sounds his golden lines impart,
And nought can match his genius but his art.
Ev'n Greece turns pale, and trembles at his fame,
Which shades the lustre of her Homer's name.
'Twas then Ausonia saw her language rise
In all its strength and glory to the skies;
Such glory never could she boast before,
Nor could succeeding Poets make it more.
From that blest period the poetic state
Ran down the precipice of time and fate;
Degenerate souls succeed, a wretched train,
And her old fame at once drew back again.
One, to his genius trusts, in every part,
And scorns the rules and discipline of art.
While this, an empty tide of sound affords,
And roars and thunders in a storm of words.
Some, musically dull, all methods try
To win the ear with sweet stupidity;
Unruffled strains for solid wit dispense,
And give us numbers, when we call for sense.

Till from th' Hesperian plains and Tyber chac'd,
 From Rome the banish'd sisters fled at last ;
 Driven by the barbarous nations, who from far
 Burst into Latium with a tide of war.
 Hence a vast change of their old manners sprung,
 The slaves were forc'd to speak their master's tongue ;
 No honours now were paid the sacred Muse,
 But all were bent on mercenary views ;
 Till Latium saw with joy th' Aonian train
 By the great Medici restor'd again ;
 Th' illustrious Medici, of Tuscan race,
 Were born to cherish learning in disgrace,
 New life on every science to bestow,
 And hush the cries of Europe in her woe.
 With pity they beheld those turns of fate,
 And prop'd the ruins of the Grecian state ;
 For lest her wit should perish with her fame,
 Their care supported still the Argive name ;
 They call'd the aspiring youths from distant parts,
 To plant Ausonia with the Grecian arts ;
 To bask in ease, and science to diffuse,
 And to restore the empire of the Muse ;
 They sent to ravag'd provinces with care,
 And cities wasted by the rage of war,
 To buy the ancients works, of deathless fame,
 And snatch th' immortal labours from the flame ;
 To which the foes had doom'd each glorious piece,
 Who reign and lord it in the realms of Greece.
 (But we, ye Gods, would raise a foreign lord,
 As yet untaught to sheath the civil sword !)

Through

Through many a period this has been the fate,
And this the list of the poetic state.

Hence sacred Virgil from thy soul adore
Above the rest, and to thy utmost power
Pursue the glorious paths he struck before.
If he supplies not all your wants, peruse
'Th' immortal strains of each Augustan Muse.
There stop---nor rashly seek to know the rest,
But drive the dire ambition from thy breast,
Till riper years and judgment form thy thoughts
To mark their beauties, and avoid their faults.

Mean time, ye parents, with attention hear,
And thus advis'd exert your utmost care;
The blameless tutor from a thousand choose,
One from his soul devoted to the Muse;
Who, pleas'd the tender pupil to improve,
Regards, and loves him with a father's love.
Youth, of itself to numerous ills betray'd,
Requires a prop, and wants a foreign aid;
Unless a master's rules his mind incline
'To love and cultivate the sacred Nine,
His thoughts a thousand objects will employ,
And from Parnassus lead the wandering boy.
So trusts the swain, the saplings to the earth;
So hopes in time to see the sprouting birth;
Against the winds defensive props he forms,
'To shield the future forest from the storms,
'That each imbolden'd plant at length may rise
In verdant pride, and shoot into the skies.

But

But let the guide, if e'er he would improve
 His charge, avoid his hate, and win his love;
 Lest in his rage wrong measures he may take,
 And loath the Muses for the teacher's sake.
 His soul then slacken'd from her native force,
 Flags at the barrier, and forgets the course.
 Nor by your anger be the youth o'er-aw'd,
 But scorn th' ungenerous province of the rod;
 Th' offended Muses never can sustain
 To hear the shriekings of the tender train,
 But stung with grief and anguish hang behind;
 Damp'd is the sprightly vigour of the mind.
 The boy no daring images inspire,
 No bright ideas set his thoughts on fire:
 He drags on heavily th' ungrateful load,
 Grown obstinately dull, and season'd to the rod.

I know a pedant, who to penance brought
 His trembling pupils for the lightest fault;
 His soul transported with a storm of ire,
 And all the rage that malice could inspire:
 By turns the torturing scourges we might hear,
 By turns the shrieks of wretches stun'd the ear.
 Still to my mind the dire ideas rise,
 When rage unusual sparkled in his eyes;
 When with the dreadful scourge insulting loud,
 The tyrant terrify'd the blooming crowd;
 A boy the fairest of the frightened train,
 Who yet scarce gave the promise of a man,
 Ah! dismal object! idly past the day
 In all the thoughtless innocence of play;

When

When lo ! th' imperious wretch inflam'd with rage,
 Fierce, and regardless of his tender age,
 With fury storms ; the fault his clamours urge :
 His hand high-waving brandishes the scourge.
 Tears, vows, and prayers, the tyrant's ears assail ;
 In vain ;---nor tears, nor vows, nor prayers prevail.
 The trembling innocent from deep despair
 Sicken'd, and breath'd his little soul in air.
 For him, beneath his poplar, mourns the Po ;
 For him the tears of hoary *Serius* flow !
 For him their tears the watery sisters shed,
 Who lov'd him living, and deplor'd him dead !
 The furious pedant, to restrain his rage,
 Should mark th' example of a former age ;
 How fierce *Alcides*, warm'd with youthful ire,
 Dash'd on his master's front his vocal lyre.
 But yet, ye youths, confess your master's sway,
 And their commands implicitly obey.

Whoever then this arduous task pursues,
 To form the Bard, and cultivate the Muse,
 Let him by softer means, and milder ways,
 Warm his ambition with the love of praise ;
 Soon as his precepts shall engage his heart,
 And fan the rising fire in every part,
 Light is the task ;---for then the eager boy
 Pursues the voluntary toil with joy ;
 Disdains th' inglorious indolence of rest,
 And feeds th' immortal ardour in his breast.

And here the common practice of the schools
 By known experience justifies my rules,

The youths in social studies to engage;
 For then the rivals burn with generous rage,
 Each soul the stings of emulation raise,
 And every little bosom beats for praise.
 But gifts propos'd will urge them best to rise;
 Fir'd at the glorious prospect of a prize,
 With noble jealousy, the blooming Bard
 Reads, labours, glows, and strains for the reward;
 Fears lest his happy rival win the race,
 And raise a triumph on his own disgrace.

But when once season'd to the rage divine,
 He loves and courts the raptures of the Nine;
 The sense of glory, and the love of fame,
 Serve but as second motives to the flame;
 The thrilling pleasure all the Bard subdues,
 Lock'd in the strict embraces of the Muse.
 See! when harsh parents force the youth to quit,
 For meaner arts, the dear delights of wit,
 If e'er the wonted warmth his thoughts inspire,
 And with past pleasures set his mind on fire;
 How from his soul he longs, but longs in vain,
 To haunt the groves and purling streams again!
 No stern commands of parents can control,
 No force can check the sallies of his soul.
 So burns the courser season'd to the rein,
 That spies his females on a distant plain,
 And longs to act his pleasures o'er again.
 Fir'd with remembrance of his joys, he bounds,
 He foams and strives to reach the well-known grounds;

VOL. LII.

M

The

The goading spurs his furious flames improve,
 And rouse within him all the rage of love ;
 Ply'd with the scourge he still neglects his haste,
 And moves reluctant, when he moves at last ;
 Reverts his eye, regrets the distant mare ;
 And neighs impatient for the dappled fair.

How oft the youth would long to change his fate,
 Who high advanc'd to all the pomp of state,
 With grief his gawdy load of grandeur views,
 Lost at too high a distance from the Muse !
 How oft he sighs by warbling streams to rove,
 And quit the palace for the shady grove !
 How oft in Tybur's cold retreats to lye,
 And gladly stoop to chearful poverty,
 Beneath the rigor of the wintery sky !
 But yet how many curse their fruitless toil,
 Who turn and cultivate a barren soil ?
 This, ere too late, the master may divine
 By a sure omen, and a certain sign ;
 The hopeful youth, determin'd by his choice,
 Works without precept, and prevents advice,
 Consults his teacher, plies his task with joy,
 And a quick sense of glory fires the boy.
 He challenges the crowd ;---the conquest o'er,
 He struts away the victor of an hour.
 Then vanquish'd in his turn ; o'erwhelm'd with care,
 He weeps, he pines, he sickens with despair ;
 Nor looks his little rivals in the face,
 But flies for shelter to some lonely place,
 To mourn his shame, and cover his disgrace.

His

His master's frowns impatient to sustain,
 Strait he returns, and wins the day again.
 This is the boy his better fates design
 To rise the future darling of the Nine;
 For him the Muses weave the sacred crown,
 And bright Apollo claims him for his own.
 Not the least hope th' unactive youth can raise,
 Dead to the prospect, and the sense of praise;
 Who your just rules with dull attention hears,
 Nor lends his understanding, but his ears,
 Resolv'd his parts in indolence to keep,
 He lulls his drowfy faculties asleep;
 The wretch your best endeavours will betray,
 And the superfluous care is thrown away.

I fear for him, who ripens ere his prime;
 For all productions there's a proper time.
 Oh! may no apples in the spring appear,
 Out-grow the seasons, and prevent the year,
 Nor mellow yet, till autumn stains the vine,
 And the full presses foam with floods of wine.
 Torn from the parent-tree too soon, they lie
 Trod down by every swain who passes by.

Nor should the youth too strictly be confin'd,
 'Tis sometimes proper to unbend his mind;
 When tir'd with study, let him seek the plains,
 And mark the homely humours of the swains;
 Or pleas'd the toils to spread, or horns to wind,
 Hunt the fleet mountain-goat, or forest-hind.
 Mean time the youth, impatient that the day
 Should pass in pleasures unimprov'd away,

Steals from the shouting crowd, and quits the plains,
To sing the sylvan Gods in rural strains;
Or calls the Muses to Albunea's shades,
Courts, and enjoys, the visionary maids.
So labour'd fields, with crops alternate blest,
By turns lie fallow, and indulge their rest;
The swain contented bids the hungry soil
Enjoy a sweet vicissitude from toil;
Till earth renews her genial powers to bear,
And pays his prudence with a bounteous year.

On a strict view your solid judgment frame,
Nor think that genius is in all the same;
How oft the youth, who wants the sacred fire,
Fondly mistakes for genius his desire?
Courts the coy Muses, though rejected still,
Nor nature seconds his misguided will:
He strives, he toils with unavailing care;
Nor heaven relents, nor Phoebus hears his prayer.
He with success, perhaps, may plead a cause,
Shine at the bar, and flourish by the laws;
Perhaps discover Nature's secret springs,
And bring to light th' originals of things.
But sometimes precept will such force impart,
That nature bends beneath the power of art.

Besides, 'tis no light province to remove
From the rash boy the fiery pangs of love;
Till, ripe in years, and more confirm'd in age,
He learns to bear the flames of Cupid's rage;
Oft hidden fires on all his vitals prey,
Devour the youth, and melt his soul away

By slow degrees;—blot out his golden dreams,
 The tuneful poets, and Castalian streams;
 Struck with a secret wound, he weeps and sighs;
 In every thought the darling phantoms rise;
 The fancy'd charmer swims before his sight,
 His theme all day, his vision all the night:
 The wandering object takes up all his care,
 Nor can he quit th' imaginary fair.
 Mean time his fire, unconscious of his pain,
 Applies the temper'd medicines in vain;
 The plague, so deeply rooted in his heart,
 Mocks every slight attempt of Pæan's art;
 The flames of Cupid all his breast inspire,
 And in the lover's quench the poet's fire.

When in his riper years, without control,
 The Nine have took possession of his soul;
 When, sacred to their god, the crown he wears,
 To other authors let him bend his cares;
 Consult their styles, examine every part,
 And a new tincture take from every art.
 First study Tully's language and his sense,
 And range that boundless field of eloquence.
 Tully, Rome's other glory, still affords
 The best expressions and the richest words;
 As high o'er all in eloquence he stood,
 As Rome o'er all the nations she subdued.
 Let him read men and manners, and explore
 The site and distances from shore to shore;
 Then let him travel, or to maps repair,
 And see imagin'd cities rising there;

Range with his eyes the earth's fictitious ball,
And pass o'er figur'd worlds that grace the wall.
Some in the bloody shock of arms appear,
To paint the native horrors of the war;
'Through charging hosts they rush before they write,
And plunge in all the tumult of the fight.
But since our lives, contracted in their date
By scanty bounds and circumscrib'd by fate,
Can never launch through all the depths of arts,
Ye youths, touch only the material parts;
There stop your labour, there your search control,
And draw from thence a notion of the whole.
From distant climes when the rich merchants come,
To bring the wealth of foreign regions home;
Content the friendly harbours to explore,
They only touch upon the winding shore;
Nor with vain labour wander up and down
To view the land, and visit every town;
That would but call them from their former road,
To spend an age in banishment abroad;
Too late returning from the dangerous main,
To see their countries and their friends again.

Still be the sacred poets your delight,
Read them by day, consult them in the night;
From those clear fountains all your raptures bring,
And draw for ever from the Muses' spring.
But let your subject in your bosom roll,
Claim every thought, and draw in all the soul.
That constant object to your mind display,
Your toil all night, your labour all the day.

I need

I need not all the rules of verse disclose,
 Nor how their various measures to dispose;
 The tutor here with ease his charge may guide
 To join the parts and numbers, or divide.
 Now let him words to stated laws submit,
 Or yoke to measures, or reduce to feet;
 Now let him softly to himself rehearse
 His first attempts and rudiments of verse;
 Fix on those rich expressions his regard
 To use made sacred by some ancient bard;
 Tost by a different gust of hopes and fears,
 He begs of heaven an hundred eyes and ears.
 Now here, now there, coy Nature he pursues,
 And takes one image in a thousand views.
 He waits the happy moment that affords
 The noblest thoughts, and most expressive words,
 He brooks no dull delay; admits no rest;
 A tide of passion struggles in his breast;
 Round his dark soul no clear ideas play,
 The most familiar objects glide away.
 All fixt in thought, astonish'd he appears,
 His soul examines, and consults his ears;
 And racks his faithless memory, to find
 Some traces faintly sketch'd upon his mind.
 There he unlocks the glorious magazine,
 And opens every faculty within;
 Brings out with pride their intellectual spoils,
 And with the noble treasure crowns his toils;
 And oft' meer chance shall images display,
 That strike his mind engag'd a different way.

Still he persists; regrets no toil nor pain,
And still the task, he tried before in vain,
Plies with unweary'd diligence again.
For oft' unmanageable thoughts appear,
That mock his labour, and delude his care;
Th' impatient bard, with all his nerves apply'd,
Tries all the avenues on every side;
Resolv'd and bent the precipice to gain;
Though yet he labours at the rock in vain;
By his own strength and heaven, with conquest grac'd,
He wins th' important victory at last;
Stretch'd by his hands the vanquish'd monster lies,
And the proud triumph lifts him to the skies.
But when ev'n chance and all his efforts fail,
Nor toils, nor vigilance, nor cares prevail;
His past attempts in vain the boy renews,
And waits the softer seasons of the Muse;
He quits his work; throws by his fond desires;
And from his task reluctantly retires.

Thus o'er the fields the swain pursues his road,
Till stopt at length by some impervious flood,
That from a mountain's brow, o'ercharg'd with rains,
Bursts in a thundering tide, and foams along the plains;
With horror chill'd, he traverses the shore,
Sees the waves rise, and hears the torrent roar;
Then griev'd returns; or waits with vain delay,
Till the tumultuous deluge rolls away.

But in no Iliad let the youth engage
His tender years, and unexperienc'd age;

Let

Let him by just degrees and steps proceed,
Sing with the swains, and tune the tender reed :
He with success an humbler theme may ply,
And, Virgil-like, immortalize a fly :
Or sing the mice, their battles and attacks,
Against the croaking natives of the lakes :
Or with what art her toils the spider sets,
And spins her filmy entrails into nets.

And here embrace, ye teachers, this advice ;
Not to be too inquisitively nice,

But, till the soul enlarg'd in strength appears,
Indulge the boy, and spare his tender years ;
Till, to ripe judgment and experience brought,
Himself discerns and blushes at a fault ;
For if the critics eyes too strictly pierce,
To point each blemish out in every verse,
Void of all hope the stripling may depart,
And turn his studies to another art.

But if resolv'd his darling faults to see,
A youth of genius should apply to me,
And court my elder judgment to peruse
Th' imperfect labours of his infant Muse ;
I should not scruple, with a candid eye,
To read and praise his poem to the sky ;
With seeming rapture on each line to pause,
And dwell on each expression with applause.
But when my praises had inflam'd his mind,
If some lame verse limp'd slowly up behind ;
One, that himself, unconscious, had not found,
By numbers charm'd, and led away by sound ;

I should

I should not fear to minister a prop,
And give him stronger feet to keep it up;
Teach it to run along more firm and sure;
Nor would I show the wound before the cure.

For what remains; the poet I enjoin
To form no glorious scheme, no great design,
Till free from business he retires alone,
And flies the giddy tumult of the town;
Seeks rural pleasures, and enjoys the glades,
And courts the thoughtful silence of the shades,
Where the fair Dryads haunt their native woods,
With all the orders of the sylvan Gods.
Here in their soft retreats the poets lye,
Serene, and blest with chearful poverty;
No guilty schemes of wealth their souls molest,
No cares, no prospects, discompose their rest;
No scenes of grandeur glitter in their view;
Here they the joys of innocence pursue,
And taste the pleasures of the happy few.
From a rock's entrails the barbarian sprung,
Who dares to violate the sacred throng
By deeds or words---The wretch, by fury driven,
Assaults the darling colony of heaven!
Some have look'd down, we know, with scornful eyes
On the bright Muse who taught them how to rise,
And paid, when rais'd to grandeur, no regard
From that high station to the sacred bard.
Uninjur'd, mortals, let the poets lye,
Or dread th' impending vengeance of the sky;

The

The gods still listen'd to their constant prayer,
 And made the poets their peculiar care.
 They, with contempt, on fortune's gift look down,
 And laugh at kings who wear an envy'd crown.
 Rais'd and transported by their soaring mind,
 From their proud eminence they view mankind
 Lost in a cloud; they see them toil below,
 All busy to promote their common woe.
 Of guilt unconscious, with a steady soul,
 They see the lightnings flash, and hear the thunders roll.
 When, girt with terrors, Heaven's Almighty Sire
 Launches his triple bolts, and forked fire,
 When o'er high towers the red destroyer plays,
 And strikes the mountains with the pointed blaze;
 Safe in their innocence, like Gods, they rise,
 And lift their souls serenely to the skies.

Fly, ye profane;---the sacred Nine were given
 To bless these lower worlds by bounteous heaven:
 Of old, Prometheus, from the realms above,
 Brought down these daughters of all-mighty Jove,
 When to his native earth the robber came,
 Charg'd with the plunder of ethereal flame.
 As due compassion touch'd his generous mind,
 To see the savage state of human kind;
 When, led to range at large the bright abodes,
 And share th' ambrosial banquets of the Gods;
 In many a whirl he saw Olympus driven,
 And heard th' eternal harmony of heaven.
 Turn'd round and round the concert charm'd his ears
 With all the music of the dancing spheres;

The

The sacred Nine his wondering eyes behold,
As each her orb in just divisions roll'd;
The thief beholds them with ambitious eyes,
And, bent on fraud, he meditates the prize;
A prize! the noblest gift he could bestow
(Next to the fire) on human race below;
At length th' immortals reconcil'd resign'd
The fair celestial sisters to mankind;
Though bound to Caucasus with solid chains,
Th' aspiring robber groan'd in endless pains;
By which deterr'd, for ages lay supine
The race of mortals, nor invok'd the Nine:
Till heaven in verse shew'd man his future state,
And open'd every distant scene of fate.
First, the great father of the Gods above
Sung in Dodona and the Libyan grove;
Next, to th' enquiring nations Themis gave,
Her sacred answers from the Phocian cave;
Then Phœbus warn'd them from the Delphic dome,
Of future time, and ages yet to come;
And reverend Faunus utter'd truths divine
To the first founders of the Latian line.
Next the great race of hallow'd prophets came,
With them the Sibyls of immortal fame,
Inspir'd with all the God; who rapt on high
With more than mortal rage unbounded fly,
And range the dark recesses of the sky.
Next, at their feasts, the people sung their lays
(The same their prophets sung in former days);
Their theme an hero, and his deathless praise.

What

What has to man of nobler worth been given,
 Than this the best and greatest boon of heaven?
 Whatever power the glorious gift bestow'd,
 We trace the certain footsteps of a God;
 By thee inspir'd, the daring poet flies,
 His soul mounts up, and towers above the skies;
 Thou art the source of pleasure, and we see
 No joy, no transport, when debarr'd of thee;
 Thy tuneful deity the feather'd throng
 Confess in all the measures of their song.
 Thy great commands the savages obey,
 And every silent native of the sea:
 Led by thy voice, the starting rocks advance,
 And listening forests mingle in the dance.
 On thy sweet notes the damn'd rejoice to dwell,
 Thy strains suspended all the din of hell;
 Lull'd by the sound, the Furies rag'd no more,
 And Hell's infernal porter ceas'd to roar.
 Thy powers exalt us to the realms above,
 To feast with Gods, and sit the guests of Jove:
 Thy presence softens anguish, woe, and strife,
 And reconciles us to the load of life;
 Hail, thou bright comfort of these low abodes,
 Thou joy of men and darling of the Gods.
 As priest and poet, in these humble lays,
 I boldly labour to resound thy praise;
 To hang thy shrines, this gift I bring along,
 And to thy altars guide the tender throng.

VIDA'S

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.

BOOK II.

PROCEED, ye Nine, descended from above,
Ye tuneful daughters of almighty Jove;
To teach the future age, I hasten on,
And open every source of Helicon.
Your priest and bard with rage divine inspire,
While to your shrine I lead the blooming choir.
Hard was the way, and dubious, which we trod,
Now show, ye goddesses, a surer road;
Point out those paths, which you can find alone,
To all the world but to yourselves unknown;
Lo! all th' Hesperian youths with me implore
Your softer influence, and propitious power,
Who, rang'd beneath my banners, boldly tread
Those arduous tracks to reach your mountain's head.
New rules 'tis now my province to impart;
First to invent, and then dispose with art;
Each a laborious task: but they who share
Heaven's kinder bounty, and peculiar care,
A glorious train of images may find,
Preventing hope, and crowding on the mind.
The other task, to settle every part,
Depends on judgment, and the powers of art;
From whence in chief the poet hopes to raise
His future glory, and immortal praise.

This as a rule the noblest bards esteem,
 To touch at first in general on the theme ;
 To hint at all the subject in a line ;
 And draw in miniature the whole design.
 Nor in themselves confide ; but next implore
 The timely aid of some celestial power ;
 To guide your labours, and point out your road,
 Choose, as you please, your tutelary God ;
 But still invoke some guardian deity,
 Some power, to look auspicious from the sky :
 To nothing great should mortals bend their care,
 Till Jove be solemnly address'd in prayer.
 'Tis not enough to call for aid divine,
 And court but once the favour of the Nine ;
 When objects rise, that mock your toil and pain,
 Above the labour and the reach of man ;
 Then you may supplicate the blest abodes,
 And ask the friendly succour of the Gods.
 Shock not your reader, nor begin too fierce,
 Nor swell and bluster in a pomp of verse ;
 At first all needless ornament remove,
 To shun his prejudice, and win his love.
 At first, you find most favour and success
 In plain expression, and a modest dress.
 Or if too arrogant you vaunt your might,
 You fall with greater scandal in the fight,
 When on the nicest point your fortune stands,
 And all your courage, all your strength demands.
 With gradual flights surprize us as we read ;
 And let more glorious images succeed,

To

To wake our souls ; to kindle our desire
 Still to read on, and fan the rising fire.
 But ne'er the subject of your work proclaim
 In its own colours, and its genuine name ;
 Let it by distant tokens be convey'd,
 And wrapt in other words, and cover'd in their shade.
 At last the subject from the friendly shroud
 Bursts out, and shines the brighter from the cloud ;
 Then the dissolving darkness breaks away,
 And every object glares in open day.
 Thus great * Ulysses' toils were I to choose,
 For the main theme that should employ my Muse ;
 By his long labours of immortal fame,
 Should shine my hero, but conceal his name ;
 As one, who lost at sea, had nations seen,
 And mark'd their towns, their manners, and their men
 Since Troy was level'd to the dust by Greece ;
 Till a few lines epitomiz'd the piece.

But study now what order to maintain,
 To link the work in one continued chain,
 That, when the Muse displays her artful scheme,
 And at the proper time unfolds the theme ;
 Each part may find its own determin'd place,
 Laid out with method, and dispos'd with grace ;
 That to the destin'd scope the piece may tend,
 And keep one constant tenor to the end.
 First to surprising novelties inclin'd,
 The bards some unexpected objects find,
 To wake attention, and suspend the mind.

* Vid. Hom. Odyss. Lib. I.

A cold dull order bravely they forsake;
 Fixt and resolv'd the winding way to take,
 They nobly deviate from the beaten track.
 The poet marks th' occasion, as he sings,
 To launch out boldly from the midst of things,
 Where some distinguish'd incident he views,
 Some shining action that deserves a Muse.
 Thence by degrees the wondering reader brings
 To trace the subject backward to its springs,
 Lest at his entrance he should idly stay,
 Shock'd at his toil, and dubious of his way;
 For when set down so near the promis'd goal,
 The flattering prospect tempts and fires his soul;
 Already past the treacherous bounds appear,
 Then most at distance, when they seem so near;
 Far from his grasp the fleeting harbour flies,
 Courts his pursuit, but mocks his dazzled eyes;
 The promis'd region he with joy had spy'd,
 Vast tracts of oceans from his reach divide;
 Still must he backward steer his lengthen'd way,
 And plough a wide interminable sea.
 No skilful poet would his Muse employ,
 From Paris' vote to trace the fall of Troy,
 Nor every deed of Hector to relate.
 While his strong arm suspended Ilion's fate;
 Work! for some annalist! some heavy fool,
 Correctly dry, and regularly dull.
 Best near the * end those dreadful scenes appear;
 Wake then, and rouse the furies of the war.

* See Homer's Iliad.

But for his ravish'd fair at first engage

Peleides' soul in unrelenting rage.

Be this the cause that every Phrygian flood
Swells with red waves, and rolls a tide of blood;

That Xanthus' urns a purple deluge pour,

And the deep trenches float with human gore.

Nor former deeds in silence must we lose,

The league at Aulis, and the mutual vows,

The Spartan raging for his ravish'd spouse;

The thousand ships; the woes which Ilion bore

From Greece, for nine revolving years before.

This * rule with judgment should the bard maintain,

Who brings Laërtes' wandering son again,

From burning Ilion to his native reign.

Let him not launch from Ida's strand his ships,

With his attendant friends into the deeps;

Nor stay to vanquish the Ciconian host;

But let him first appear (his comrades lost)

With fair Calypso on th' Ogygian coast.

From thence, a world of toils and dangers past,

Waft him to rich Phæacia's realms at last,

There at the feast his wanderings to relate,

His friends dire change; his own relentless fate.

But if the bard of former actions sings,

He wisely draws from those remoter springs

The present order, and the course of things.

As yet unfold th' event on no pretence,

'Tis your chief task to keep us in suspense.

* See the Odyssey.

Nor tell what * presents Atreus' son prepares,
 To reconcile Achilles to the wars;
 Or † by what God's auspicious conduct led,
 From Polyphemus' den Ulysses fled.
 Pleas'd with the toil, and on the prospect bent,
 Our souls leap forward to the wish'd event.
 No call of nature can our search restrain,
 And sleep, and thirst, and hunger, plead in vain.
 Glad we pursue the labour we embrac'd,
 And leave reluctant, when we leave at last.
 See! how the bard triumphant in his art,
 Sports with our passions, and commands the heart;
 Now here, now there, he turns the varying song;
 And draws at will the captive soul along;
 Rack'd with uncertain hints, in every sense
 We feel the lengthen'd anguish of suspense.
 When ‡ Homer once has promis'd to rehearse
 Bold Paris' fight, in many a sounding verse,
 He soon perceives his reader's warm desire
 Wrapt in the event, and all his soul on fire;
 The poet then contrives some specious stay,
 Before he tells the fortune of the day.
 Till Helen to the king and elders show,
 From some tall tower, the leaders of the foe,
 And name the heroes in the fields below.
 When chaste Penelope, to gain her end,
 Invites her suitors the tough bow to bend;

See Iliad. Lib. XIX.
 Odysey XXI,

† Odyss. IX.

‡ See Iliad III.

(Her nuptial bed the victor's promis'd prize)
 With what address her various arts she plies!
 Skill'd in delays, and politickly slow
 To search her treasures for her hero's bow.

None lead the reader in the dark along,
 To the last goal that terminates the song;
 Sometimes th' event must glance upon the sight,
 Not glare in day, nor wholly sink in night.
 'Tis thus Anchises to his son relates
 The various series of his future fates;
 For this the * prophets see, on Tyber's shore,
 Wars, horrid wars, and Latium red with gore,
 A new Achilles rising to destroy
 With boundless rage the poor remains of Troy;
 But raise his mind with prospects of success,
 And give the promise of a lasting peace.
 This knew the hero when he fought the plains,
 Sprung † from his ships, and charg'd the embattled swains
 Hew'd down the Latian troops with matchless might,
 (The first, auspicious omen of the fight)
 And at one blow gigantic Theron kill'd,
 Bold, but in vain, and foremost of the field;
 Thus too ‡ Patroclus with his latest breath
 Foretold his unregarding victor's death:
 His parting soul anticipates the blow,
 That waits brave Hector from a greater foe.
 Thou too, poor Turnus, just before thy doom
 Could'st read thy end, and antedate a tomb,

* See Virg. *Æneid*. Lib. VI. v. 890.

† Ibid. Lib. III. v. 458. ‡ Ibid. Lib. V. v. 531.

When o'er thy head the baleful fury flew,
 And in dire omens set thy fate to view:
 A bird obscene, she flutter'd o'er the field,
 And scream'd thy death, and beat thy sounding shield.
 For lo! the time, the fatal time is come,
 Charg'd with thy death, and heavy with thy doom.
 When Turnus, though in vain, shall rue the day;
 Shall curse the golden belt he bore away;
 Shall wish too late young Pallas' spoils unsought,
 And mourn the conquest he so dearly bought.
 Th' event should glimmer through its gloomy shroud,
 Though yet confus'd, and struggling in the cloud.
 So, to the traveller, as he journies on
 To reach the walls of some far distant town,
 If, high in air, the dubious turrets rise,
 Peep o'er the hills, and dance before his eyes;
 Pleas'd the refreshing prospect to survey,
 Each stride he lengthens, and beguiles the way.
 More pleas'd (the tempting scene in view) to go,
 Than pensively to walk the gloomy vales below.

Unless the theme within your bosom roll,
 Work in each thought, and run through all the soul;
 Unless you alter with incessant pain,
 Pull down, and build the fabrick o'er again;
 In vain, when rival-wits your wonder raise,
 You'll strive to match those beauties which you praise.

To one just scope with fixt design go on;
 Let sovereign Reason dictate from her throne,
 By what determin'd methods to advance,
 But never trust to arbitrary chance,

Where chance presides, all objects wildly join'd,
 Crowd on the reader, and distract his mind;
 From theme to theme unwilling is he tost,
 And in the dark variety is lost.
 You see some Bards, who bold excursions make
 In long digressions from the beaten track;
 And paint a wild unnecessary throng
 Of things and objects foreign to the song;
 For new descriptions from the road depart,
 Devoid of order, discipline, and art.
 So, many an anxious toil and danger past,
 Some wretch returns from banishment at last;
 With fond delay to range the shady wood,
 Now here, now there, he wanders from the road;
 From field to field, from stream to stream he roves,
 And courts the cooling shelter of the groves.
 For why should Homer * deck the gorgeous car,
 When our rais'd souls are eager for the war?
 Or dwell on every wheel, when loud alarms,
 And Mars in thunder calls the hosts to arms?
 When with his heroes we some dastard † find,
 Of a vile aspect, and malignant mind;
 His awkward figure is not worth our care;
 His monstrous length of head, or want of hair,
 Not, though he goes with mountain shoulders by,
 Short of a foot, or blinking in an eye.
 Such trivial objects call us off too long
 From the main drift and tenor of the song.

* Vid. Hom. Iliad, Lib. V. v. 722.

† Ibid. Lib. II. v. 212.

Drances* appears a juster character,
 In council bold, but cautious in the war ;
 Factionous and loud the listening throng he draws,
 And swells with wealth, and popular applause ;
 But, what in our's would never find a place,
 The bold Greek language may admit with grace.

Why should I here the stratagems recite,
 And the low tricks of every little wit ?
 Some out of time their stock of knowledge boast,
 Till in the pedant all the Bard is lost.
 Such without care their uselesse lumber place ;
 One black, confus'd, and undigested mass,
 With a wild heap encumbers every part,
 Nor rang'd with grace, nor methodis'd with art.
 But then in chief, when things abstruse they teach,
 Themes too abstracted for the vulgar reach ;
 The hidden nature of the deities ;
 The secret laws and motions of the skies ;
 Or from what dark original began
 The fiery soul, and kindled up the man ;
 Oft they in odious instances engage,
 And for examples ransack every age,
 With every realm ; no hero will they pass,
 But act against the rules of time and place.
 Avoid, ye youths, these practices ; nor raise
 Your swelling souls to such a thirst of praise.
 Some Bards of eminence there are, we own,
 Who sing sometimes the journies of the sun,
 The rising stars, and labours of the moon :

* Æneid. Lib. XI. v. 336,

What impulse bids the ocean rise and fall;
 What motions shake and rock the trembling ball.
 Though foreign subjects had engag'd their care,
 The rage, the din and thunder of the war,
 Through the loud field; the genius of the earth;
 Or rules to raise the vegetable birth:
 Yet 'tis but seldom, and when time and place
 Require the thing, and reconcile to grace.
 Those foreign objects necessary seem,
 And flow, to all appearance, from the theme;
 With so much art so well conceal'd they please,
 When wrought with skill, and introduc'd with ease.
 Should not * Anchises, such occasion shown,
 Resolve the questions of his god-like son?
 If souls depriv'd of heaven's fair light repair
 Once more to day, and breathe the vital air?
 Or if from high Olympus first they came,
 Inspir'd with portions of ethereal flame,
 Though here encumber'd with the mortal frame?
 Tire not too long one subject when you write,
 For 'tis variety that gives delight;
 But when to that variety inclin'd,
 You seek new objects to relieve the mind,
 Be sure let nothing forc'd or labour'd seem,
 But watch your time, and steal from off your theme.
 Conceal with care your longing to depart,
 For art's chief pride is still to cover art.

* Vid. *Æneid*. Lib. VI.

So * Mulciber, in future ages skill'd,
 Engrav'd Rome's glories on Æneas' shield,
 On the bright orb her future fame enroll'd,
 And with her triumphs charg'd the rising gold;
 Here figur'd fights the blazing round adorn,
 There his long line of heroes yet unborn.
 But if a † Poet of Ausonian birth
 Describes the various kingdoms of the earth,
 Wide intersperst; the Medes, or swarthy Moors;
 The different natures of their soils explores,
 And paints the trees that bloom on India's shores: }
 On his own land he looks with partial eyes,
 And lifts the fair Hesperia to the skies;
 To all the fair Hesperia he prefers,
 And makes the woods of Bactria yield to her's,
 With proud Panchaia; though her groves she boasts,
 And breathes a cloud of incense from her coasts.

Hear then, ye generous youths, on this regard
 I should not blame the conduct of the Bard,
 Who in soft numbers, and a flowing strain,
 Relieves and reconciles our ears again.
 When I the various implements had sung
 That to the fields, and rural trade belong,
 In sweet harmonious measures would I tell
 How ‡ Nature mourn'd when the great Cæsar fell.
 When Bacchus' curling vines had grac'd my lays,
 The rural pleasures § next should share my praise.

* Virg. Æneid, Lib. VIII. v. 626.

† Virg. Georgic. Lib. II. v. 136.

‡ Georg. Lib. I. v. 466. § Ibid. Lib, II. v. 458.

The labour ended, and compleat the whole,
 Some Bards with pleasure wander round the goal,
 The flights and sallies of the Muse prolong,
 And add new beauties to the finish'd song;
 Pleas'd with th' excursion of the charming strain,
 We strive to quit the work, but strive in vain.
 Thus, were the bees the subject of my Muse,
 Their laws, their natures, and celestial dews;
 Poor * Aristæus should his fate disclose,
 His mother's counsel should assuage his woes;
 Old Proteus here should struggle in his chain,
 There in soft verse the Thracian Bard complain
 (As Philomela on a poplar bough
 Bewails her young, melodious in her woe),
 Pangæan sleeps his sorrows should return,
 And vocal Thrace with Rhodope should mourn;
 Hebrus should roll low-murmuring to the deep,
 And barbarous nations wonder why they weep,
 Thus too the Poets, who the names declare
 Of kings and nations gathering to the war,
 Sometimes diversify the strain, and sing
 The wondrous change of the † Ligurian king.
 While for his Phaëton his sorrows flow,
 And his harmonious strains beguile his woe,
 O'er all the man the snowy feathers rise,
 And in a tuneful swan he mounts the skies.
 Thus too ‡ Hippolitus, by Dian's care
 And Pæan's art, returns to upper air.

* Georg. Lib. XI. v. 317. † Æneid. Lib. X. v. 185.

‡ Æneid. Lib. VII. v. 756.

The Bards now paint the arms their heroes wield,
 And each bold figure on the glittering shield.
 Great * Aventinus, great Alcides' son,
 Wore the proud trophy which his father won;
 An hundred serpents o'er the buckler roll'd,
 And Hydra hiss'd from all her heads in gold.
 Now blooming Tempe's cool retreats they sing,
 And now with flowery beauties paint the spring.
 Now with a sylvan scene the floods they hide;
 Or teach the fam'd Eridanus to glide,
 Or sport on fabled Achelöus' side,
 Or hoary Nereus' numerous race display,
 The hundred azure sisters of the sea.
 With them the nymphs that haunt their native woods,
 And the long orders of the Sylvan Gods.

}

With gay descriptions sprinkle here and there
 Some grave instructive sentences with care,
 That touch on life, some moral good pursue,
 And give us virtue in a transient view;
 Rules, which the future sire may make his own,
 And point the golden precepts to his son.

Sometimes on little images to fall,
 And thus illustrate mighty things by small;
 With due success the licens'd Poet dares,
 When to the † ants the Phrygians he compares,
 Who, leaving Carthage, gather to the seas;
 Or the laborious Tyrians to the ‡ bees.

* Virg. *Æneid*. Lib. VII. v. 656. † Ibid. Lib. IX. v. 402.

‡ Ibid. Lib. I. v. 434.

But

But swarming * flies, offensive animals,
 That buz incessant o'er the smoaking pails,
 Are images too low, to paint the hosts
 That roll and blacken o'er Ausonia's coasts.
 The lofty Muse who sung the Latian war,
 Would think such trivial things beneath her care.
 How from his majesty would Virgil fall,
 If Turnus, scarce repell'd from Ilion's wall,
 Retiring grimly with a tardy pace,
 Had e'er been figur'd by the patient † ass!
 Whom unregarded troops of boys surround,
 While o'er his sides their rattling strokes resound;
 Slow he gives way, and crops the springing grain,
 Turns on each side, and stops to graze again.
 In every point the thing is just, we know,
 But then the image is itself too low:
 For Turnus, sprung from such a glorious strain,
 The vile resemblance would with scorn disdain.
 With better grace the ‡ lion may appear,
 Who, singly impotent the crowd to dare,
 Repel, or stand their whole embody'd war,
 Looks grimly back, and rolls his glaring eye,
 Despairs to conquer, and disdains to fly.

Since fictions are allow'd, be sure, ye youths,
 Your fictions wear at least the air of truths.
 When § Glaucus meets Tydides on the plain,
 Inflam'd with rage, and reeking from the slain;

* Iliad. Lib. II. v. 469. † Ibid. Lib. XI. v. 557.

‡ Æneid. Lib. IX. v. 792. § Homer's Iliad. Lib. VI. v. 119.

Some think they could not pass the time away,
In such long narratives, and cool delay,
Amidst the raging tumult of the day.

}

But yet we hear fierce Diomed relate
The crime of bold Lycurgus, and his fate;

And Glaucus talks of brave Bellerophon,
Doom'd for a lawless passion not his own;

Sets forth the hero's great exploits to view,

How the bold chief the dire Chimæra slew,

The Solymæan host, and Amazonian crew.

}

For those surprizing fictions are design'd

With their sweet falsehoods to delight the mind;

The Bards expect no credit should be given

To the bare lye, though authoriz'd by heaven,

Which oft with confidence they vent abroad,

Beneath the needful sanction of a god.

'Twas thus the * roasted heifers of the sun

Spoke o'er the fire with accents not their own;

'Twas thus † Achilles' steed his silence broke,

And ‡ Trojan ships in human voices spoke;

As wrought by heaven these wonders they relate,

All airy visions of the ivory gate!

Speak things but once, if order be your care,

For more the cloy'd attention will not bear,

And tedious repetitions tire the ear.

}

In this we differ from the Grecian train,

Who tell § Atrides' visions o'er again.

* Homer. Odyss. Lib. XII. v. 395.

† Iliad. Lib. XVII.

v. 426.

‡ Virgil. Æneid. Lib. X. v. 228.

§ Vid. Iliad.

Lib. II.

'Tis not enough with them we know the cause
 Why great Achilles from the war withdraws,
 Unless the * weeping hero, on the shore,
 Tells his blue mother all we heard before.
 So much on punctual niceties they stand,
 That, when their kings dispatch some high command,
 All, word for word, th' ambassadors † rehearse
 In the same tenor of unvaried verse.
 Not so did ‡ Venulus from Arpi bring
 The final answer of th' Ætolian king.

Let others labour on a vast design,
 A less, but polish'd with due care, be thine.
 To change its structure, be your last delight;
 Thus spend the day, and exercise the night,
 Incessant in your toil. But if you choose
 A larger field and subject for your Muse;
 If scanty limits should the theme confine,
 Learn with just art to lengthen the design
 Beyond its native bounds; the roving mind
 A thousand methods to this end may find;
 Unnumber'd fictions may with truths be join'd.
 Nature supplies a fund of matter still;
 Then cull th' rich variety at will.
 See! how the § Bard calls down th' embattled Gods,
 All rang'd in factions, from their bright abodes;

* Hom. Iliad. Lib. I. v. 370. † Ibid. Lib. IX. v. 264.

‡ Virg. Æneid. Lib. XI. v. 243.

§ All these particulars, to the end of this paragraph, are taken from Homer and Virgil.

Who, fir'd with mutual hate, their arms employ,
And in the field declare for Greece or Troy;
Till Jove convenes a council to assuage
Their rising fury, and suspend their rage;
Though the blest Gods, remov'd from human eyes,
Live in immortal ease within the distant skies.

And now th' infernal realm his theme he makes,
The reign of Pluto, the Tartarean lakes,
The Furies dreadful with their curling snakes.

He gathers omens from each bird that flies,
And signs from every wing that beats the skies.
He now describes a banquet, where the guest
Prolongs with narratives the royal feast.

Or at the glorious hero's tomb we read
Of games ordain'd in honour of the dead.
And oft for mercies in old times display'd,
To their own Gods their annual rites are paid.

For monstrous Python slain, their praises rise,
And lift the fame of Phœbus to the skies.

In hymns Alcides' labours they resound.

While Cacus lies extended on the ground,

Alternate sing the labours of his hands,

Enjoin'd by fierce Eurystheus' stern commands;

The den of Cacus crowns the grateful strain,

Where the grim monster breathes his flames in vain.

Mark how sometimes the Bard without control

Exerts his fire, and pours forth all his soul;

His lines so daring, and his words so strong;

We see the subject figur'd in the song:

When

When with the winds old * Ocean he deforms,
 Or paints the rage and horrors of the storms;
 Or drives on pointed rocks the bursting ships,
 Tost on the Euxine, or Sicilian deeps.
 Or sings the † plagues that blast the livid sky,
 When beasts by herds, and men by nations die;
 Or the fierce flames ‡ that Ætna's jaws expire,
 Her melted rocks, and deluges of fire,
 When from her mouth the bursting vapour flies,
 And, charg'd with ruin, thunders to the skies;
 While drifts of smোক in footy whirlwinds play,
 And clouds of cinders stain the golden day.
 See! as the Poet sounds the dire alarms,
 Calls on the war, and sets the hosts in arms;
 Squadrons on squadrons driven, confus'dly die;
 Grim Mars in all his terrors strikes the eye;
 More than description rising to the sight,
 Presents the real horrors of the fight;
 A new creation seems our praise to claim;
 (Hence Greece derives the sacred § Poet's name;) }
 The dreadful clang of clashing arms we hear;
 The agonizing groan, the fruitless prayer,
 And shrieks of suppliants thicken on the ear.
 Who, when he reads a || city storm'd, forbears
 To feel her woes, and sympathize in tears?
 When o'er the palaces the flames aspire
 From wall to wall, and wrap the domes in fire?

* Æneid. Lib. I.
v. 571.

† Ibid. Lib. III. v. 137.

‡ Ibid.

§ A τῷ ποιῆτι.

|| Vid. Æneid. Lib. II.

The

The fire, with years and hostile rage oppress!
 The starting infant, clinging to the breast!
 The trembling mother runs, with piercing cries,
 Through friends and foes, and shrieking rends the skies.
 Drag'd from the altar, the distracted fair
 Beats her white breast, and tears her golden hair.
 Here in thick crowds the vanquish'd fly away,
 There the proud victors heap the wealthy prey;
 With rage relentless ravage their abodes,
 Nor spare the sacred temples of the Gods.
 O'er the whole town they run with wild affright,
 Tumultuous haste, and violence of flight.

Why should I mention how our souls aspire,
 Lost in the raptures of the sacred fire?
 For ev'n the soul not always holds the same,
 But knows at different times a different frame.
 Whether with rolling seasons she complies,
 Turns with the sun, or changes with the skies;
 Or through long toil, remissive of her fires,
 Droops with the mortal frame her force inspires;
 Or that our minds alternately appear
 Now bright with joy, and now o'ercast with care.
 No!—but the Gods, th' immortal Gods supply
 The glorious fires; they speak the deity.
 Then blest is he who waits th' auspicious nod,
 The warmth divine, and presence of the God;
 Who his suspended labours can restrain,
 Till heaven's serene indulgence smiles again.
 But strive, on no pretence, against your power,
 Till time brings back the voluntary hour.

Sometimes their verdant honours leave the woods,
And their dry urns defraud the thirsty floods;
Nor still the rivers a full channel yield,
Nor Spring with flowery beauties paints the field;
The Bards no less such fickle changes find,
Damp't is the noble ardor of the mind;
Their wonted toil her wearied powers refuse;
Their souls grow slack and languid to the Muse,
Deaf to their call; their efforts are withstood;
Round their cold hearts congeals the freezing blood.
You'd think the Muses fled; the God no more
Would fire the bosom where he dwelt before,
No more return!—how often, though in vain,
The Poet would renew the wonted strain!
Nor sees the Gods who thwart his fruitless care,
Nor angry Heaven relentless to his prayer.
Some read the ancient Bards, of deathless fame,
And from their raptures catch the noble flame
By just degrees; they feed the glowing vein,
And all th' immortal ardour burns again
In its full light and heat; the sun's bright ray
Thus (when the clouds disperse) restores the day:
Whence shot this sudden flash that gilds the pole?
The God, the God comes rushing on his soul;
Fires with æthereal vigour every part,
Through every trembling limb he seems to dart,
Works in each vein, and swells his rising heart.
Deep in his breast the heavenly tumult plays,
And sets his mounting spirits on a blaze.

Nor can the raging flames themselves contain,
 For the whole God descends into the man.
 He quits mortality, he knows no bounds,
 But sings inspir'd in more than human sounds.
 Nor from his breast can shake th' immortal load,
 But pants and raves impatient of the God;
 And, rapt beyond himself, admires the force
 That drives him on reluctant to the course.
 He calls on Phœbus, by the God oppress'd,
 Who breathes excessive spirit in his breast;
 No force of thirst or hunger can control
 The fierce, the ruling transport of his soul.
 Oft in their sleep, inspir'd with rage divine,
 Some Bards enjoy the visions of the Nine:
 Visions! themselves with due applause may crown,
 Visions! that Phœbus or that Jove may own.
 To such an height the God exalts the flame,
 And so unbounded is their thirst of fame.
 But here, ye youths, exert your timely care,
 Nor trust th' ungovernable rage too far;
 Use not your fortune, nor unfurl your sails,
 Though softly courted by the flattering gales,
 Refuse them still, and call your judgment in,
 While the fierce God exults and reigns within;
 To reason's standard be your thoughts confin'd,
 Let judgment calm the tempest of the mind.
 Indulge your heat with conduct, and restrain;
 Learn when to draw, and when to give the rein.
 But always wait till the warm raptures cease,
 And lull the tumults of the soul to peace;

Then, nor till then, examine strictly o'er
What your wild fallies might suggest before.

Be sure, from nature never to depart;
To copy nature is the task of art.

The noblest poets own her sovereign sway,
And ever follow where she leads the way.
From her the different characters they trace,
That mark the human or the savage race,
Each various and distinct; in every stage
They paint mankind; their humours, sex, and age;
They shew what manners the flow sage become,
What the brisk youth in all his sprightly bloom.
In every word and sentiment explain,
How the proud monarch differs from the swain.
I nauseate all confounded characters,
Where young Telemachus too grave appears,
Or reverend Nestor acts beneath his years.
The poet suits his speeches, when he sings,
To proper persons, and the state of things;
On each their just distinctions are bestow'd,
To mark a male, a female, or a God.
Thus when in * heaven seditious tumults rise,
Amongst the radiant senate of the skies,
The fire of Gods, and sovereign of mankind,
In a few words unfolds his sacred mind.
Not so fair Venus; who at large replies,
And pities Troy, and counts her miseries,
Woes undeserv'd: but with contention fir'd,
And with the spirit of revenge inspir'd,

* Vid. *Æneid*. Lib. X.

Fierce Juno forms amidst the blest abodes,
 And stuns with loud complaints the listening Gods.
 When youthful * Turnus the stern combat claims,
 His rising heart is fill'd with martial flames;
 Impell'd by rage, and bent to prove his might,
 His soul springs forward, and prevents the fight;
 Rouz'd to revenge, his kindling spirits glow,
 Confirm his challenge, and provoke the foe,
 The fugitive of Troy.—But while his rage
 And youthful courage prompts him to engage,
 On Laïum's king incumbent it appears,
 Grown old in prudence, piety, and years,
 To weigh events, and youthful heat assuage,
 With the cold caution and the fears of age.
 In Dido's various character is seen,
 The furious lover and the gracious queen:
 When Troy's fam'd chief, commanded from above,
 Prepares to quit her kingdom, and her love;
 She raves, she storms with unavailing care,
 Grown wild with grief, and frantic with despair.
 Through every street she flies, with anguish stung,
 And broken accents flutter on her tongue;
 Her words confus'd and interrupted flow,
 Speak and express the hurry of her woe.
 How in this Dido is that Dido lost,
 Who late receiv'd the Trojans on her coast,
 And bade them banish grief, and share her throne,
 Dismiss their fears, and think her realms their own!

* Æneid. Lib. XII. v. 9.

Next the great orators consult, and thence
 Draw all the moving turns of eloquence;
 That * Sinon may his Phrygian foes betray,
 And lead the crowd, as fraud directs the way;
 That wise † Ulysses may the Greeks detain,
 While Troy yet stood, from measuring back the main,
 Need I name ‡ Nestor, who could talk to peace,
 With melting words, the factious kings of Greece?
 Whose soft address their fury could control,
 Mould every passion, and subdue the soul!
 These soothing arts to § Venus sure were known,
 To beg immortal arms to grace her son;
 Her injur'd spouse each thrilling word inspires,
 With every pang of love to second her desires.
 With nicest art the fair adultress draws
 Her fond addresses from a distant cause;
 And all her guileful accents are design'd
 To catch his passions, and ensnare his mind.
 'Tis hence the poet learns in every part
 To bend the soul, and give with wondrous art
 A thousand different motions to the heart,
 Hence, as his subject gay or sad appears,
 He claims our joy, or triumphs in our tears.
 Who, when he sees how || Orpheus' sorrows flow,
 Weeps not his tears, and answers woe for woe?
 When he his dear Eurydice deplores
 To the deaf rocks, and solitary shores;

* Vid. *Æneid*. Lib. II.

† Hom. *Iliad*. Lib. II.

‡ *Æneid*. Lib. VIII. v. 370.

§ *Iliad*. Lib. I. v. 246.

|| *Virgil*. *Georgic*. Lib. IV. v. 464.

With the soft harp the bard relieves his pain,
 For thee, when morning dawns, prolongs the strain,
 For thee, when Phœbus seeks the seas again. }
 Or when the young * Euryalus is kill'd,
 And rolls in death along the bloody field;
 Like some fair flower beneath the share he lies,
 His head declin'd, and drooping as he dies;
 The reader's soul is touch'd with generous woe,
 He longs to rush with Nisus on the foe;
 He burns with friendly pity to the dead,
 To raise the youth, and prop his sinking head;
 And strives in vain to stop the gushing blood,
 That stains his bosom with a purple flood.

But if the bard such images pursues,
 That raise the blushes of the Virgin-Muse;
 Let them be slightly touch'd, and ne'er express,
 Give but an hint, and let us guess the rest.
 If Jove commands the gathering storms to rise,
 And with deep thunders rends the vaulted skies,
 To the same cave together may repair
 To the Trojan † hero and the Tyrian fair.
 The poet's modesty must add no more;
 Enough, that earth had given the sign before;
 The conscious æther was with flames o'erspread,
 The nymphs ran shrieking round the mountain's head.
 Nor let young Troilus, unhappy boy,
 Meet fierce Achilles in the plains of Troy;
 But shew th' unequal youth's untimely fall,
 To great Æneas on the Tyrian wall;

* Æneid, Lib. IX. v. 433. † Ibid. Lib. IV. v. 165.

Supine and hanging from his empty car,
Drag'd by his panting coursers through the war.
This, from our bright examples you may trace,
To write with judgment, decency, and grace;
From others learn invention to encrease,
And search in chief the glorious sons of Greece;
For her bright treasures Argos' realms explore,
Bring home triumphant all her gather'd store,
And with her spoils enrich the Latian shore,
Nor is the glory of translation less,
To give the Grecian bards a Roman dress,
If Phœbus' gracious smiles the labour crown,
Than if some new invention were your own.
Mincio's and Manto's glorious son behold,
'Th' immortal Virgil, sheath'd in foreign gold,
Shines out unsham'd, and towers above the rest,
In the rich spoils of godlike Homer drest.
Let Greece in triumph boast that she imparts
To Latium's conquering realms her glorious arts:
While Latium's sons improve her best designs,
'Till by degrees each polish'd labour shines,
While Rome advances now in arts, as far
Above all cities, as of old in war.

Ye Gods of Rome, ye guardian deities,
Who lift our nation's glory to the skies;
And thou, Apollo, the great source of Troy,
Let Rome at least this single palm enjoy,
To shine in arts supreme, as once in power,
And teach the nations she subdued before;

Since

Since discord all Aufonia's kings alarms,
 And clouds the ancient glories of her arms.
 In our own breasts we sheath the civil sword,
 Our country naked to a foreign lord ;
 Which lately, prostrate, started from despair,
 Burn'd with new hopes, and arm'd her hands for war ;
 But arm'd in vain ;—th' inexorable hate
 Of envious Fortune call'd her to her fate,
 Insatiate in her rage ; her frowns oppose
 The Latian fame, and woes are heap'd on woes.
 Our dread alarms each foreign monarch took,
 Through all their tribes the distant nations shook ;
 To earth's last bounds the fame of Leo runs,
 Nile heard, and Indus trembled for his sons.
 Arabia heard the Medicean line,
 The first of men, and sprung from race divine.
 The sovereign priest, and mitred king, appears
 With his lov'd Julius join'd, who kindly shares
 The reins of empire, and the public cares.
 To break their country's chains, the generous pair
 Concert their schemes, and meditate the war.
 On Leo Europe's monarchs turn their eyes,
 On him alone the western world relies ;
 And each bold chief attends his dread alarms,
 While the proud crescent fades before his arms.
 High on his splendid car, immortal Rome,
 Thine eyes had seen the holy warrior come,
 Lord of the vanquish'd world, in triumph home.
 Thy streams, old Tyber, swell'd with conscious pride,
 Had borne thy kindred warrior down thy tide ;
 While,

While, crowded up in heaps, thy waves admire
The captive nations, and their strange attire;
Behind his wheels should march a numerous train
Of scepter'd slaves, reluctant to the chain,
Forget their haughty threats, and boast in vain.
Though the proud foe, of Jury's realm possest,
Has spread his wide dominion through the East;
Sees his dread standard there at large unfurl'd,
And grasps in thought the empire of the world;
And now (ye gods) increas'd in barbarous power,
His armies hover o'er th' Hesperian shore.
To see the passing pomp, the ravish'd throng
Through every street should flow in tides along;
The sacred father, as the numbers roll'd,
Should his dear citizens again behold,
High o'er the shouting crowds enthron'd in gold;
Should shew the trophies of his glorious toils,
And hang the shrines with consecrated spoils.
Piles of barbaric gold should glitter there,
The wealth of kingdoms, and the pomp of war:
But, by your crime, ye gods, our hopes are crost,
And those imaginary triumphs lost;
Interr'd with Leo, in one fatal hour,
Our prospects perish'd, as they liv'd before.

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.

BOOK III.

WHAT style, what language, suits the poet's lays,
 To claim Apollo's and the Muses' praise,
 Now unfold ; to this last bound I tend,
 And see my promis'd labours at an end.

First then, with care a just expression chuse,
 Led by the kind indulgence of the Muse,
 To dress up every subject when you write,
 And set all objects in a proper light.

But lest the distant prospect of the goal
 Should damp your vigour, and your strength control,
 Use every power, and call forth all the soul.

See ! how the Nine the panting youth invite,
 With one loud voice to reach Parnassus' height ;
 See ! how they hold aloft th' immortal crown,
 To urge the course, and call the victor on ;

See ! from the clouds each lavish goddess pours,
 Full o'er thy head, a sudden spring of flowers,
 And roses fall in odoriferous showers ;

Celestial scents in balmy breezes fly,
 And shed ambrosial spirits from the sky.

In chief avoid obscurity, nor shroud
 Your thoughts and dark conceptions in a cloud ;
 For * some, we know, affect to shun the light,
 Lost in forc'd figures, and involv'd in night,

* Persius and Lycophron.

Studious and bent to leave the common way,
They skulk in darkness, and abhor the day.
Oh! may the sacred Nine inspire my lays
To shine with pride in their own native rays;
For this we need not importune the skies,
In our own power and will the blessing lies.
Expression, boundless in extent, displays
A thousand forms, a thousand several ways;
In different garbs from different quarters brought,
It makes unnumber'd dresses for a thought;
Such vast varieties of hues we find
To paint conception, and unfold the mind!
If e'er you toil, but toil without success,
To give your images a shining dress,
Quit your pursuit, and chuse a different way,
Till, breaking forth, the voluntary ray
Cuts the thick darkness, and lets down the day.

Since then a thousand forms you may pursue,
A thousand figures rising to the view,
Unless confin'd and streighten'd in your scheme,
With the short limits of a scanty theme,
From these to those with boundless freedom pass,
And to each image give a different face.
The readers hence a wondrous pleasure find,
That charms the ear, and captivates the mind;
In this the laws of nature we obey,
And act as her example points the way,
Which has on every different species thrown
A shape distinct and figure of its own;

Man differs from the beast that haunts the woods,
 The bird from every native of the floods.
 See how the poet banishes with grace
 A native term to give a * stranger place !
 From different images with just success
 He cloaths his matter in the borrow'd dress :
 The borrow'd dress the things themselves admire,
 And wonder whence they drew the strange attire ;
 Proud of their ravish'd spoils, they now disclaim
 Their former colour, and their genuine name,
 And, in another garb more beauteous grown,
 Prefer the foreign habit to their own.
 Oft' as he paints a battle on the plain,
 The battle's imagin'd by the roaring main ;
 Now he the fight a fiery deluge names,
 That pours along the fields a flood of flames ;
 In airy conflict now the winds appear,
 Alarm the deeps, and wage the stormy war ;
 To the fierce shock th' embattl'd tempests pour,
 Waves charge on waves, th' encountering billows roar.
 Thus in a vary'd dress the subject shines,
 By turns the objects shift their proper signs ;
 From shape to shape alternately they run,
 To borrow others' charms, and lend their own ;
 Pleas'd with the borrow'd charms, the readers find
 A crowd of different images combin'd,
 Rise from a single object to the mind. }
 So the pleas'd traveller, from a mountain's brow,
 Views the calm surface of the seas below ;

* The Metaphor.

Though

Though wide beneath the floating ocean lies
The first immediate object of his eyes,
He sees the forests tremble from within,
And gliding meadows paint the deeps with green;
While to his eyes the fair delusions pass
In gay succession through the watery glass.
'Tis thus the bard diversifies his song,
Now here, now there, he calls the soul along.
The rich variety he sets to sight,
Cloys not the mind, but adds to our delight.
Now with a frugal choice the bard affords
The strongest light, and energy of words;
While humble subjects he contrives to raise
With borrow'd splendors, and a foreign blaze.
This, if an old tradition we rely,
Was once the current language of the sky;
Which first the Muses brought to these abodes,
Who taught mankind the secrets of the Gods.
For in the court of Jove their choirs advance,
And sing alternate, as they lead the dance,
Mixt with the Gods; they hear Apollo's lyre,
And from high heaven the panting bard inspire.
Nor bards alone, but other writers reach
This bold, this daring privilege of speech;
In chief the orators, to raise their sense,
In this strong figure dress their eloquence,
When with persuasive strokes they plead a cause,
And bridle vice, and vindicate the laws;
Or on the dreadful verge of death defend,
And snatch from fate, a poor devoted friend.

Ev'n the rough hinds delight in such a strain,
 When the glad harvest waves with golden grain,
 And thirsty meadows drink the pearly rain;
 On the proud vine her purple gems appear;
 The smiling fields rejoice, and hail the pregnant year.
 First from necessity the figure sprung

}

For things, that would not suit our scanty tongue,
 When no true names were offer'd to the view,
 Those they transferr'd that border'd on the true;
 Thence by degrees the noble licence grew.

}

The bards those daring liberties embrac'd,
 Through want at first, through luxury at last:
 They now to alien things, at will, confirm
 The borrow'd honours of a foreign term.

So man, at first, the rattling storm to fly,
 And the bleak horrors of the wintery sky,
 Rais'd up a roof of osiers o'er his head,
 And clos'd with homely clay the slender shed:

Now, regal palaces, of wondrous size,
 With brazen beams, on Parian columns rise,
 That heave the pompous fabric to the skies.

}

But other writers sprinkle here and there
 These bolder beauties with a frugal care;
 So vast a freedom is allow'd to none,
 But suits the labours of the bard alone,
 Who in the laws of verse himself restrains,
 Ty'd up to time in voluntary chains.

Others, by no restraint or stop with-held,
 May range the compass of a wider field;

The

The sacred poets, who their labours fill
 With pleasing fictions, or with truths at will,
 Their thoughts in bolder liberties express,
 Which look more beauteous in a foreign dress.
 To all, unusual colours they impart,
 Nor blush, if e'er detected in their art.

* Sometimes beyond the bounds of truth they fly,
 And boldly lift their subject to the sky;
 When with tumultuous shouts the heavens rebound,
 And a' Olympus trembles with the sound;
 Or with repeated accents they relate
 The fall of Troy, and dwell upon her fate;
 † Oh fire! oh country, once with glory crown'd!
 Oh wretched race of Priam, once renown'd!
 Oh Jove! see Ilion smoking on the ground!

They now name Ceres for the golden grain,
 Bacchus for wine, and Neptune for the main:
 Or from the father's name point out the son;
 Or for her people introduce a town:
 So when alarm'd her natives dread their fates,
 Pale Afric shakes, and trembles through her states:
 And some, by Achelous' streams alone,
 Comprise the floods of all the world in one.

‡ Lo! now they start aside, and change the strain
 To fancy'd converse with an absent swain;
 To grotts and caverns all their cares disclose,
 Or tell the solitary rocks their woes;

* The Hyperbole.

† Hæc verba ex incerti nominis Poetâ citat Cicero.

‡ The Apostrophe.

To scenes inanimate proclaim their love,
Talk with an hill, or whisper to a grove.
On you they call, ye unattentive woods,
And wait an answer from your bordering floods.

* Sometimes they speak one thing, but leave behind
Another secret meaning in the mind :

A fair expression artfully dispense,
But use a word that clashes with the sense.

† Thus pious Helen stole the faithful sword,
While Troy was flaming, from her sleeping lord.

‡ So glorious Drances tower'd amid the plain,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the slain;
Immortal trophies rais'd from squadrons kill'd,
And with vast spoils ennobled all the field.

§ But now to mention farther I forbear,
With what strong charms they captivate the ear;
When the same terms they happily repeat,
The same repeated seem more soft and sweet.

This, || were Arcadia judge, if Pan withstood,
Pan's judge Arcadia would condemn her God.

But though our fond indulgence grants the Muse
A thousand liberties in different views,

Whene'er you chuse an image to express
In foreign terms, and scorn the native drefs;

Yet be discreet, nor strain the point too far,
Let the transition still unforc'd appear,

Nor e'er discover an excess of care :

For some, we know, with aukward violence
Distort the subject, and disjoint the sense;

* The Irony. † See Virg. *Æneid*. Lib. VI. ‡ Ibid. Lib. XI.

§ The Anaphora. || See Virg. *Eclog*. IV.

Quite change the genuine figure, and deface
 The native shape with every living grace;
 And force unwilling objects to put on
 An alien face, and features not their own.
 A low conceit in disproportion'd terms,
 Looks like a boy dress'd up in giants arms;
 Blind to the truth, all reason they exceed,
 * Who name a stall the palace of the steed,
 Or grafs the tresses of great Rhæa's head.
 'Tis best sometimes an image to express
 In its own colours, and its native dress;
 The genuine words with happy care to use,
 If nicely cull'd, and worthy of the Muse.

Some things alternately compar'd are shown,
 Both names still true, and mutually their own;
 But here the least redundance you must shun;
 Tell us, in short, from whence the hint you drew,
 And set the whole comparison to view;
 Lest, mindless of your first design, you seem
 To lead the mind away, and rove from theme to theme.

But now pursue the method, that affords
 The fittest terms, and wisest choice of words.
 Not all deserve alike the same regard,
 Nor suit the god-like labours of the bard;
 For words as much may differ in degree,
 As the most various kinds of poetry.
 Though many a common term and word we find
 Dispers'd promiscuously through every kind.

* The Catachresis.

Those that will never suit th' heroic rage,
 Might grace the buskin, and become the stage.
 Their large, their vast variety explore
 With piercing eyes, and range the mighty store.
 From their deep fund the richest words unfold,
 With nicest care be rich expression cull'd,
 To deck your numbers in the purest gold.
 The vile, the dark degenerate crowd refuse,
 And scorn a dress that would disgrace the Muse:
 Then, to succeed your search, pursue the road,
 And beat the track the glorious Ancients trod.
 To those eternal monuments repair,
 There read, and meditate for ever there.
 If o'er the rest some mighty genius shines,
 Mark the sweet charms and vigour of his lines.
 As far as Phœbus and the heavenly powers
 Smile on your labours, make his diction your's:
 Your style by his authentic standard frame,
 Your voice, your habit, and address, the same.
 With him proceed to cull the rest; for there
 A full reward will justify your care.
 Examine all; and bring from all away
 Their various treasures as a lawful prey.
 Nor would I scruple, with a due regard,
 To read sometimes a rude unpolish'd bard;
 Among whose labours I may find a line,
 Which from unsightly rust I may refine,
 And, with a better grace, adopt it into mine.
 How often may we see a troubled flood
 Stain'd with unsettled ouze and rising mud!

Which (if a well the bordering natives sink)
 Supplies the thirsty multitude with drink.
 The trickling stream by just degrees refines,
 Till in its course the limpid current shines;
 And taught through secret labyrinths to flow,
 Works itself clear among the sands below.
 For nothing looks so gloomy, but will shine
 From proper care, and timely discipline;
 If, with due vigilance and conduct, wrought
 Deep in the soul, it labours in the thought.
 Hence on the Ancients we must rest alone,
 And make their golden sentences our own.
 To cull their best expressions claims our cares,
 To form our notions, and our styles on their's.
 See! how we bear away their precious spoils,
 And with the glorious dress enrich our styles;
 Their bright inventions for our use convey,
 Bring all the spirit of their words away,
 And make their words themselves our lawful prey! }
 Unsham'd in other colours to be shown,
 We speak our thoughts in accents not our own.
 But your design with modest caution weigh,
 Steal with due care, and meditate the prey.
 Invert the order of the words with art,
 And change their former site in every part.
 Thus win your readers, thus deceive with grace,
 And let th' expression wear a different face;
 Yourself at last, the glorious labour done,
 Will scarce discern his diction from your own.

Some

Some, to appear of diffidence bereft,
 Steal in broad day, and glory in the theft;
 When with just art, design and confidence,
 On the same words they graft a different sense;
 Preserve th' unvary'd terms and order too,
 But change their former spirit for a new.
 Or, with the sense of emulation bold,
 With ancient bards a glorious contest hold:
 Their richest spoils triumphant they explore,
 Which, rang'd with better grace, they varnish o'er,
 And give them charms they never knew before. }
 So trees, that change their foils, more proudly rise,
 And lift their spreading honours to the skies;
 And, when transplanted, nobler fruits produce,
 Exalt their nature, and ferment their juice.
 So Troy's fam'd chief the Asian empire bore,
 With better omens, to the Latian shore;
 Though from thy realm, O Dido, to the sea
 Call'd by the Gods reluctantly away;
 Nor the first nuptial pleasures could control
 The fixt, the stubborn purpose of his soul.
 Unhappy queen! thy woes suppress thy breath;
 Thy cares pursued thee, and surviv'd in death.
 Had not the Dardan fleet thy kingdom sought,
 Thy life had shone unfully'd with a fault.
 Come then, ye youths, and urge your generous toils;
 Come strip the Ancients, and divide the spoils
 Your hands have won---but shun the fault of such,
 Who with fond rashness trust themselves too much.

For some we know, who, by their pride betray'd,
With vain contempt reject a foreign aid;
Who scorn those great examples to obey,
Nor follow where the Ancients point the way.
While from the theft their cautious hands refrain,
Vain are their fears, their superstition vain.
Nor Phœbus' smiles th' unhappy poet crown;
The fate of all his works prevents his own.
Himself his mouldering monument survives,
And sees his labours perish while he lives:
His fame is more contracted than his span,
And the frail author dies before the man.
How would he wish the labour to forbear,
And follow other arts with more successful care?

I like a fair allusion nicely wrought;
When the same words express a different thought.
And such a theft true critics dare not blame,
Which late posterity shall crown with fame.
Void of all fear, of every doubt bereft,
I would not blush, but triumph in the theft.
Nor on the Ancients for the whole rely,
'The whole is more than all their works supply;
Some things your own invention must explore,
Some virgin images untouch'd before.

New terms no laws forbid us to induce,
To coin a word, and sanctify to use;
But yet admit no words into the song,
Unless they prove the stock from whence they sprung;
Point out their family, their kindred trace,
And set to view the series of their race.

But where you find your native tongue too poor,
 Transport the riches of the Grecian store;
 Inform the lump, and work it into grace,
 And with new life inspire th' unwieldy mass;
 Till, chang'd by discipline, the word puts on
 A foreign nature, and forgets its own.
 So Latium's language found a rich increase,
 And grew and flourish'd from the wealth of Greece;
 Till use, in time, had rifled Argos' stores,
 And brought all Athens to th' Hesperian shores.
 How many words from rich Mycenæ come,
 Of Greek extraction, in the dress of Rome?
 That live with ours, our rights and freedom claim,
 Their nature different, but their looks the same;
 Through Latium's realms, in Latium's garb they go,
 At once her strangers, and her natives too.
 Long has her poverty been fled, and long
 With native riches has she grac'd her tongue.
 Nor search the poets only, but explore
 Immortal Tully's inexhausted store;
 And other authors, born in happier days,
 Shall answer all your wants, and beautify your lays.

Oft, in old Bards, a verse above the rest
 Shines, in barbaric spoils and trophies dress'd;
 Thus Gaul, her victor's triumph to complete,
 Supplies those words that paint her own defeat;
 And vanquish'd Macedon, to tell her doom,
 Gives up her language with her arms to Rome.
 Then can we fear with groundless diffidence
 A want of words that shall express our sense?

But, if compell'd by want, you may produce
 And bring an antiquated word in use ;
 A word erst well-receiv'd in days of yore,
 A word our old forefathers us'd before :
 Well-pleas'd the reader's wonder to engage,
 He brings our grandsires habit on the stage,
 And garbs that whilom grac'd an uncouth age.
 Yet must not such appear in every place ;
 When rang'd too thick, the poem they disgrace.
 Since of new words such numbers you command,
 Deal out the old ones with a sparing hand.

* Whene'er your images can lay no claim
 To a fixt term, and want a certain name ;
 To paint one thing, the licens'd Bard affords
 A pompous circle, and a crowd of words.

Two plighted words in one with grace appear,
 When they with ease glide smoothly o'er the ear.
 Two may embrace at once, but seldom more,
 Nor verse can bear the mingled shape of four ;
 No triple monsters dwell on Latium's shore.
 When mixt with smooth, these harsher strains are found,
 We start with horror at the frightful sound ;
 The Grecian Bards, in whom such freedoms please,
 May match with more success such words as these ;
 Heap hills on hills, and bid the structure rise,
 'Till the vast pile of mountains prop the skies.

What words soever of vast bulk we view,
 One of less size may sometimes split in two ;

* The Periphrasis.

Sometimes we separate from the whole a part,
 And prune the more luxuriant limbs with art.
 Thus when the names of heroes we declare,
 Names whose unpolish'd sounds offend the ear ;
 We add, or lop some branches which abound,
 Till the harsh accents are with smoothness crown'd,
 That mellows every word, and softens every sound. }
 By such an happy change, Sicharbas came,
 To sink his roughness in Sichæus' name.
 Hence would I rather choose those dire alarms
 Of vast Enceladus, and heaven in arms,
 And the bold Titan's battles to rehearse,
 Harmonious names, that glide into the verse ;
 Than count the rough, the barbarous nations o'er,
 Which Rome subdued of old from shore to shore.

Let things submit to words on no pretence,
 But make your words subservient to your sense ;
 Nor for their sake admit a single line,
 But what contributes to the main design.
 Through every part most diligently pierce,
 And weigh the sound and sense of every verse.
 Unless your strictest caution you display,
 Some words may lead the heedless Bard away ;
 Steal from their duty, and desert their post,
 And skulk in darkness, indolently lost ;
 Or, while their proper parts their fellows ply,
 Contribute nought but sound and harmony.
 This to prevent, consult your words ; and know
 How far their strength, extent, and nature go.

To

To all their charges, and their labours fit ;
To all, their several provinces of wit.
Without this care, the poem will abound
With empty noise, and impotence of sound ;
Unmeaning terms will crowd in every part,
Play round the ear, but never reach the heart.
Yet would I sometimes venture to disperse
Some words, whose splendor should adorn my verse ;
(Words, that to wit and thought have no pretence,
And rather vehicles of sound than sense ;)
Till in the gorgeous dress the lines appear,
And court with gentle harmony the ear.
Nor with too fond a care such words pursue,
They meet your sight, and rise in every view.
Oft, from its chains the shackled verse unloose,
And give it liberty to walk in prose ;
Then be the work renew'd with endless pain,
And join with care the shatter'd parts again ;
The lurking faults and errors you may see,
When the words run unmanacled and free.

Attend, young Bard, and listen while I sing ;
Lo ! I unlock the Muses' sacred spring ;
Lo ! Phœbus calls thee to his inmost shrine ;
Hark ! in one common voice, the tuneful Nine
Invite and court thee to the rites divine.
When first to man the privilege was given,
To hold by verse an intercourse with heaven,
Unwilling that th' immortal art should lie
Cheap, and expos'd to every vulgar eye,

Great

Great Jove, to drive away the groveling crowd,
 To narrow bounds confin'd the glorious road,
 Which more exalted spirits may pursue,
 And left it open to the sacred few.
 For many a painful task, in every part,
 Claims all the Poet's vigilance and art.
 'Tis not enough his verses to complete,
 In measure, numbers, or determin'd feet;
 Or render things, by clear expression bright,
 And set each object in a proper light:
 To all, proportion'd terms he must dispense,
 And make the sound a picture of the sense;
 The correspondent words exactly frame,
 The look, the features, and the mien the same.
 His thoughts the Bard must suitably express,
 Each in a different face, and different dress;
 Lest in unvary'd looks the crowd be shown,
 And the whole multitude appear as one.
 With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
 This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away:
 That, vast of size, his limbs huge, broad, and strong,
 Moves ponderous, and scarce drags his bulk along.
 This, blooms with youth and beauty in his face,
 And Venus breathes on every limb a grace:
 That, of rude form, his uncouth numbers shows,
 Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows,
 His monstrous tail in many a fold and wind,
 Voluminous and vast, curls up behind:
 At once the image and the lines appear
 Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear.

Nor

Nor are those figures given without a cause,
But fixt and settled by determin'd laws;
All claim and wear, as their deserts are known,
A voice, a face, and habit of their own.

* Lo! when the sailors steer the ponderous ships,
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,
Incumbent on the main that roars around;
Beneath their labouring oars the waves resound,
The prows wide-echoing through the dark profound:
To the loud call each distant rock replies,
Toft by the storm the frothy surges rise;
While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding shore,
Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar,
Flash at the shock, and gathering in an heap,
The liquid mountains rise, and over-hang the deep.
See through her shores Trinacria's realms rebound,
Starting, and trembling at the bellowing sound;
High-towering o'er the waves the mountains ride,
And clash with floating mountains on the tide.
But when blue Neptune from his car surveys,
And calms at one regard the raging seas;
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep subsides,
And o'er the level light the galley glides.
The Poet's art and conduct we admire,
When angry Vulcan rolls a flood of fire;
When on the groves and fields the deluge preys,
And wraps the crackling stubble in the blaze.

* Most of these examples are drawn word for word from
Virgil.

Nor

Nor less our pleasure, when the flame divides,
 And climbs aspiring round the cauldron's sides;
 From the dark bottom work the waters up,
 Swell, boil, and hiss, and bubble to the top.
 Thus in smooth lines, smooth subjects we rehearse,
 But the † rough rock roars in as rough a verse.
 If gay the subject, gay must be the song;
 And the brisk numbers quickly glide along:
 When the fields flourish; or the skies unfold
 Swift from the flying hinge their gates of gold.
 If sad the theme, then each grave line moves slow,
 The mournful numbers languishingly flow,
 And drag, and labour, with a weight of woe:
 If e'er the boding bird of night, who mourns
 O'er ruins, desolation, graves, and urns,
 With piercing screams the darkness should invade,
 And break the silence of the dismal shade.
 When things are small, the terms should still be so:
 For low words please us, when the theme is low.
 But when some giant, horrible and grim,
 Enormous in his gait, and vast in every limb,
 Stalks towering on; the swelling words must rise
 In just proportion to the monster's size.
 If some large weight his huge arms strive to shove,
 The verse too labours; the throng'd words scarce move.
 When each stiff clod beneath the ponderous plough,
 Crumbles and breaks; th' encumber'd lines march slow.

* ——— "Sonat hæc de nare caninâ

Littera."

Vid. Persium.

Nor less; when pilots catch the friendly gales,
Unfurl their shrouds, and hoist the wide-stretch'd sails;
But if the poem suffers from delay,
Let the lines fly precipitate away.
And when the viper issues from the brake;
Be quick; with stones, and brands, and fire, attack
His rising crest, and drive the serpent back.
When night descends; or, stun'd by numerous stroke
And groaning, to the earth drops the vast ox;
The line too sinks with correspondent sound,
Flat with the steer, and headlong to the ground.
When the wild waves subside, and tempests cease,
And hush their roarings and their rage to peace;
So oft we see the interrupted strain
Stop'd in the midst,—and with the silent main,
Pause for a space---at last it glides again.
When Priam strains his aged arm, to throw
His unavailing javelin at the foe;
(His blood congeal'd, and every nerve unstrung,)
Then with the theme compiles the artful song;
Like him the solitary numbers flow
Weak, trembling, melancholy, stiff, and slow.
Not so young Pyrrhus, who with rapid force
Beats down embattled armies in his course;
The raging youth on trembling Ilion falls,
Bursts her strong gates, and shakes her lofty walls;
Provokes his flying courser to his speed,
In full career to charge the warlike steed;
He piles the field with mountains of the slain;
He pours, he storms, he thunders through the plain.

this the Poet's justest conduct lies,
When with the various subjects he complies,
To sink with judgment, and with judgment rise. }
We see him now, remissive of his force,
Slide with a low, and inoffensive course;
Script of the gawdy dress of words he goes,
And scarcely lifts the poem up from prose:
And now he brings with loosen'd reins along
All in a full career the boundless song;
A wide array luxuriantly he pours
A crowd of words, and opens all his stores.
The lavish eloquence redundant flows,
Thick as the fleeces of the winter-snows,
When Jove invests the naked Alps, and sheds
The silent tempest on their hoary heads.
Sometimes the godlike fury he restrains,
Checks his impetuous speed, and draws the reins;
Balanc'd and pois'd, he neither sinks nor soars,
Flows the mid space, and steers between the shores,
And shaves the confines;---till, all dangers past,
He shoots with joy into the port at last.

For what remains unsung; I now declare
What claims the Poet's last and strictest care.
When, all adventures past, his labours tend
In one continued order to their end;
When the proud victor on his conquest smiles,
And safe enjoys the triumph of his toils;
Let him by timely diffidence be aw'd,
Nor trust too soon th' unpolish'd piece abroad.
Oh! may his rash ambition ne'er inflame
His breast, with such a dangerous thirst of fame!

But

But let the terror of disgrace control
The warm, the partial fondness of his soul;
And force the Bard to throw his passion by,
Nor view his offspring with a parent's eye:
Till his affections are by justice cross'd,
And all the father in the judge is lost.
He seeks his friends, nor trusts himself alone,
But asks their judgment, and resigns his own;
Begs them, with urgent prayers, to be sincere,
Just and exact, and rigidly severe;
Due verdict to pronounce on every thought,
Nor spare the slightest shadow of a fault;
But, bent against himself, and strictly nice;
He thanks each critic that detects a vice;
Though charg'd with what his judgment can defend,
He joins the partial sentence of his friend.
The piece thrown by; the careful Bard reviews
The long-forgotten labours of his Muse:
Lo! on all sides far different objects rise,
And a new prospect strikes his wondering eyes,
Warm from the brain, the lines his love engross,
Now in themselves their former selves are lost.
Now his own labours he begins to blame,
And blushing reads them with regret and shame.
He loaths the piece; condemns it; nor can find
The genuine stamp, and image of his mind.
This thought and that, indignant he rejects;
When most secure, some danger he suspects;
Anxious he adds, and trembling he corrects.

With kind severities, and timely art,
 Lops the luxuriant growth of every part;
 Prunes the superfluous boughs, that wildly stray,
 And cuts the rank redundancies away.
 Thus arm'd with proper discipline he stands,
 By day, by night, applies his healing hands,
 From every line to wipe out every blot,
 Till the whole piece is guiltless of a fault.
 Hard is the task, but needful, if your aim
 Tends to the prospect of immortal fame.
 If some unfinish'd numbers limp behind,
 When the warm Poet rages unconfin'd,
 Then when his swift invention scorns to stay,
 By a full tide of genius whirl'd away;
 He brings the sovereign cure their failings claim,
 Confirms the sickly, and supports the lame.
 Oft as the seasons roll, renew thy pain,
 And bring the poem to the test again.
 In different lights th' expression must be rang'd,
 The garb and colours of the words be chang'd.
 With endless care thy watchful eyes must pierce,
 And mark the parts distinct of every verse.
 In this persist; for oft one day denies
 The kind assistance which the next supplies;
 As oft, without your vigilance and care,
 Some faults detected by themselves appear.
 And now a thousand errors you explore,
 That lay involv'd in mantling clouds before.
 Oft, to improve his Muse, the Bard should try,
 By turns, the temper of a different sky.

For thus his genius takes a different face
From every different genius of a place.
The soul too changes, and the Bard may find
A thousand various motions in his mind.
New gleams of light will every moment rise,
While from each part the scattering darkness flies.
And, as he alters what appears amiss,
He adds new flowers to beautify the piece.
But here, ev'n here, avoid th' extreme of such,
Who with excess of care correct too much :
Whose barbarous hands no calls of pity bound,
While with th' infected parts they cut the sound,
And make the cure more dangerous than the wound.
Till, all the blood and spirits drain'd away,
The body sickens, and the parts decay ;
The native beauties die, the limbs appear
Rough and deform'd with one continued scar.
No fixt determin'd number I enjoin,
But when some years shall perfect the design ;
Reflect on life ; and, mindful of thy span,
Whose scanty limit bounds the days of man,
Wide o'er the spacious world, without delay,
Permit the finish'd piece to take its way ;
Till all mankind admires the heavenly song,
The theme of every hand and every tongue.
See ! thy pleas'd friends thy spreading glory draws,
Each with his voice to swell the vast applause ;
The vast applause shall reach the starry frame,
No years, no ages, shall obscure thy fame,
And earth's last ends shall hear thy darling name.

Shall

Shall we then doubt to scorn all worldly views,
 And not prefer the raptures of the Muse?
 Thrice happy Bards! who taught by heaven, obey
 These rules, and follow where they lead the way;
 And hear the faithful precepts I bestow'd,
 Inspir'd with rage divine, and labouring with the God.
 But art alone, and human means must fail,
 Nor these instructive precepts will prevail,
 Unless the Gods their present aid supply,
 And look with kind indulgence from the sky.
 I only pointed out the paths that lead
 The panting youth to steep Parnassus' head;
 And show'd the tuneful Muses from afar,
 Mixt in a solemn choir, and dancing there.
 Thither forbidden by the Fates to go,
 I sink and grovel in the world below.
 Deterr'd by them, in vain I labour up,
 And stretch these hands to grasp the distant top.
 Enough for me, at distance if I view
 Some Bard, some happier Bard, the path pursue;
 Who, taught by me to reach Parnassus' crown,
 Mounts up, and calls his slow companions on.
 But yet these rules, perhaps, these humble lays,
 May claim a title to a share of praise;
 When, in a crowd, the gathering youths shall hear
 My voice and precepts with a willing ear;
 Close in a ring shall press the listening throng,
 And learn from me to regulate their song.
 Then, if the pitying Fates prolong my breath,
 And from my youth avert the dart of death;

Whene'er I sink in life's declining stage,
'Trembling and fainting on the verge of age,
To help their wearied master shall they run,
And lend their friendly hands to guide him on;
Through blooming groves his tardy progress wait,
And set him gently down at Phœbus' gate,
The while he sings, before the hallow'd shrine,
The sacred Poets, and the tuneful Nine.
Here then in Roman numbers will we rise,
And lift the fame of Virgil to the skies;
Ausonia's pride and boast; who brings along
Strength to my lines, and spirit to my song:
First how the mighty Bard transported o'er
The sacred Muses from th' Aonian shore;
Led the fair sisters to th' Hesperian plains,
And sung in Roman towns the Grecian strains;
How in his youth to woods and groves he fled,
And sweetly tun'd the soft Sicilian reed;
Next, how, in pity to th' Ausonian swains,
He rais'd to heaven the honours of the plains;
Rapt in Triptolemus's car on high,
He scatter'd peace and plenty from the sky;
Fir'd with his country's fame, with loud alarms,
At last he rous'd all Latium up to arms;
In just array the Phrygian troops bestow'd,
And spoke the voice and language of a God.
Father of verse! from whom our honours spring;
See! from all parts, our Bards attend their king;
Beneath thy banners rang'd, thy fame increase,
And rear proud trophies from the spoils of Greece.

Low,

Low, in Elysian vales, her tuneful throng
 Bow to thy laurels, and adore thy song:
 On thee alone thy country turns her eyes;
 On thee her Poets future fame relies.
 See! how in crowds they court thy aid divine
 (For all their honours but depend on thine);
 Taught from the womb thy numbers to rehearse,
 And sip the balmy sweets of every verse.
 Unrival'd Bard! all ages shall decree
 The first unenvy'd palm of fame to thee;
 Thrice happy Bard! thy boundless glory flies,
 Where never mortal must attempt to rise;
 Such heavenly numbers in thy song we hear,
 And more than human accents charm the ear!
 To thee, his darling, Phœbus' hands impart
 His soul, his genius, and immortal art.
 What help or merit in these rules are shown,
 The youth must owe to thy support alone.
 The youth, whose wandering feet with care I led
 Aloft, o'er steep Parnassus' sacred head;
 Taught from thy great example to explore
 Those arduous paths which thou hast trod before.
 Hail, pride of Italy! thy country's grace!
 Hail, glorious light of all the tuneful race!
 For whom, we weave the crown, and altars raise;
 And with rich incense bid the temples blaze;
 Our solemn hymns shall still resound thy praise.
 Hail, holy Bard, and boundless in renown!
 Thy fame, dependent on thyself alone.
 Requires no song, no numbers but thy own.

Look down propitious, and my thoughts inspire;
Warm my chaste bosom with thy sacred fire!
Let all thy flames with all their raptures roll,
Deep in my breast, and kindle all my soul!

VIRGIL'S

V I R G I L ' s

Æ N E I D.

B O O K I.

A R G U M E N T.

The Trojans, after a seven years voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one ship, and scatters the rest: Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the seas. Æneas with his own, and six more ships, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage; where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy; which is the subject of the two following books.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

ARMS and the Man I sing, the first who bore
 His course to Latium from the Trojan shore ;
 By fate expell'd, on land and ocean tost,
 Before he reach'd the fair Lavinian coast :
 Doom'd by the Gods a length of wars to wage, 5
 And urg'd by Juno's unrelenting rage ;
 Ere the brave hero rais'd, in these abodes,
 His destin'd walls, and fix'd his wand'ring gods.
 Hence the fam'd Latian line, and senates come,
 And the proud triumphs, and the tow'rs of Rome. 10

Say, Muse, what causes could so far incense
 Celestial pow'rs, and what the dire offence
 That mov'd heav'n's awful empress to impose
 On such a pious prince a weight of woes,
 Expos'd to dangers, and with toils oppress'd ? 15
 Can rage so fierce inflame an heavenly breast ?

Against th' Italian coast, of ancient fame
 A city rose, and Carthage was the name ;
 A Tyrian colony ; from Tiber far ;
 Rich, rough, and brave, and exercis'd in war. 20
 Which Juno far above all realms, above
 Her own dear Samos, honoured with her love.

Here

Here stood her chariot, here her armour lay,
 Here she design'd, would destiny give way,
 Ev'n then the seat of universal sway. 25
 But of a race she heard, that should destroy
 The Tyrian tow'rs, a race deriv'd from Troy,
 Who proud in arms, triumphant by their swords,
 Should rise in time, the world's victorious lords;
 By fate design'd her Carthage to subdue, 30
 And on her ruin'd empire raise a new.
 This fear'd the goddess; and in mind she bore
 The late long war her fury rais'd before
 For Greece with Troy; nor was her wrath resign'd,
 But every cause hung heavy on her mind; 35
 Her form disdain'd, and Paris' judgment, roll
 Deep in her breast, and kindle all her soul;
 Th' immortal honours of the ravish'd boy,
 And last, the whole detested race of Troy.
 With all these motives fir'd, from Latium far 40
 She drove the relicks of the Grecian war:
 Fate urg'd their course; and long they wander'd o'er
 The spacious ocean tost from shore to shore.
 So vast the work to build the mighty frame,
 And raise the glories of the Roman name! 45
 Scarce from Sicilian shores the shouting train
 Spread their broad sails, and plough'd the foamy main;
 When haughty Juno thus her rage express;
 Th' eternal wound still rankling in her breast.
 Then must I stop? are all my labours vain? 50
 And must this Trojan prince in Latium reign?

Belike,

Belike, the fates may baffle Juno's aims;
 And why could Pallas, with avenging flames,
 Burn a whole navy of the Grecian ships,
 And whelm the scatter'd Argives in the deeps? 55
 She, for the crime of Ajax, from above
 Launch'd through the clouds the fiery bolts of Jove;
 Dash'd wide his fleet, and, as her tempest flew,
 Expos'd the ocean's inmost depths to view.
 Then, while transfix'd the blasted wretch expires 60
 Flames from his breast, and fires succeeding fires,
 Snatch'd in a whirlwind, with a sudden shock,
 She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed rock.
 But I, who moves supreme in heaven's abodes,
 Jove's sister-wife, and empress of the gods, 65
 With this one nation must a war maintain
 For years on years; and wage that war in vain!
 And now what suppliants will invoke my name,
 Adore my pow'r, or bid my altars flame?
 Thus fir'd with rage and vengeance, now she flies 70
 To dark Æolia, from the distant skies,
 Impregnated with storms; whose tyrant binds
 The blust'ring tempests, and reluctant winds.
 Their rage imperial Æolus restrains
 With rocky dungeons, and enormous chains. 75
 The bellowing brethren, in the mountain pent,
 Roar round the cave, and struggle for a vent.
 From his high throne, their fury to assuage,
 He shakes his sceptre, and controls their rage;
 Or down the void their rapid whirls had driv'n 80
 Earth, air, and ocean, and the tow'rs of heaven.

But

But Jove, the mighty ruin to prevent,
 In gloomy caves th' ærial captives pent;
 O'er their wild rage the pond'rous rocks he spread,
 And hurl'd huge heaps of mountains on their head; 85
 And gave a king, commission'd to restrain
 And curb the tempest, or to loose the rein.

Whom thus the queen address'd: Since mighty Jove,
 The king of men, and sire of gods above,
 Gives thee, great Æolus, the pow'r to raise 90
 Storms at thy sovereign will, or smoothe the seas:
 A race, I long have labour'd to destroy,
 Wast to Hesperia the remains of Troy.
 Ev'n now their navy cuts the Tuscan floods,
 Charg'd with their exiles, and their vanquish'd gods. 95
 Wing all thy furious winds; o'erwhelm the train,
 Disperse, or plunge their vessels in the main.
 Twice sev'n bright nymphs, of beauteous shape are
 mine;

For thy reward the fairest I'll resign,
 The charming Deiopeia shall be thine; 100
 She, on thy bed, long blessings shall confer,
 And make thee father of a race like her.

'Tis your's, great queen, replies the pow'r, to lay
 The task, and mine to listen and obey.
 By you, I fit a guest with gods above, 105
 And share the graces and the smiles of Jove:
 By you, these realms, this sceptre I maintain,
 And wear these honours of the stormy reign.

So spoke th' obsequious god; and, while he spoke,
 Whirl'd his vast spear, and pierc'd the hollow rock. 110

The

The winds, embattled, as the mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the vent;
Earth, in their course, with giddy whirls they sweep,
Rush to the seas, and bare the bosom of the deep:
East, West, and South, all black with tempests, roar,
And roll vast billows to the trembling shore. 116

The cordage cracks; with unavailing cries
The Trojans mourn; while sudden clouds arise,
And ravish from their sight the splendors of the skies. }
Night hovers o'er the floods; the day retires; 120

The heav'ns flash thick with momentary fires;
Loud thunders shake the poles; from ev'ry place
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry face.

In horror fix'd the Trojan hero stands,
He groans, and spreads to heav'n his lifted hands. 125
Thrice happy those! whose fate it was to fall
(Exclaims the chief) beneath the Trojan wall.

Oh! 'twas a glorious fate to die in fight,
To die, so bravely, in their parents' fight!
Oh! had I there, beneath Tydides' hand, 130
That bravest hero of the Grecian band,

Pour'd out this soul, with martial glory fir'd,
And in that field triumphantly expir'd,
Where Hector fell by fierce Achilles' spear,
And great Sarpedon, the renown'd in war; 135

Where Simois' streams, incumber'd with the slain,
Roll'd shields, and helms, and heroes to the main.

Thus while he mourns, the Northern blast prevails,
Breaks all his oars, and rends his flying sails;

The

The prow turns round; the galley leaves her side 140
 Bare to the working waves, and roaring tide;
 While in huge heaps the gathering surges spread,
 And hang in wat'ry mountains o'er his head,
 'These ride on waves sublime; those see the ground
 Low in the boiling deeps, and dark profound. 145
 Three shatter'd gallees the strong Southern blast
 On hidden rocks, with dreadful fury, cast;
 'Th' Italians call them altars, as they stood
 Sublime, and heav'd their backs above the flood.
 Three more, fierce Eurus on the Syrtes threw 150
 From the main sea, and (terrible to view)
 He dash'd, and left the vessels, on the land,
 Intrench'd with mountains of surrounding sand.
 Struck by a billow, in the hero's view,
 From prow to stern the shatter'd galley flew 155 }
 Which bore Orontes, and the Lycian crew:
 Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ship,
 Stunn'd by the stroke, shot headlong down the deep:
 The vessel, by the surge tost round and round,
 Sunk, in the whirling gulf devour'd and drown'd. 160
 Some from the dark abyss emerge again;
 Arms, planks, and treasures, float along the main.
 And now thy ship, Ilioneus, gives way,
 Nor thine, Achates, can resist the sea;
 Nor old Alethes his strong galley saves; 165
 Then Abas yields to the victorious waves:
 The storm dissolves their well-compacted sides,
 Which drink at many a leak the hostile tides.

Mean

Mean time th' imperial monarch of the main
 Heard the loud tumults in his wat'ry reign, 170
 And saw the furious tempest wide around
 Work up the waters, from the vast profound.
 Then for his liquid realms alarm'd, the god
 Lifts his high head above the stormy flood,
 Majestic and serene: he rolls his eyes, 175 }
 And scatter'd wide the Trojan navy spies,
 Oppress'd by waves below, by thunders from the skies. }
 Full well he knew his sister's endless hate,
 Her wiles and arts to sink the Trojan state.
 To Eurus, and the Western blast, he cry'd, 180
 Does your high birth inspire this boundless pride,
 Audacious winds! without a pow'r from me,
 To raise, at will, such mountains on the sea?
 Thus to confound heav'n, earth, the air, and main?
 Whom I—but first I'll calm the waves again. 185
 But if you tempt my rage a second time,
 Know, that some heavier vengeance waits the crime.
 Hence; fly with speed; from me, your tyrant tell,
 That to my lot this wat'ry empire fell.
 Bid him his rocks, your darksome dungeons keep, 190
 Nor dare usurp the trident of the deep.
 There, in that gloomy court, display his pow'r,
 And hear his tempests round their caverns roar.
 He spoke, and speaking chac'd the clouds away,
 Hush'd the loud billows, and restor'd the day. 195
 Cymothoë guards the vessels in the shock,
 And Triton heaves 'em from the pointed rock.

With

With his huge trident, the majestic god
 Clear'd the wild Syrtes, and compos'd the flood;
 Then mounted on his radiant car he rides, 200
 And wheels along the level of the tides.
 As when sedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
 And the wild rabble storms and thirsts for blood:
 Of stones and brands, a mingled tempest flies,
 With all the sudden arms that rage supplies: 205
 If some grave fire appears, amid the strife,
 In morals strict, and innocence of life,
 All stand attentive; while the sage controls
 Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their souls.
 So did the roaring deeps their rage compose, 210
 When the great father of the floods arose.
 Rapt by his steeds he flies in open day,
 Throws up the reins, and skims the wat'ry way.

The Trojans, weary'd with the storm, explore
 The nearest land, and reach the Libyan shore. 215
 Far in a deep recess, her jutting sides
 An isle projects, to break the rolling tides,
 And forms a port, where, curling from the sea,
 The waves steal back, and wind into a bay.
 On either side, sublime in air, arise 220
 'Two tow'ring rocks, whose summits brave the skies;
 Low at their feet the sleeping ocean lies:
 Crown'd with a gloomy shade of waving woods,
 Their awful brows hang nodding o'er the floods.
 Oppos'd to these, a secret grotto stands, 225
 The haunt of Nereids, fram'd by nature's hands;

Where

Where polish'd seats appear of living stone,
 And limpid rills, that tinkle as they run.
 No cable here, nor circling anchor binds
 The floating vessel harrafs'd with the winds. 230

The Dardan hero brings to this retreat
 Sev'n shatter'd ships, the relicks of his fleet.
 With fierce desire to gain the friendly strand,
 The Trojans leap in rapture to the land, }
 And, drench'd in brine, lye stretch'd along the sand. }
 Achates strikes the flint, and from the stroke 236

The lurking seeds of fire in sparkles broke;
 The catching flame on leaves and stubble preys,
 Then gathers strength, and mounts into a blaze.
 Tir'd with their labours, they prepare to dine, 240
 And grind their corn, infected with the brine.

Æneas mounts a rock, and thence surveys
 The wide and wat'ry prospect of the seas;
 Now hopes the shatter'd Phrygian ships to find,
 Antheus, or Capys, driving with the wind; 245
 And now, Caius' glitt'ring arms to spy,
 Wide o'er the vast horizon darts his eye.

The chief could view no vessel on the main;
 But three tall stags stalk'd proudly o'er the plain;
 Before the herd their beamy fronts they rais'd; 250
 Stretch'd out in length, the train along the valley graz'd.
 The Prince, who spy'd 'em on the shore below,
 Stop'd short—then snatch'd the feather'd shafts and bow,
 Which good Achates bore: his arrows fled;
 And first he laid the lordly leaders dead; 255

Next all th' ignoble vulgar he pursu'd,
 And with his shafts dispers'd 'em thro' the wood;
 Nor ceas'd the chief, 'till, stretch'd beneath his feet,
 Lay sev'n huge stags, the number of his fleet.
 Back to the port the victor bends his way, 260
 And with his friends divides the copious prey.
 The generous wine to crown the genial feast,
 Which kind Acestes gave his parting guest,
 Next to his sad associates he imparts;
 And with these words revives their drooping hearts. 265

Friends! we have known more toils, than now we
 By long experience exercis'd in woe; [know,
 And soon to these disasters shall be giv'n
 A certain period by relenting heav'n.

Think, how you saw the dire Cyclopean shore, 270
 Heard Scylla's rocks, and all her monsters, roar.
 Dismiss your fears; on these misfortunes past
 Your minds with pleasure may reflect at last.
 Through such varieties of woes, we tend
 To promis'd Latium, where our toils shall end: 275
 Where the kind Fates shall peaceful seats ordain,
 And Troy, in all her glories, rise again.
 With manly patience bear your present state,
 And with firm courage wait a better fate.

So spoke the chief, and hid his inward smart; 280
 Hope smooch'd his looks, but anguish rack'd his heart.
 The hungry crowd prepare, without delay,
 To dress the banquet, and to share the prey.
 Some from the body strip the smoaking hide,
 Some cut in morsels, and the parts divide; 285

These

These bid, with busy care, the flames aspire;
 Those roast the limbs, yet quiv'ring o'er the fire.
 Thus, while their strength and spirits they restore,
 The brazen cauldrons smoak along the shore.
 Stretch'd on the grass, their bodies they recline, 290
 Enjoy the rich repast, and quaff the gen'rous wine.

The rage of hunger quell'd, they pass'd away
 In long and melancholy talk the day;
 Nor knew, by fears and hopes alternate led,
 Whether to deem their friends distress'd, or dead. 295
 Apart the pious chief, who suffer'd most,
 Bemoans brave Gyas and Cloanthus lost;
 For Lycus' fate, for Amycus he weeps,
 And great Orontes, whelm'd beneath the deeps.

Now, from high heav'n, imperial Jove surveys 300
 The nations, shores, and navigable seas;
 There, as he sate, inthron'd above the skies,
 Full on the Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes.
 When lo! the mournful queen of love appears;
 Her starry eyes were dim'd with streaming tears; 305
 Who to the fire her humble suit address'd,
 The schemes of fate revolving in his breast.

Oh thou! whose sacred, and eternal sway,
 Aw'd by thy thunders, men, and gods obey;
 What have my poor exhausted Trojans done? 310
 Or what, alas! my dear unhappy son?
 Still, for the sake of Italy, deny'd
 All other regions, all the world beside?
 Sure, once you promis'd, that a race divine
 Of Roman chiefs should spring from Teucer's line;

The world in future ages to command, 316
 And in the empire grasp the sea and land.
 Oh! sov'reign father, say! what cause could move
 The fix'd unalterable word of Jove?
 Which sooth'd my grief, when Ilion felt her doom; 320
 And Troy I balanc'd with the fates of Rome.
 But see! their fortune still pursues her blow;
 When wilt thou fix a period to their woe?
 In safety, bold Antenor broke his way
 Through hosts of foes, and pierc'd th' Illyrian bay, 325
 Where, through nine ample mouths, Timavus pours,
 Wide as a sea, and deluges the shores;
 The flood rebellows, and the mountain roars, }
 Yet with his colonies, secure he came,
 Rais'd Padua's walls, and gave the realms a name. 330
 Then fix'd his Trojan arms; his labours cease;
 And now the hoary monarch reigns in peace.
 But we, your progeny, ordain'd to rise,
 And share th' eternal honours of the skies,
 To glut the rage of one, our vessels lost, 335
 Barr'd by her vengeance, from the promis'd coast.
 Are these the palms that virtue must obtain,
 And is our empire thus restor'd again?
 The fire of men and gods, superior, smil'd
 On the sad queen, and gently kiss'd his child. 340
 Then, with those looks that clear the clouded skies,
 And calm the raging tempest, he replies.
 Daughter, dismiss your fears; by doom divine
 Fix'd are the fates of your immortal line.

Your

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK I. 245

Your eyes Lavinium's promis'd walls shall see, 345

And here we ratify our first decree.

Your son, the brave Æneas, soon shall rise,

Himself a god; and mount the starry skies.

To sooth your care, these secrets I relate

From the dark volumes of eternal fate:

350

The chief fair Italy shall reach, and there

With mighty nations wage a dreadful war.

New cities raise, the savage nations awe,

And to the conquer'd kingdoms give the law.

The fierce Rutulians vanquish'd by his sword,

355

Three years shall Latium own him sovereign lord.

Your dear Ascanius then, the royal boy,

(Now called Iulus, since the fall of Troy)

While thirty rolling years their orbs complete,

Shall wear the crown, and from Lavinium's seat

360

Transfer the kingdom; and, of mighty length

Raise tow'ring Alba, glorying in her strength.

There, shall the Trojan race enjoy the pow'r,

And fill the throne three hundred winters more.

Ili, the royal priestess, next shall bear

365

Two lovely infants to the god of war,

Nurs'd by a tawny wolf, her eldest son,

Imperial Romulus, shall mount the throne;

From his own name, the people Romans call,

And from his father Mars, his rising wall.

370

No limits have I fix'd, of time, or place,

To the vast empire of the godlike race,

Ev'n haughty Juno shall the nation love,

Who now alarms earth, seas, and heav'n above;

R 3

And

And join her friendly counsels to my own, 375 }
 With endless fame the sons of Rome to crown,
 The world's majestic lords, the nation of the gown. }
 This word be fate—an hour shall wing its way,
 When Troy in dust shall proud Mycenæ lay.
 In Greece, Assaracus, his sons shall reign, 380
 And vanquish'd Argos wear the victor's chain.
 Then Cæsar, call'd by great Iulus name,
 (Whose empire ocean bounds, the stars his fame)
 Sprung from the noble Trojan line, shall rise
 Charg'd with his Eastern spoils, and mount the skies. 385
 Him, shall you see, advanc'd to these abodes;
 Ador'd by Rome; a god among the gods.
 From that blest hour all violence shall cease,
 The age grow mild; and soften into peace.
 With righteous Rhemus shall Quirinus reign, 390
 Old faith, and Vesta, shall return again;
 With many a solid hinge, and brazen bar,
 Shall Janus close the horrid gates of war.
 Within the fane dire Fury shall be bound,
 With a huge heap of shatter'd arms around; 395
 Wrapt in an hundred chains, beneath the load
 The fiend shall roar, and grind his teeth in blood.
 The thund'rer said, and down th' aërial way
 Sent with his high commands the son of May;
 That Carthage may throw wide her friendly tow'rs, 400
 And grant her guests the freedom of her shores;
 Lest Dido, blind to fate, and Jove's decree,
 Should shut her ports, and drive them to the sea.

Swift

Swift on the steerage of his wings he flies,
And shoots the vast expansion of the skies. 405
Arriv'd, th' almighty's orders he performs,
Charm'd by the god, no more the nation storms
With jealous rage; in chief the queen inclin'd
To peace, and mild benevolence of mind.

All night involv'd in cares Æneas lay, 410
But rose impatient at the dawn of day,
To view the coast, the country to explore,
And learn if men, or beasts possess'd the shore,
(For wide around the gloomy waste extends)
And bear the tidings to his anxious friends. 415

Beneath a shelving rock his fleet dispos'd,
With waving woods and awful shades inclos'd,
Two glitt'ring spears he shook with martial pride,
And forth he march'd; Achates at his side.
As through the wilds the chief his course pursu'd 420
He meets his goddess-mother in the wood;
In show, an huntress she appear'd, array'd
In arms and habit like a Spartan maid;
Or swift Harpalyce of Thrace, whose speed
Out-flew the wings of winds, and tir'd the rapid steed.
Bare was her knee; and with an easy pride 426
Her polish'd bow hung graceful at her side.

Close, in a knot, her flowing robes she drew;
Loose to the winds her wanton tresses flew.
Ho! gentle youths, she cry'd, have you beheld 430
One of my sisters wand'ring o'er the field,
Girt with a speckled lynx's vary'd hide,
A painted quiver rattling at her side?

Or have you seen her with an eager pace
 Urge with full cries the foaming boar in chace? 435
 None of your charming sisterhood (he said)
 Have we beheld, or heard, oh! beauteous maid.
 Your name, oh! nymph, or oh! fair goddess, say?
 A goddess, sure, or sister of the day,
 You draw your birth from some immortal line, 440
 Your looks are heav'nly, and your voice divine,
 Tell me, on what new climate are we thrown?
 Alike the natives and the lands unknown;
 By the wild waves, and swelling surges tost,
 We wander strangers on a foreign coast. 445
 Then will we still invoke your sacred name,
 And with fat victims shall your altars flame.
 No goddess' awful name, she said, I bear;
 For know, the Tyrian maids, by custom, here,
 The purple buskin, and a quiver wear. 450
 Your eyes behold Agenor's walls aspire;
 The Punic realms; a colony from Tyre.
 See! wide around, waste Libya's bounds appear,
 Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war.
 From her fierce brother's vengeance, o'er the main, 455
 From Tyre, fled Dido, and enjoys the reign;
 The tale is intricate, perplex'd and long;
 Hear then, in short, the story of her wrong.
 Sichæus was her lord, beyond the rest
 Of the Phœnician race, with riches blest; 460
 Much lov'd by Dido, whom her father led
 Pure, and a virgin, to his nuptial bed.

Her

her brother, fierce Pygmalion, fill'd the throne
 of Tyre, in vice unrivall'd and alone.

He lay at the sacred altar in a strife 465

By stealth the tyrant shed his brother's life;
 And with the charms of gold, his faulchion drove,
 Stern, and regardless of his sister's love.

Then, with fond hopes, deceiv'd her for a time,
 And forg'd pretences to conceal the crime. 470

But her unbury'd lord, before her sight,
 Rose in a frightful vision of the night:

Around her bed he stalks; grim! ghastly! pale!
 And, staring wide, unfolds the horrid tale
 Of the dire altars, dash'd with blood around; 475

Then bares his breast, and points to every wound;

Warns her to fly the land without delay;

And to support her through the tedious way,

Shews where, in massy piles, his bury'd treasure lay. }

Alarms'd, and alarm'd, the wife her flight intends, 480

Obeys the summons, and convenes her friends:

They meet, they join, and in her cause engage,

All, who detest, or dread the tyrant's rage.

Some ships, already rigg'd they seiz'd, and stow'd

Their sides with gold; then launch'd into the flood. 485

They sail; the bold exploit a woman guides;

Pygmalion's wealth is waisted o'er the tides.

They came, where now you see new Carthage rise,

And yon proud citadel invade the skies.

The wand'ring exiles bought a space of ground 490

Which one bull-hide inclos'd and compass'd round;

Hence

Hence Byrsa nam'd: but now, ye strangers, say,
Who? whence you are? and whither lies your way?

Deep, from his soul, he draws a length of sighs,
And, with a mournful accent, thus replies. 49
Shou'd I, O goddess, from their source relate,
Or you attend, the annals of our fate,
The golden sun would sink, and ev'ning close,
Before my tongue could tell you half our woes.
By Grecian foes expell'd from Troy we came, 50
From ancient Troy (if e'er you heard the name)
Through various seas; when lo! a tempest roars,
And raging drives us on the Libyan shores.
The good *ÆNEAS* am I call'd; my fame,
And brave exploits, have reach'd the starry frame: 50
From Grecian flames I bear my rescu'd gods,
Safe in my vessels, o'er the stormy floods.
In search of ancient Italy I rove,
And draw my lineage from almighty Jove.
A goddess-mother and the Fates, my guides, 51
With twenty ships I plough'd the Phrygian tides,
Scarce sev'n of all my fleet are left behind,
Rent by the waves, and shatter'd by the wind.
Myself, from Europe and from Asia cast,
A helpless stranger rove the Libyan waste. 51

No more could Venus hear her son bewail
His various woes, but interrupts his tale.
Whoc'er you are, arriv'd in these abodes,
No wretch I deem abandon'd by the gods;
Hence then, with haste, to yon' proud palace bend 520
Your course, and on the gracious queen attend.

Your friends are safe, the winds are chang'd again,
Or all my skill in augury is vain!

See those twelve swans, a flock triumphant, fly,
Whom lately shooting from th' etherial sky, 525

Th' imperial bird of Jove dispers'd around,
Some hov'ring o'er, some settling on the ground.

As these returning clap their sounding wings,
Ride round the skies, and sport in airy rings;

So have your friends and ships possess'd the strand, 530
Or with full-bellied sails approach the land.

Haste to the palace then, without delay,
And, as this path directs, pursue your way.

She said, and turning round, her neck she show'd,
That with celestial charms divinely glow'd. 535

Her waving looks immortal odours shed,
And breath'd ambrosial scents around her head.

Her sweeping robe trail'd pompous as she trod,
And her majestic port confess'd the god.

Soon as he knows her through the coy disguise, 540
He thus pursues his mother as she flies.

Must never, never more our hands be join'd?

Are you, like heaven, grown cruel and unkind?

Why must those borrow'd shapes delude your son?

And why, ah! why those accents not your own? 545

He said; then sought the town; but Venus throws
And wraps their persons in a veil of clouds;

That none may interpose to cause delay,

Nor fondly curious ask them of their way.

Through air sublime the queen of love retreats 550

To Paphos' stately tow'rs, and blissful seats;

Where

Where to her name an hundred altars rise,
 And gums, and flow'ry wreaths, perfume the skies.
 Now o'er the lofty hill they bend their way,
 Whence all the rising town in prospect lay,
 And tow'rs and temples; for the mountain's brow
 Hung bending o'er, and shaded all below.
 Where late the cottage stood, with glad surprise
 The prince beholds the stately palace rise;
 On the pav'd streets, and gates, looks wond'ring down
 And all the crowd and tumult of the town.
 The Tyrians ply their work; with many a groan
 These roll, or heave some huge unwieldy stone;
 Those bid the lofty citadel ascend;
 Some in vast length th' embattled walls extend;
 Others for future dwellings choose the ground,
 Mark out the spot, and draw the furrow round.
 Some, useful laws propose, and some the choice
 Of sacred senates, and elect by voice.
 These sink a spacious mole beneath the sea,
 Those a huge theatre's foundation lay;
 Hew massy columns from the mountain's side,
 Of future scenes an ornamental pride.
 Thus to their toils, in early summer, run
 The clust'ring bees, and labour in the sun;
 Led forth, in colonies, their buzzing race,
 Or work the liquid sweets, and thicken to a mass.
 The busy nation flies from flow'r to flow'r,
 And hoards, in curious cells, the golden store;
 A chosen troop before the gate attends,
 To take the burdens, and relieve their friends;

Warm

Warm at the fragrant work, in bands, they drive
The drone, a lazy robber, from the hive.

The prince surveys the lofty tow'rs, and cries,
Blest, blest are you, whose walls already rise: 585

Then, strange to tell, he mingled with the crowds,
And pass'd, unseen, involv'd in mantling clouds.

Amid the town, a stately grove display'd
A cooling shelter, and delightful shade.

Here, tost by winds and waves, the Tyrians found 590

A courser's head within the sacred ground;

An omen sent by Juno, to declare

A fruitful soil, and race renown'd in war.

A temple here Sidonian Dido rais'd

To heav'n's dread empress, that with riches blaz'd; 595

Unnumber'd gifts adorn'd the costly shrine,

By her own presence hallow'd and divine.

Brass were the steps, the beams with brass were strong,

The lofty doors, on brazen hinges, rung.

Here, a strange scene before his eyes appears, 600

To raise his courage, and dispel his fears;

Here first, he hopes his fortunes to redress:

And finds a glimmering prospect of success.

While for the queen he waited, and amaz'd,

O'er the proud shrine and pompous temple gaz'd; 605

While he the town admires, and wond'ring stands

At the rich labours of the artists' hands;

Amid the story'd walls, he saw appear,

In speaking paint, the tedious Trojan war;

The war, that fame had blaz'd the world around, 610

And every battle fought on Phrygian ground.

There

There Priam stood, and Agamemnon here,
 And Pelus' wrathful son, to both severe.
 Struck with the view, oh! friend, the hero cries,
 (Tears, as he spoke, came starting from his eyes) 61
 Lo! the wide world our miseries employ;
 What realm abounds not with the woes of Troy?
 See! where the venerable Priam stands!
 See virtue honour'd in the Libyan sands!
 For Troy, the generous tears of Carthage flow; 62
 And Tyrian breasts are touch'd with human woe.
 Now banish fear, for since the Trojan name
 Is known, we find our safety in our fame.

Thus while his soul the moving picture fed,
 A show'r of tears the groaning hero shed. 62
 For here, the fainting Greeks in flight he view'd;
 And there the Trojans to their walls pursu'd
 By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful spear,
 Whirl'd on his kindling chariot through the war.
 Not far from thence, proud Rhaefus' tents he knows 63
 By their white veils, that match'd the winter snows,
 Betray'd and stretch'd amidst his slaughter'd train,
 And, while he slept, by fierce Tydides slain;
 Who drove his courfers from the scene of blood,
 Ere the fierce steeds had tasted Trojan food, 635
 Or drank divine Scamander's fatal flood.

There Troilus lies disarm'd (unhappy boy!)
 From stern Achilles, round the fields of Troy:
 Unequal he! to such an arm in war!
 Supine, and trailing from his empty car, 640

Still,

Still, though in death, he grasps the flowing reins,
 His startled courfers whirl him o'er the plains :
 The spear inverted streaks the dust around ;
 His snowy neck and tresses sweep the ground.
 Mean time a pensive supplicating train 645
 Of Trojan matrons, to Minerva's fane
 In sad procession with a robe repair,
 Beat their white breasts, and rend their golden hair.
 Unmov'd with pray'rs, disdainfully she frown'd,
 And fix'd her eyes, relentless on the ground. 650
 Achilles here, his vengeance to enjoy,
 Twice dragg'd brave Hector round the walls of Troy :
 Then to the mournful fire, the victor sold
 The breathless body of his son for gold.
 His groans now deepen'd, and new tears he shed, 655
 To see the spoils and chariot of the dead,
 And Priam both his trembling hands extend,
 And, gash'd with wounds, his dear disfigur'd friend.
 Mix'd with the Grecian peers, and hostile train, 660
 Himself he view'd, conspicuous in the plain ;
 And swarthy Memnon, glorious to behold,
 His eastern hosts, and arms that flame with gold.
 All furious led Penthesilea there,
 With moony shields, her Amazons to war ;
 Around her breast her golden belt she threw ; 665
 Then through the thick-embattled squadrons flew ;
 Amidst the thousands stood the dire alarms,
 And the fierce maid engag'd the men in arms.
 Thus, while the Trojan hero stood amaz'd,
 And, fix'd in wonder, on the picture gaz'd, 670
 With

With all her guards, fair Dido, from below,
 Ascends the dome, majestically flow.
 As on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' heads,
 A thousand beauteous nymphs Diana leads,
 While round their quiver'd queen the quires advance,
 She tow'rs majestic, as she leads the dance;
 She moves in pomp superior to the rest,
 And secret transports touch Latona's breast.
 So pass'd the graceful queen amidst her train,
 To speed her labours and her future reign.
 Then with her guards surrounded, in the gate,
 Beneath the spacious dome, sublime she fate.
 She shares their labours, or by lots she draws;
 And to the crowd administers the laws.
 When lo! Æneas brave Cloanthus spies,
 Antheus, and great Sergestus, with surprise,
 Approach the throne, attended by a throng
 Of Trojan friends, that pour'd in tides along;
 Whom the wild whistling winds and tempests bore,
 And widely scatter'd on a distant shore.
 Lost in his hopes and fears, amaz'd he stands,
 And with Achates longs to join their hands:
 But doubtful of th' event, he first attends,
 Wrapt in the cloud, the fortune of his friends;
 Anxious, and eager till he knew their state,
 And where their vessels lay, and what their fate.
 With cries, the royal favour to implore,
 They came, a train selected, from the shore:
 Then, leave obtain'd, Ilioneus begun,
 And, with their common suit, address the throne.

Oh
 And th
 With l
 And to
 We w
 Toft r
 Oh! c
 Ere th
 Oh! f
 And v
 We co
 With
 To be
 No---
 Once
 'Twas
 (For
 But fi
 To th
 When
 All cl
 And
 With
 Dath
 The
 Their
 Wha
 Wha
 In a
 From
 V
 Oh

Oh! queen, indulg'd by Jove, these lofty tow'rs
 And this proud town to raise on Libyan shores,
 With high commands, a savage race to awe,
 And to the barb'rous natives give the law,
 We wretched Trojans; an abandon'd race, 705
 Tost round the seas; implore your royal grace;
 Oh! check your subjects, and their rage reclaim,
 Ere their wild fury wrap our fleet in flame.
 Oh! save a pious race; regard our cry;
 And view our anguish with a melting eye. 710
 We come not, mighty queen, an hostile band,
 With sword and fire, and, ravaging the land,
 To bear your spoils triumphant to the shore;
 No---to such thoughts the vanquish'd durst not soar.
 Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place, 715
 'Twas call'd Hesperia by the Grecian race,
 (For martial deeds and fruits, renown'd by fame)
 But since Italia, from the leader's name;
 To that blest shore we steer'd our destin'd way,
 When sudden, dire Orion rous'd the sea; 720
 All charg'd with tempests rose the baleful star,
 And on our navy pour'd his wat'ry war;
 With sweeping whirlwinds cast our vessels wide,
 Dash'd on rough rocks, or driving with the tide:
 The few sad relicks of our navy bore 725
 Their course to this unhospitable shore.
 What are the customs of this barbarous place?
 What more than savage this inhuman race?
 In arms they rise, and drive us from the strand,
 From the last verge, and limits of the land. 730
 Vol. LII. S Know,

Know, if divine and human laws you flight,
 The gods, the gods will all our wrongs requite;
 Vengeance is their's; and their's to guard his right.
 Æneas was our king, of high renown;
 Great, good, and brave; and war was all his own. 735
 If still he lives, and breathes this vital air,
 Nor we, his friends and subjects, shall despair;
 Nor you, great queen, repent, that you employ
 Your kind compassion in the cause of Troy.
 Besides, on high the Trojan ensigns soar, 740
 And Trojan cities grace Sicilia's shore;
 Where great Acestes, of the Dardan strain,
 Deriv'd from ancient Teucer, holds his reign.
 Permit us, from your woods, new planks and oars
 To fell, and bring our vessels on your shores; 745
 That, if our prince and friends return again,
 With joy, from Latium, we may plough the main.
 But if those hopes are vanish'd quite away,
 If lost, and swallow'd in the Libyan sea,
 You lie, great guardian of the Trojan state, 750
 And young Iulus shares his father's fate;
 Oh! let us sink Sicilia's shores again,
 And fly from hence to good Acestes' reign.
 He spoke; a loud assent ran murmuring thro' the train.

Thus then, in short, the gracious queen replies, 755
 While on the ground she fixt her modest eyes:
 Trojans, be bold; against my will, my fate,
 A throne unsettled, and an infant state,
 Bid me defend my realms with all my pow'rs,
 And guard with these severities my shores. 760

Lives

Lives there a stranger to the Trojan name,
 Their valour, arms, and chiefs of mighty fame?
 We know the war that set the world on fire;
 Nor are so void of sense the sons of Tyre:
 For here his beams indulgent Phœbus sheds, 765
 And rolls his flaming chariot o'er our heads.
 Seek you, my friends, the blest Saturnian plains,
 Or fair Trinacria, where Acestes reigns?
 With aids supply'd, and furnish'd from my stores,
 Safe will I send you from the Libyan shores. 770
 Or would you stay to raise this growing town?
 Fix here your seat; and Carthage is your own.
 Haste, draw your ships to shore; to me the same,
 Your Troy and Tyre shall differ but in name.
 And oh! that great Æneas had been tost, 775
 By the same storm, on the same friendly coast!
 But I will send, my borders to explore,
 And trace the windings of the mazy shore.
 Perchance, already thrown on these abodes,
 He roams the towns, or wanders thro' the woods. 780
 Rais'd in their hopes the friend and hero stood;
 And long'd to break, transported, from the cloud.
 Oh! goddess-born! cry'd brave Achates, say,
 What are your thoughts, and why this long delay?
 All safe you see; your friends and fleet restor'd; 785
 One (whom we saw) the whirling gulf devour'd.
 Lo! with the rest your mother's words agree,
 All but Orontes 'scap'd the raging sea.
 Swift as he spoke, the vapours break away,
 Dissolve in æther, and refine to day. 790

Radiant in open view, Æneas stood,
 In form and looks, majestic as a god.
 Flush'd with the bloom of youth, his features shine,
 His hair in ringlets waves with grace divine.
 The queen of love the glance divine supplies, 795
 And breathes immortal spirit in his eyes.
 Like Parian marble beauteous to behold,
 Or silver's milder gleam in burnish'd gold,
 Or polish'd iv'ry, shone the godlike man:
 All stood surpris'd; and thus the prince began. 800
 Æneas, whom you seek, you here survey;
 Escap'd the tempest of the Libyan sea,
 O Dido, gracious queen, who make alone
 The woes, and cause, of wretched Troy you own;
 And shelter in your walls, with pious care, 805
 Her sons, the relicks of the Grecian war;
 Who all the forms of misery have bore,
 Storms on the sea, and dangers on the shore;
 Nor we, nor all the Dardan nation, hurl'd
 Wide o'er the globe, and scatter'd round the world, 810
 But the good gods, with blessings, shall repay
 Your bounteous deeds, the gods and only they;
 (If pious acts, if justice they regard;)
 And your clear conscience stands its own reward.
 How blest this age that has such virtue seen? 815
 How blest the parents of so great a queen?
 While to the sea the rivers roll, and shades
 With awful pomp surround the mountain heads;
 While æther shines, with golden planets grac'd,
 So long your honour, name, and praise shall last: 820

What-

Whatever realm my fortune has assign'd,
Still will I bear your image in my mind.

This said, the pious chief of Troy extends
His hands around, and hails his joyful friends:

His left Sergestus grasp'd with vast delight, 825
To great Ilioneus he gave the right.

Cloanthus, Gyas, and the Dardan train,
All, in their turns, embrac'd the prince again.

Charm'd with his presence, Dido gaz'd him o'er,
Admir'd his fortune much, his person more. 830

What fate, O goddess-born, she said, has tost
So brave a hero on this barbarous coast?

Are you Æneas, who in Ida's grove
Sprung from Anchises and the queen of love
By Simois' streams? and now I call to mind, 835

When Teucer left his native shores behind;
The banish'd prince to Sidon came, to gain
Great Belus' aid, to fix him in his reign;

Then the rich Cyprian isle, my warlike fire
Subdu'd, and ravag'd wide with sword and fire. 840

From him I learnt the Grecian kings of fame,
The fall of Ilion, and your glorious name:

He on your valour, though a foe, with joy
Would dwell, and proudly trace his birth from Troy.

Come to my palace then, my royal guest, 845
And, with your friends, indulge the genial feast.

My wand'rings and my fate resembling yours,
At length I settled on these Libyan shores;

And, touch'd with miseries myself have known,
I view, with pity, woes so like my own. 850

She spoke, then leads him to her proud abodes,
 Ordains a feast, and offerings to the gods.
 Twice fifty bleating lambs and ewes she sends,
 And twice ten brawny oxen to his friends :
 A hundred bristly boars, and monstrous swine ; 85
 With Bacchus' gifts, a store of generous wine.
 The inner rooms in regal pomp display'd,
 The splended feasts in ample halls are made ;
 Where, labour'd o'er with art, rich carpets lie,
 That glow refulgent with the purple dye. 86
 The boards are pil'd with plate of curious mould ;
 And their forefathers' deeds, in times of old,
 Blaz'd round the bowls, and charg'd the rising gold. }

No more the prince his eager love suppress,
 All the fond parent struggled in his breast. 86
 He sends Achates to inform his son,
 And guide the young Ascanius to the town ;
 (On his Ascanius turn his fear and joy,
 The father's cares are center'd in the boy ;)
 To bring rich presents to the queen of Tyre, 87
 And relicks, rescued from the Trojan fire.
 A mantle wrought with saffron foliage round ;
 And a stiff robe with golden figures crown'd ;
 Fair Helen's dress, when, fir'd with lawless joy,
 She left her native walls to ruin Troy, 87
 (Her mother's present in the bridal hour ;)
 With gold a shining sceptre studded o'er,
 That wont Hione's fair hand to grace,
 The eldest nymph of Priam's beauteous race ;

Her necklace, strung with pearls ; her crown, that glows
 Instarr'd with gems and gold in double rows. 881
 To bring the splendid gifts without delay,
 Swift to the fleet, Achates bends his way.

855 But beauteous Venus in her breast design'd
 New wiles, and plann'd new counsels in her mind, 885
 That winged Cupid to the court should come
 Like sweet Ascanius, in Ascanius' room ;
 With the rich gifts the Tyrian queen inspire,
 860 And kindle in her veins the raging fire.

Her dread of Juno's arts, who guards the place, 890
 Her just suspicions of the treach'rous race,
 Break, each revolving night, her golden rest :
 And thus the suppliant queen the god address.

865 Oh son ! my strength ! supreme in heav'n above !
 Whose arrows triumph o'er the bolts of Jove : 895
 To thee I fly, thy succour to implore,
 Court thy protection, and thy pow'r adore.

To tell how Juno's restless rage has tost
 870 Your brother round the seas, and ev'ry coast,
 Is but to mention what too well you know, 900
 Who sigh'd my sighs, and wept a mother's woe.
 Him, in her own town, the Tyrian queen detains,
 With soft seducements, from the Latian plains.

875 But much I fear that hospitable place,
 Where Juno reigns the guardian of the race : 905
 And lest this fair occasion she improve,
 Know, I design to fire the queen with love ;
 A love, beyond the cure of pow'rs divine ;
 Her A love as strong, and violent as mine.

But how the proud Phœnician to surprise 910
 With such a passion, hear what I advise,
 The royal youth, Ascanius, from the port,
 Hastes, by his father's summons, to the court;
 With costly presents charg'd he takes his way,
 Say'd from the Trojan flames, and stormy sea; 915
 But to prevent suspicion, will I steep
 His temples in the dews of balmy sleep,
 Then to Cythera's sacred seats remove,
 Or softly lay him in th' Idalian grove.
 This one revolving night, thyself a boy, 920
 Wear thou the features of the youth of Troy;
 And when the queen, transported with thy charms,
 Amidst the feast, shall strain thee in her arms,
 The gentle poison by degrees inspire
 Through all her breast; then fan the rising fire, 925
 And kindle all her soul. The mother said,
 With joy the god her soft commands obey'd.
 Aside his quiver, and his wings he flung,
 And, like the boy Iulus, tript along.
 Mean time the goddess on Ascanius throws 930
 A balmy slumber and a sweet repose;
 Lull'd in her lap to rest, the queen of love
 Convey'd him to the high Idalian grove.
 There on a flow'ry bed her charge she laid,
 And, breathing round him, rose the fragrant shade. 935
 Now Cupid, pleas'd his orders to obey,
 Brought the rich gifts; Achates led the way.
 He came, and found on costly carpets spread
 The queen majestic midst her golden bed.

The

The great Æneas and the Trojans lie 940

On pompous couches stain'd with Tyrian dye :

Soft towels for their hands th' attendants bring,

And limpid water from the crystal spring.

They wash ; the menial train the tables spread ;

And heap in glitt'ring canisters the bread. 245

To dress the feast, full fifty handmaids join,

And burn rich incense to the pow'rs divine ;

A hundred boys and virgins stood around,

The banquet marshall'd, and the goblet crown'd.

To fill th' embroider'd beds the Tyrians come 950

Rank behind rank ; and crowd the regal room.

The guests the gorgeous gifts and boy admire,

His voice, and looks, that glow with youthful fire ;

The veil and foliage wond'ring they behold,

And the rich robe that flam'd with figur'd gold : 955

But chief the queen, the boy and presents move,

The queen, already doom'd to fatal love.

Infatiate in her joy, she fate amaz'd,

Gaz'd on his face, and kindled as she gaz'd.

First, his dissembled father he carest, 960

Hung round his neck, and play'd upon his breast ;

Next to the queen's embraces he withdrew ;

She look'd, and sent her soul at ev'ry view :

Then took him on her lap, devour'd his charms ;

Nor knew poor Dido, blind to future harms, 965 }

How great a god she fondled in her arms.

But he, now mindful of his mother, stole

By slow degrees Sichæus from her soul ;

Her

Her soul, rekindling, in her husband's stead,
Admits the prince; the living for the dead.

Soon as the banquet paus'd, to raise their souls 970
With sparkling wine they crown the massy bowls.
Through the wide hall the rolling echo bounds,
The palace rings, the vaulted dome resounds.
The blazing torches, and the lamps display, 975
From golden roofs, an artificial day.
Now Dido crowns the bowl of state with wine,
The bowl of Belus, and the regal line.
Her hands aloft the shining goblet hold,
Pond'rous with gems, and rough with sculptur'd gold. 980
When silence was proclaim'd, the royal fair
Thus to the gods address her fervent pray'r.

Almighty Jove! who plead'st the stranger's cause;
Great guardian god of hospitable laws!
Oh! grant this day to circle still with joy, 985
Through late posterity, to Tyre and Troy.
Be thou, O Bacchus! god of mirth, a guest;
And thou, O Juno! grace the genial feast.
And you, my lords of Tyre, your fears remove,
And shew your guests benevolence and love. 990
She said, and on the board, in open view,
The first libation to the gods she threw:
Then sip'd the wine, and gave to Bitias' hand:
He rose, obedient to the queen's command;
At once the thirsty Trojan swill'd the whole, 995
Sunk the full gold, and drain'd the foaming bowl.
Then thro' the peers, with sparkling nectar crown'd,
The goblet circles, and the health goes round.

With

With curling tresses grac'd, and rich attire,
 Iopas stands, and sweeps the golden lyre; 1000
 The truths, which ancient Atlas taught, he sings,
 And nature's secrets, on the sounding strings.
 Why Cynthia changes; why the sun retires,
 Shorn of his radiant beams, and genial fires;
 From what originals, and causes, came 1005
 Mankind and beasts, the rain, and rising flame;
 Arcturus, dreadful with his stormy star;
 The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car;
 Why suns in summer the flow night detain,
 And rush so swift in winter to the main. 1010
 With shouts the Tyrians praise the song divine,
 And in the loud applause the Trojans join.
 The queen, in various talk, prolongs the hours,
 Drinks deep of love, and ev'ry word devours;
 This moment longs of Hector to enquire, 1015
 The next of Priam, his unhappy fire;
 What arms adorn'd Aurora's glorious son;
 How high, above his hosts, Achilles shone;
 How brave Tydides thunder'd on his car;
 How his fierce couriers swept the ranks of war. 1020
 Nay, but at large, my godlike guest, relate
 The Grecian wiles, the said, and Ilion's fate;
 How far your course around the globe extends,
 And what the woes and fortunes of your friends:
 For, since your wander'd every shore and sea, 1025
 Have sev'n revolving summers roll'd away.

End of the First Book.

VIRGIL'S

Æ

V I R G I L's
Æ N E I D.

B O O K II.

A R G U M E N T.

Æneas relates how the city of *Troy* was taken, after a ten years siege, by the treachery of *Sinon*, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixt resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at last, having been before advised by *Hector's* ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother *Venus*, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK II.

ALL gaz'd in silence, with an eager look,
 Then from the golden couch the hero spoke.
 Ah mighty queen ! you urge me to disclose,
 And feel, once more, unutterable woes ;
 How vengeful Greece with victory was crown'd, 5
 And Troy's fair empire humbled to the ground ;
 Those direful scenes I saw on Phrygia's shore,
 Those wars in which so large a part I bore,
 The fiercest Argive would with tears bewail,
 And stern Ulysses tremble at the tale : 10
 And lo ! the night precipitates away ;
 The stars, grown dim before the dawning day,
 Call to repose ; but since you long to know,
 And curious listen to the story'd woe ;
 Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell, 15
 But with a bleeding heart, how Ilion fell.

The Grecian kings, (for many a rolling year,
 Repell'd by fate, and harrafs'd by the war ;)
 By Pallas' aid, of season'd fir compose
 A steed, that tow'ring like a mountain rose : 20
 This they pretend their common vow, to gain
 A safe return, and measure back the main :

Such

Such the report ; but guileful Argos hides
 Her bravest heroes in the monster's fides ;
 Deep, deep within, they throng'd the dreadful gloom,
 And half a host lay ambush'd in the womb.

An isle, in ancient times renown'd by fame,
 Lies full in view, and Tenedos the name ;
 Once blest with wealth, while Priam held the sway,
 But now a broken, rough, and dang'rous bay :
 Thither their unsuspected course they bore,
 And hid their hosts within the winding shore.
 We deem'd them sail'd for Greece ; transported Troy
 Forgot her woes, and gave a loose to joy ;
 Threw wide her gates, and pour'd forth all her train,
 To view th' abandon'd camp, and empty plain.
 Here the Dolopian troops their station held ;
 There proud Achilles' tent o'erlook'd the field ;
 Here rang'd the thousand vessels stood, and there
 In conflicts join'd the furious sons of war.
 Some view the gift of Pallas with surprise,
 The fatal monster, and its wondrous size.
 And first Thymoetes mov'd the crowd to lead
 And lodge within the tower the lofty steed ;
 Or, with design, his country to destroy,
 Or fate determin'd now the fall of Troy.
 But hoary Capys, and the wise, require
 To plunge the treacherous gift of Greece in fire,
 Or whelm the mighty monster in the tides,
 Or bore the ribs, and search the cavern'd fides,
 Their own wild will the noisy crowds obey,
 And vote, as partial fancy points the way ;

Till

Till bold Laocoon, with a mighty train,
 From the high tower rush'd furious to the plain;
 And sent his voice from far, with rage inspir'd--- 55
 What madness, Trojans, has your bosoms fir'd?
 Think you the Greeks are sail'd before the wind?
 Think you these presents safe, they leave behind?
 And is Ulysses banish'd from your mind?
 Or this prodigious fabric must inclose, 60
 Deep in its darksome womb, our ambush'd foes;
 Or 'tis some engine, rais'd to batter down
 The tow'rs of Ilion, or command the town;
 Ah! trust not Greece, nor touch her gifts abhorr'd;
 Her gifts are more destructive than her sword. 65

Swift as the word, his pond'rous lance he threw;
 Against the sides the furious javelin flew,
 Through the wide womb a spacious passage found,
 And shook with long vibrations in the wound.
 The monster greans, and shakes the distant shore; 70
 And round his caverns roll'd, the deep'ning thunders roar.
 Then, had not partial Fate conspir'd to blind,
 With more than madness, ev'ry Trojan mind,
 The crowd the treach'rous ambush had explor'd,
 And not a Greek had 'scap'd the vengeful sword; 75
 Old Priam still his empire would enjoy,
 And still thy tow'rs had stood, majestic Troy!

Meantime, before the king, the Dardan swains,
 With shouts triumphant, brought a youth in chains,
 A willing captive to the Trojan hands, 80
 To open Ilion to the Grecian bands;

Bold and determin'd either fate to try;
 Resolv'd to circumvent, or fix'd to die.
 The troops tumultuous gather round the foe,
 To see the captive, and insult his woe. 85
 Now hear the falsehoods of the Grecian train;
 All, all in one; a nation in a man.
 For while confounded and disarm'd he stands,
 And trembling views around the Phrygian bands,
 Alas! what hospitable land, (he cry'd) 90
 Or oh! what seas a wand'ring wretch will hide?
 Not only banish'd from the Grecian state;
 But Troy, avenging Troy, demands my fate.

His melting tears, and moving sighs control
 Our rising rage, and soften ev'ry soul. 95
 We bid him tell his race, and long to know
 The fate and tidings of a captive foe.
 At length, encourag'd thus, the youth reply'd,
 And laid his well-dissembled fears aside.

All, all, with truth, great monarch, I confess, 100
 And first I own my birth deriv'd from Greece;
 Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy
 The frowns of fortune, and disdains a lye.
 You know, perchance, great Palamedes' name,
 Through many a distant realm renown'd by fame; 105
 Condemn'd, tho' guiltless, when he mov'd for peace,
 Condemn'd for treason by the voice of Greece.
 Though false the charge, the glorious hero bled,
 But now the Greeks deplore the warrior dead.
 Me, yet a youth, my father sent to share 110
 With him, my kinsman, in the toils of war.

Long as that hero stood secure from fate.
 Long as his counsels prop'd the Grecian state,
 Ev'n I could boast an honourable name,
 And claim some title to a share of fame; 115
 But when the prince, (a well-known truth I tell)
 By dire Ulysses' arts and envy fell;
 Soon as he ceas'd to breathe this vital air,
 I drag'd my days in darkness and despair.
 And, if kind heav'n shou'd give me back once more 120
 Safe and triumphant to my native shore,
 For innocence condemn'd, revenge I vow'd,
 Mad as I was, and spoke my rage aloud.
 This mov'd Ulysses' hate, and hence arose
 My past misfortunes, and my present woes. 125
 Eager he sought the means, and watch'd the time
 To charge me too with some pretended crime.
 For conscious of his guilt, my death he vow'd,
 And with dark hints amus'd the list'ning crowd.
 At length with Calchas he concerts the scheme— 130
 But why, why dwell I on this hateful theme?
 Or why detain you with a tale of woe?
 Since you determine ev'ry Greek, a foe.
 Strike, strike; th' Atrides will my death enjoy,
 And dire Ulysses thank the sword of Troy. 135
 Now blind to Grecian frauds, we burn to know
 With fond desire the causes of his woe;
 Who thus, still trembling as he stood, and pale,
 Pursu'd the moving melancholy tale.
 Oft' had our hosts determin'd to employ 140
 Their sails for Greece, and leave untaken Troy,
 T 2 Urg'd

Urg'd to a shameful flight, from deep despair,
 And the long labours of a ten years war.
 And oh ! that they had fail'd !—as oft' the force
 Of southern winds, and tempests stop'd their course. 145
 But since this steed was rais'd ; strait, bellowing loud,
 Deep thunders roar'd, and burst from every cloud.
 We sent Eurypilus to Phœbus' shrine,
 Who brought this sentence from the voice divine ;
 When first ye fail'd for Troy, ye calm'd the main 150
 With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin slain ;
 And ere you measure back the foamy flood,
 Know, you must buy a safe return with blood.
 These awful words to ev'ry Greek impart
 Surprise and dread, and chill the bravest heart ; 155
 To the dire stroke each thought himself decreed,
 Himself the victim that for Greece should bleed.
 Ulysses then, importunate and loud,
 Produc'd sage Calchas to the trembling crowd,
 Bade him the secret will of heav'n relate—— 160
 And now my friends could prophesy my fate ;
 And base Ulysses' wicked arts, they said,
 Were levell'd all at my devoted head.
 Ten days the prophet from the crowd retir'd,
 Nor mark'd the victim that the gods requir'd. 165
 So long besieg'd by Ithacus he stood,
 And seem'd reluctant to the voice of blood ;
 At length he spoke, and, as the scheme was laid,
 Doom'd to the slaughter my destin'd head,
 All prais'd the sentence, and were pleas'd to see 170
 The fate that threaten'd all, confin'd to me.

And

And now the dire tremendous day was come,
 When all prepar'd to solemnize my doom;
 The salted barley on my front was spread,
 The sacred fillets bound my destin'd head: 175
 I fled th' appointed slaughter, I confess,
 And, till our troops should hoist their sails for Greece,
 Swift to a slimy lake I took my flight,
 Lay wrapt in flags, and cover'd by the night.
 And now these eyes shall view my native shore, 180
 My dear, dear children, and my fire no more;
 Whom haply Greece to slaughter has decreed,
 And for my fatal flight condemn'd to bleed.
 But thee, O gracious monarch, I implore
 By ev'ry god, by ev'ry sacred pow'r, 185
 Who conscious of the facts my lips relate,
 With truth inspire me to declare my fate;
 By all the solemn sanctions that can bind
 In holy ties the faith of human kind;
 Have mercy, mercy, on a guiltless foe, 190
 O'erwhelm'd and sunk with such a weight of woe!
 His life we gave him, and dispell'd his fears,
 Touch'd with his moving eloquence of tears;
 And, melting first, the good old king commands
 To free the captive, and to loose his hands. 195
 Then with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
 Mild and benevolent the monarch spoke.

Henceforth let Greece no more thy thoughts employ,
 But live a subject and a son of Troy;
 With truth and strict sincerity proceed, 200
 Say, to what end they fram'd this monstrous steed;

Who was its author, what his aim, declare;
Some solemn vow? or engine of the war?

Skill'd in the frauds of Greece, the captive rears
His hands unshackled to the golden stars; 205
You, ye eternal splendors! he exclaims,
And you divine inviolable flames,
Ye fatal swords and altars, which I fled,
Ye wreaths that circled this devoted head;
All, all, attest! that justly I release 210
My sworn allegiance to the laws of Greece,
Renounce my country, hate her sons, and lay
Their inmost counsels open to the day.
And thou, O Troy, by Sinon snatch'd from fate,
Spare, spare the wretch, who saves the Phrygian state,
Greece on Minerva's aid rely'd alone, 216
Since first the labours of the war begun,
But from that execrable point of time,
When Ithacus, the first in ev'ry crime,
With Tideus' impious son, the guards had slain, 220
And brought her image from the Phrygian, fane,
Distain'd her sacred wreaths with murderous hands,
Still red and reeking from the slaughter'd bands;
Then ceas'd the triumphs of the Grecian train,
And their full tide of conquest sunk again; 225
Their strength decay'd, and many a dreadful sign
To trembling Greece proclaim'd the wrath divine.
Scarce to the camp the sacred image came,
When from her eyes she flash'd a living flame;
A briny sweat bedew'd her limbs around, 230
And thrice she sprung indignant from the ground;
Thrice

Thrice was she seen with martial rage to wield
 Her pond'rous spear, and shake her blazing shield.
 With that, sage Calchas mov'd the trembling train
 To fly, and measure back the deeps again; 235
 That 'twas not giv'n our armies to destroy
 The Phrygian empire, and the tow'rs of Troy,
 Till they should bring from Greece those favouring gods,
 Who smil'd indulgent, when they plough'd the floods;
 With more auspicious signs repass the main, 240
 And with new omens take the field again.
 Now to their native country they repair,
 With gather'd forces to renew the war;
 The scheme of Calchas! but their vanish'd host
 Will soon return to waste the Phrygian coast. 245
 All Greece, atoning dire Ulysses' deed,
 To Pallas' honour rais'd this wond'rous steed;
 But Calchas order'd this enormous size,
 This monstrous bulk, that heaves into the skies,
 Lest Troy should lead it through her opening gate, 250
 And by this new palladium guard her state.
 For oh! ye Phrygians, had your rage profan'd
 This gift of Pallas with an impious hand,
 Some Fate (which all ye pow'rs immortal shed
 With all your vengeance on its author's head!) 255
 In one prodigious ruin would destroy
 Thy empire, Priam, and the sons of Troy.
 But would you join within your walls to lead
 This pledge of heav'n, this tutelary steed;
 Then, with her hosts, all Asia shall repair, 260
 And pour on Pelop's walls a storm of war;

Then Greece shall bleed, and perish in her turn;
Her future sons; her nations yet unborn.

Thus did the purjur'd Sinon's art prevail;
Too fondly we believ'd the study'd tale;
And thus was Troy, who bravely could sustain
Achilles' fury, when he swept the plain,
A thousand vessels, and a ten years war,
Won by a sigh, and vanquish'd by a tear.

Here a more dreadful object rose to fight,
And shook our souls with horror and affright.
Unblest Laocoon, whom the lots design
Priest of the year, at Neptune's holy shrine
Slew on the sands, beside the rolling flood,
A stately steer, in honour of the god.
When, horrid to relate! two serpents glide
And roll incumbent on the glassy tide,
Advancing to the shore; their spires they
Fold above fold, in many a tow'ring maze.
Beneath their burnish'd breasts the waters glow,
Their crimson crests inflame the deeps below;
O'er the vast flood extended long and wide,
Their curling backs lay floating on the tide;
Lash'd to a foam the boiling billows roar,
And now the dreadful monsters reach'd the shore;
Their hissing tongues they darted, as they came,
And their red eye-balls shot a sanguine flame.
Pale at the sight, we fled in dire dismay;
Strait to Laocoon they direct their way;
And first in curling fiery volumes bound
His two young sons, and wrapt them round and round,

V
Devour'
Then on
While t
And all
Twice r
Their w
His fac
And, v
Stung t
So, wh
Breaks
But ea
And fl
Her bu
And f
The
A hol
All ju
Whof
We v
And i
All to
Leve
Some
Some
The
Mou
Arou
In st

265

270

75

280

285

290

De-

Devour'd the children in the father's view;
 Then on the miserable father flew,
 While to their aid he runs with fruitless haste;
 And all the man in horrid folds embrac'd: 295
 Twice round his waist, and round his neck they rear
 Their winding heads, and hiss aloft in air.
 His sacred wreaths the livid poisons stain,
 And, while he labours at the knots in vain, }
 Strung to the soul, he bellows with the pain. 300 }
 So, when the axe has glanc'd upon his skull,
 Breaks from the shrine, and roars the wounded bull.
 But each huge serpent now retires again,
 And flies for shelter to Minerva's fane;
 Her buckler's orb the goddess wide display'd, 305
 And screen'd her monsters in the dreadful shade.
 Then, a new fear the trembling crowd possess,
 A holy horror pants in every breast;
 All judge Laocoon justly doom'd to bleed,
 Whose guilty spear profan'd the sacred steed. 310
 We vote to lead him to Minerva's tow'r,
 And supplicate, with vows, th' offended pow'r;
 All to the fatal labour bend their care,
 Level the walls, and lay the bulwarks bare;
 Some round the lofty neck the cables tie, 315
 Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply;
 The tow'ring monster, big with Ilion's doom,
 Mounts o'er the wall; an army in the womb;
 Around the moving pile the children join
 In shouts of transport, and in songs divine; 320
 They

They run, they pull the stretching cords with joy,
 And lend their little hands to ruin Troy!
 In one loud peal th' enormous horse rolls down,
 And thund'ring gains the center of the town.
 Oh Troy, renown'd in war! oh bright abodes! 325
 Oh glorious Troy! the labour of the gods!
 Thrice stop'd unmov'd the monster in the gate,
 And clashing arms thrice warn'd us of our fate;
 But we, by madness blinded and o'ercome,
 Lodge the dire monster in the sacred dome. 330
 Cassandra too, inspir'd, our fate declares
 (So Phœbus doom'd) to unregarding ears;
 We, thoughtless wretches! deck the shrines, and waste
 In sports the day, which heav'n decreed our last.
 Now had the sun roll'd down the beamy light, 335
 And from the caves of ocean rush'd the night;
 With one black veil her spreading shades suppress
 The face of nature, and the frauds of Greece.
 The Trojans round their walls in silence lay,
 And lost in sleep the labours of the day. 340
 When lo! their course the Grecian navy bore,
 New-rigg'd and arm'd, and reach'd the well-known shore.
 By silent Cynthia's friendly beams convey'd;
 And the proud admiral a flame display'd.
 Then Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods, 345
 Unlocks the mighty monster's dark abodes;
 His peopled caves pour forth in open air
 The heroes, and the whole imprison'd war.
 Led by the guiding cord, alight with joy
 Th' impatient princes, in the midst of Troy; 350

Macha.

Machaon first, then great Achilles' heir,
 Ulysses, Thoas, Acamas, appear;
 A crowd of chiefs with Menelaus succeed;
 Epeus last, who fram'd the fraudulent steed.

325 Strait they invade the city, bury'd deep 355
 In fumes of wine, and all dissolv'd in sleep;

They slay the guards, they burst the gates, and join
 Their fellows, conscious to the bold design.

'Twas now the time when first kind heav'n bestows

330 On wretched man the blessings of repose; 360

When, in my slumbers, Hector seem'd to rise

A mournful vision! to my closing eyes.

Such he appear'd, as when Achilles' car

And fiery coursers whirl'd him through the war;

335 Drawn thro' his swelling feet the thongs I view'd, 365

His beauteous body black with dust and blood.

We gods! how chang'd from Hector! who with joy

Return'd in proud Achilles' spoils to Troy;

Flung at the ships, like heav'n's almighty fire,

340 Flames after flames, and wrapt a fleet in fire. 370

Now gash'd with wounds that for his Troy he bore,

His beard and locks stood stiffen'd with his gore.

With tears and mournful accents I began,

And thus bespoke the visionary man!

345 Say, glorious prince, thy country's hope and joy, 375

What cause so long detains thee from thy Troy?

Say, from what realms, so long desir'd in vain,

Her Hector comes, to bless her eyes again?

After such numbers slain, such labours past,

350 Thou is our prince! ah! thus return'd at last? 380

Why

Why stream these wounds? or who could thus disgrace
The manly charms of that majestic face?

Nought to these questions vain the shade replies,
But from his bosom draws a length of sighs;
Fly, fly, oh! fly the gathering flames; the walls 38
Are won by Greece, and glorious Ilium falls;
Enough to Priam and to Troy before
Was paid; then strive with destiny no more;
Could any mortal hand prevent our fate,
This hand, and this alone, had sav'd the state. 39
Troy to thy care commends her wand'ring gods;
With these pursue thy fortunes o'er the floods
To that proud city, thou shalt raise at last,
Return'd from wand'ring wide the wat'ry waste.
This said, he brought from Vesta's hallow'd quire 39
The sacred wreaths, and everlasting fire.

Meantime tumultuous round the walls arise
Shrieks, clamours, shouts, and mingle in the skies.
And (though remote my father's palace stood,
With shades furrounded, and a gloomy wood) 40
Near, and more near, approach the dire alarms;
The voice of woe; the dreadful din of arms.
Rous'd at the deaf'ning peal that roars around,
I mount the dome, and listen to the sound.
Thus o'er the corn, while furious winds conspire, 40
Rolls on a wide-devouring blaze of fire;
Or some big torrent, from a mountain's brow,
Bursts, pours, and thunders down the vale below,
O'erwhelms the fields, lays waste the golden grain,
And headlong sweeps the forests to the main; 41

Stun'd

Stun'd at the din, the swain with list'ning ears
From some steep rock the sounding ruin hears.

Now Hector's warning prov'd too clear and true,
The wiles of Greece appear'd in open view ;

The roaring flames in volumes huge aspire, 415

And wrap thy dome, Deiphobus, in fire ;

Thine, sage Ucalegon, next strow'd the ground,

And stretch'd a vast unmeasur'd ruin round,

Wide o'er the waves the bright reflection plays ;

The surges redden with the distant blaze. 420

Then shouts and trumpets swell the dire alarms ;

And, though 'twas vain, I madly flew to arms :

Eager to raise a band of friends, and pour

In one firm body, to defend the tow'r ;

Rage and revenge my kindling bosom fire, 425

Warm, and in arms, to conquer or expire.

But lo ! poor Pantheus, Phœbus' priest appears,

Just scap'd the foe, distracted with his fears,

The sage his vanquish'd gods and relicks bore,

And with his trembling grandson sought the shore. 430

Say, Pantheus, how the fate of Ilion stands ?

Say, if a tow'r remains in Trojan hands ?

He thus with groans ;---Our last sad hour is come,

Our certain, fixt, inevitable doom.

Troy once was great, but oh ! the scene is o'er, 435

Her glory vanish'd ! and her name no more !

For partial Jove transfers her past renown

To Greece, who triumphs in her burning town ;

And the huge monster from his op'ning side

Pours forth her warriors in an endless tide ; 440

With

With joy proud Sinon sees the flames aspire,
 Heaps blaze on blaze, and mingles fire with fire ;
 Here thousands pouring through the gates appear.
 Far more than proud Mycenæ sent to war.
 Some seize the passes ; groves of spears arise, 44
 That thirst for blood, and flash against the skies.
 The guards but just maintain a feeble fight
 With their fierce foes, amidst the gloomy night.

While Pantheus' words, while ev'ry god inspires,
 I flew to arms ; and rush'd amidst the fires, 45
 Where the loud Furies call, where shouts and cries
 Ring round the walls, and thunder in the skies.
 Now faithful Ripheus on my side appears,
 With hoary Iphitus, advanc'd in years ;
 And valiant Hypazis and Dymas, known 45
 By the pale splendors of the glimm'ring moon ;
 With these Chorcæbus, Mygdon's generous boy,
 Who came, ill-fated, to the wars of Troy ;
 Fir'd with the fair Cassandra's blooming charms,
 To aid her fire with unavailing arms ; 46
 Ah ! brave unhappy youth ! — he would not hear
 His bride inspir'd, who warn'd him from the war !

These when I saw, with fierce collected might,
 Breathing revenge, and crowding to the fight ;
 With warmth I thus address'd the gen'rous train : 46
 Ye bold, brave youths, but bold and brave in vain !
 If by your dauntless souls impell'd, you dare
 With me to try th' extremities of war ;
 You see our hopeless state ; how every god,
 Who guarded Troy, has left his old abode ; 47
 You

You aid a town already sunk in fire ;
 Fly, fly to arms, and gloriously expire ;
 Let all rush on, and, vanquish'd as we are,
 Catch one last beam of safety from despair.
 Thus while my words inflame the list'ning crew. 475
 With rage redoubled to the fight they flew
 As hungry wolves, while clouds involve the day,
 Rush from their dens ; and, prowling wide for prey,
 Howl to the tempest, while the savage brood,
 Stretch'd in the cavern, pant and thirst for blood ; 480
 So through the town, determin'd to expire,
 Through the thick storm of darts, and smoke and fire,
 Wrapt and surrounded with the shades of night,
 We rush'd to certain death, and mingled in the fight.
 What tongue the dreadful slaughter could disclose ? 485
 Or oh ! what tears could answer half our woes ?
 The glorious empress of the nations round,
 Majestic Troy, lay level'd with the ground ;
 Her murder'd natives crowded her abodes,
 Her streets, her domes, the temples of her gods. 490
 Nor Ilium bled alone : her turn succeeds ;
 And then she conquers, and proud Argos bleeds ;
 Death in a thousand forms destructive frown'd,
 And woe, despair, and horror rag'd around.
 And first Androgeos, whom a train attends, 495
 With stile familiar hail'd us as his friends ;
 Haste, brave associates, haste ; what dull delay
 Detains you here, while others seize the prey ?
 In flames your friends have laid all Ilium waste,
 And you come lagging from your ships the last. 500
 Thus

Thus he ; but soon from our reply he knows
 His fatal error, compass'd round with foes ;
 Restrains his tongue, and, meditating flight,
 Stops short ;---and startles at the dreadful fight.
 So the pale swain, who treads upon a snake 505
 Unseen, and lurking in the gloomy brake,
 Soon as his swelling spires in circles play,
 Starts back, and shoots precipitate away.
 Fierce we rush in, the heedless foes surround,
 And lay the wretches breathless on the ground : 510
 New to the place, with sudden terror wild ;
 And thus at first our flatt'ring fortune smil'd.
 Then, by his courage and success inspir'd,
 His warlike train the brave Chorœbus fir'd ;
 Lo ! friends, the road of safety you survey ; 515
 Come, follow fortune, where she points the way ;
 Let each in Argive arms his limbs disguise,
 And wield the bucklers, that the foe supplies ;
 For if success an enemy attends,
 Who asks, if fraud or valour gain'd his ends ? 520
 This said, Androgeos' crested helm he wore ;
 Then, on his arm, the ponderous buckler bore
 With beauteous figures grac'd, and warlike pride ;
 The starry sword hung glitt'ring at his side.
 Like him, bold Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, 525
 Their manly limbs in hostile armour drest.
 With gods averse, we follow to the fight,
 And, undistinguish'd in the shades of night,
 Mix with the foes, employ the murdering steel,
 And plunge whole squadrons to the depths of hell. 530

Some

Some, wild with fear, precipitate retreat,
 Fly to the shore, and shelter in the fleet;
 Some climb the monstrous horse, a frightened train,
 And there lie trembling in the sides again.
 But, heav'n against us, all attempts must fail, 535
 All hopes are vain, nor courage can prevail;
 For lo! Cassandra, lo! the royal fair
 From Pallas' shrine with loose dishevel'd hair
 Dragg'd by the shouting victors;---to the skies
 She rais'd, but rais'd in vain, her glowing eyes; 540
 Her eyes---she could no more---the Grecian bands
 Had rudely manacled her tender hands;
 Chorcebus could not bear that scene of woes,
 But, fir'd with fury, flew amidst the foes;
 As swift we follow to redeem the fair, 545
 Rush to his aid, and thicken to the war.
 Here from the temple on our troop descends
 A storm of javelins from our Trojan friends,
 Who from our arms and helmets deem'd us foes;
 And hence a dreadful scence of slaughter rose. 550
 Then all the Greeks our slender band invade,
 And pour enrag'd to seize the rescu'd maid;
 Ajax with all the bold Dolopians came,
 And both the kings of Atreus' royal name.
 So when the winds in airy conflict rise, 555
 Here south and west charge dreadful in the skies;
 There louder Eurus, to the battle borne,
 Mounts the swift coursers of the purple morn;
 Beneath the whirlwind roar the bending woods;
 With his huge trident Neptune strikes the floods: 560
 Foams,

Foams, storms, and tempesting the deeps around,
 Bares the broad bosom of the dark profound.
 Those too, we chas'd by night, a scatter'd train,
 Now boldly rally, and appear again.
 To them our Argive helms and arms are known, 565
 Our voice and language diff'ring from their own.
 We yield to numbers. By Peneleus' steel
 First at Minerva's shrine Choræbus fell.
 Next Ripheus bled, the justest far of all
 The sons of Troy; yet heav'n permits his fall. 570
 The like sad fate brave Hypanis attends,
 And hapless Dymas, slaughter'd by their friends.
 Nor thee, sage Pantheus! Phœbus' wreaths could save,
 Nor all thy shining virtues from the grave.
 Ye dear, dear ruins! and thou, Troy! declare 575
 If once I trembled or declin'd the war:
 Midst flames and foes a glorious death I fought,
 And well deserv'd the death for which I fought.
 Thence we retreat, our brave associates gone,
 Pelias and Iphitus were left alone; 580
 This slow with age and bending to the ground,
 And that more tardy from Ulysses' wound.
 Now from the palace-walls tumultuous ring
 The shouts, and call us to defend the king;
 There we beheld the rage of fight, and there 585
 The throne of death, and center of the war;
 As Troy, all Troy beside had slept in peace,
 Nor stain'd by slaughter, nor alarm'd by Greece.
 Shield lock'd in shield, advance the Grecian pow'rs,
 To burst the gates, and storm the regal tow'rs; 590

Fly

Fly up the steep ascent where danger calls,
 And fix their scaling engines in the walls.
 High in the left they grasp'd the fenceful shield,
 Fierce in the right the rocky ramparts held ;
 565 Roofs, tow'rs, and battlements the Trojans throw, 595
 A pile of ruins ! on the Greeks below ;
 Catch for defence the weapons of despair,
 In these the dire extremes of death and war.
 Now on their heads the pond'rous beams are roll'd,
 570 By Troy's first monarchs crufted round with gold. 600
 Here thronging troops with glitt'ring fau'chions stand,
 To guard the portals, and the door command.
 575 Strait to the palace, fir'd with hopes, I go
 To aid the vanquish'd, and repel the foe.
 A secret portico contriv'd behind, 605
 Great Hector's mansion to the palace join'd,
 By which his hapless princefs oft would bring
 Her royal infant to the good old king.
 This way the topmoft battlements I gain,
 580 Whence the tir'd Trojans threw their darts in vain. 610
 Rais'd on a lofty point, a turret rears
 Her ftately head unrival'd to the ftars ;
 From hence we wont all Ilion to furvey,
 The fields, the camp, the fleets, and rolling fea.
 585 With fteel the yielding timbers we affail'd. 615
 Where loofe the huge disjointed fructure fail'd ;
 Then, tugg'd convulfive from the fhatte'r'd walls,
 We push the pile : the pond'rous ruin falls
 590 Tumbling in many a whirl, with thund'ring found,
 Down headlong on the foes, and fumes along the ground.
 Fly

But crowds on crowds the bury'd troops supply; 621
And in a storm the beams and rocky fragments fly.

Full in the portal rag'd with loud alarms
Brave Pyrrhus, glitt'ring in his brazen arms.
So from his den, the winter slept away, 625
Shoots forth the burnish'd snake in open day;
Who, fed with ev'ry poison of the plain,
Sheds his old spoils, and shines in youth again;
Proud of his golden scales rolls tow'ring on,
And darts his forky sting, and glitters on the sun. 630

To him the mighty Periphas succeeds,
And the bold * chief who drove his father's steeds;
With these the Scyrian bands advance, and aim
Full at the battlements the missive flame.
Fierce Pyrrhus in the front with forceful sway 635
Ply'd the huge axe, and hew'd the beams away;
The solid timbers from the portal tore,
And rent from ev'ry hinge the brazen door.
At last the chief a mighty op'ning made,
And, all th' imperial dome, in all her length display'd:
The sacred rooms of Troy's first monarchs lie, 641
With Priam's pomp, profan'd by every eye;
In arms the centries to the breach repair,
And stand embody'd, to repel the war.

Now far within, the regal rooms disclose, 645
Loud and more loud, a direful scene of woes;
The roof resounds with female shrieks and cries,
And the shrill echo strikes the distant skies.

* Automedon.

621 The trembling matrons fly from place to place,
 And kiss the pillars with a last embrace ; 650
 Bold Pyrrhus storms with all his father's fire ;
 The barrier's burst ; the vanquish'd guards retire ;
 625 The shatter'd doors the thund'ring engines ply ;
 The bolts leap back ; the sounding hinges fly ;
 The war breaks in ; loud shouts the hostile train ; 655
 The gates are storm'd ; the foremost soldiers slain :
 Through the wide courts the crowding Argives roam,
 630 And swarm triumphant round the regal dome.
 Not half so fierce the foamy deluge bounds,
 And bursts resistless o'er the level'd mounds ; 660
 Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,
 Sweeps herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
 635 These eyes within the gate th' Atrides view'd,
 And furious Pyrrhus cover'd o'er with blood ;
 Sad they beheld, amid the mournful scene, 665
 The hundred daughters with the mother queen,
 And Priam's self polluting with his gore
 Those flames, he hallow'd at the shrines before.
 641 The fifty bridal rooms, a work divine !
 (Such were his hopes of a long regal line) 670
 Rich in Barbaric gold, with trophies crown'd,
 Sunk with their proud support of pillars round ; }
 645 And, where the flames retire, the foes possess the ground. }
 And now, great queen, you haply long to know
 The fate of Priam in this general woe. 675
 When with sad eyes the venerable fire
 Beheld his Ilion sunk in hostile fire ;

His palace storm'd, the lofty gates laid low,
 His rich pavillions crowded with the foe;
 In arms, long since diffus'd, the hoary sage 680
 Loads each stiff languid limb, that shook with age;
 Girds on an unperforming sword in vain,
 And runs on death amidst the hostile train.
 Within the courts, beneath the naked sky,
 An altar rose; an aged laurel by; 685
 That o'er the hearth and household-gods display'd
 A solemn gloom, a deep majestic shade:
 Hither, like doves, who close-embody'd fly
 From some dark tempest black'ning in the sky,
 The queen for refuge with her daughters ran, 690
 Clung and embrac'd their images in vain.
 But when in cumbrous arms the king she spy'd,
 Alas! my poor unhappy lord? she cry'd,
 What more than madness, 'midst these dire alarms,
 Mov'd thee to load thy helpless age with arms? 695
 No aid like thine this dreadful hour demands,
 But asks far other strength, far other hands.
 No! could my own dear Hector arm again,
 My own dear Hector now would arm in vain.
 Come to these altars; here we all shall have 700
 One common refuge, or one common grave.
 This said, her aged lord the queen embrac'd,
 And on the sacred seat the monarch plac'd.

When lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons, 704
 Through darts and foes, from slaughter'ring Pyrrhus runs.
 Wounded he traverses the cloyster'd dome,
 Darts through the courts, and shoots from room to room;
 Close,

Close, close behind, pursu'd the furious foe,
 Just grasp'd the youth, and aim'd the fatal blow;
 Soon as within his parents fight he past, 710
 Pierc'd by the pointed death, he breath'd his last:
 He fell; a purple stream the pavement dy'd,
 The soul comes gushing in the crimson tide.
 The king, that scene impatient to survey,
 Though death surrounds him, gives his fury way; 715
 And oh! may ev'ry violated god,
 Barbarian! thank thee for this deed of blood;
 (If gods there are, such actions to regard,)
 Oh! may they give thy guilt the full reward;
 Guilt, that a father's sacred eyes defil'd 720
 With blood, the blood of his dear murder'd child!
 Unlike thy fire, Achilles the divine!
 (But sure Achilles was no fire of thine!)
 Foe as I was, the hero deign'd to hear
 The guest's, the suppliant's, king's, and father's pray'r;
 To funeral rites restor'd my Hector slain, 726
 And safe dismiss'd me to my realm again.
 This said, his trembling arm essay'd to throw
 The dull dead javelin, that scarce reach'd the foe;
 The weapon languishingly lagg'd along, 730
 And, guiltless, on the buckler faintly rung.
 Thou then be first, replies the chief, to go
 With these sad tidings to his ghost below;
 Begone---acquaint him with my crimes in Troy,
 And tell my sire of his degenerate boy. 735
 Die then he said, and dragg'd the monarch on,
 Through the warm blood that issu'd from his son,

Stagg'ring and sliding in the slipp'ry gore,
 And to the shrine the royal victim bore;
 Lock'd in the left he grasps the silver hairs,
 High in the right the flaming blade he rears,
 Then to the hilt with all his force apply'd,
 He plung'd the ruthless fau'chion in his side.
 Such was the fate unhappy Priam found,
 Who saw his Troy lie levell'd with the ground;
 He, who, round Asia sent his high commands,
 And stretch'd his empire o'er a hundred lands;
 Now lies a headless carcass on the shore,
 The man, the monarch, and the name no more!
 Then, nor till then, I fear'd the furious foe,
 Struck with that scene of unexampled woe;
 Soon as I saw the murder'd king expire:
 His old compeer, my venerable sire,
 My palace, son, and consort left behind,
 All, all, at once came rushing on my mind.
 I gaz'd around, but not a friend was there;
 My hapless friends, abandon'd to despair,
 Had leap'd down headlong from the lofty spires,
 Tir'd with their toils; or plung'd amidst the fires.

Thus left alone, and wand'ring, I survey
 Where trembling Helen close and silent lay
 In Vesta's porch; and by the dismal glare
 Of rolling flames discern the fatal fair;
 The common plague! by Troy and Greece abhor'd!
 She fear'd alike the vengeful Trojan sword,
 Her injur'd country, and abandon'd lord.

749

745

750

755

760

765

Fast

Fast b
 And a
 My r
 In wr
 Shall
 A que
 And f
 Her h
 For h
 The f
 So ma
 And l
 No!-
 No fa
 Yet i
 The v
 To m
 And t
 Th
 Confe
 In po
 Her b
 Such
 She f
 Just r
 Then
 W
 Are v
 Thin
 Thy

Fast by the shrine I spy'd the lurking dame,
 And all my soul was kindled into flame:
 My ruin'd country to revenge, I stood
 In wrath resolv'd to shed her impious blood. 770
 Shall she, this guilty fair, return in peace,
 A queen, triumphant, through the realms of Greece,
 And see, attended by her Phrygian train,
 Her home, her parents, spouse, and sons again?
 For her curst cause shall raging flames destroy 775
 The stately structures of imperial Troy?
 So many slaughters drench the Dardan shore?
 And Priam's self lie welt'ring in his gore?
 No!---she shall die---for though the victor gain 780
 No fame, no triumph for a woman slain;
 Yet if by just revenge the traitress bleed,
 The world consenting will applaud the deed:
 To my own vengeance I devote her head,
 And the great spirits of our heroes dead. 785
 Thus while I rav'd, I saw my mother rise,
 Confess'd a goddess, to my wond'ring eyes,
 In pomp unusual, and divinely bright;
 Her beamy glories pierc'd the shades of night;
 Such she appear'd, as when in heav'n's abodes 790
 She shines in all her glories to the gods.
 Just rais'd to strike, my hand she gently took,
 Then from her rosy lips the goddess spoke.
 What wrath so fierce to vengeance drives thee on?
 Are we no objects of thy care, my son?
 Think of Anchises, and his helpless age, 795
 Thy hoary sire expos'd to hostile rage;

Think

Think if thy dear Creüsa yet survive,
Think if thy child, the young Iulus live;
Whom, ever hov'ring round, the Greeks inclose,
From every side endanger'd by the foes; 800
And, but my care withstood, the ruthless sword
Long since had slaughter'd, or the flames devour'd.
Nor beauteous Helen now, nor Paris blame,
Her guilty charms, or his unhappy flame;
The gods, my son, th' immortal gods destroy 805
This glorious empire, and the tow'rs of Troy.
Hence then retire, retire without delay,
Attend thy mother, and her words obey;
Look up, for lo! I clear thy clouded eye
From the thick midst of dim mortality; 810
Where yon' rude piles of shatter'd ramparts rise,
Stone rent from stone, in dreadful ruin lies,
And black with rolling smoke the dusty whirlwind
flies:
There, Neptune's trident breaks the bulwarks down,
There, from her basis heaves the trembling town; 815
Heav'n's awful queen, to urge the Trojan fate,
Here storms tremendous at the Scæan gate:
Radiant in arms the furious goddess stands,
And from the navy calls her Argive bands.
On yon' high tow'r the martial maid behold, 820
With her dread Gorgon blaze in clouds of gold.
Great Jove himself the sons of Greece inspires,
Each arm he strengthens, and each soul he fires.
Against the Trojans, from the bright abodes,
See! where the thund'rer calls th' embattled gods. 825
Strive

Strive then no more with heav'n;---but oh! retreat,
 Ourselves will guide thee to thy father's seat;
 Ourselves will cover and befriend thy flight.

800 She said, and sunk within the shades of night;
 And lo! the gods with dreadful faces frown'd, 830
 And lower'd, majestically stern, around.

Then fell proud Ilion's bulwarks, tow'rs and spires;
 Then Troy, though rais'd by Neptune, sunk in fires.

805 So when an aged ash, whose honours rise
 From some steep mountain tow'ring to the skies, 835
 With many an axe by shouting swains is ply'd,
 Fierce they repeat the strokes from every side;
 The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,
 810 Bows the high head, and nods to every wound:

At last quite vanquish'd, with a dreadful peal, 840
 In one loud groan rolls crashing down the vale,
 Headlong with half the shatter'd mountain flies,
 And stretch'd out huge in length th' unmeasured ruin lies.

Now, by the goddess led, I bend my way,
 Though javelins hiss, and flames around me play; 845
 With sloping spires the flames obliquely fly,
 The glancing darts turn innocently by.

Soon as, these various dangers past, I come
 Within my rev'rend father's ancient dome,
 20 Whom first I fought, to bear his helpless age 850
 Safe o'er the mountains, far from hostile rage;
 An exil'd life disdaining to enjoy,

He stands determin'd to expire with Troy:
 Fly you, who health, and youth, and strength maintain,
 You, whose warm blood beats high in every vein; 855
 For

For me had heav'n decreed a longer date,
 Heav'n had preserv'd for me the Dardan state;
 Too much of life already have I known,
 To see my country's fall prevent my own;
 Think then, this aged corse with Ilion fell,
 And take, oh! take your solemn last farewell:
 For death---these hands that office yet can do:
 If not---I'll beg it from the pitying foe.
 At least the soldier for my spoils will come;
 Nor heed I now the honours of a tomb.
 Grown to my friends an useless heavy load,
 Long have I liv'd, abhorr'd by every god,
 Since, in his wrath, high heaven's almighty fire
 Blasted these limbs with his avenging fire.

Thus he; and obstinately bent appears:
 The mournful family stand round in tears,
 Myself, my shrieking wife, my weeping son,
 Friends, servants, all, intreat him to be gone,
 Nor to the general ruin add his own;
 Bid him be reconcil'd to life once more,
 Nor urge a fate, that flew too swift before.
 Unmov'd, he still determines to maintain
 His cruel purpose, and we plead in vain.

Once more I hurry to the dire alarms,
 To end a miserable life in arms;
 For oh! what measures could I now pursue,
 When death, and only death, was left in view:
 To fly the foe, and leave your age alone,
 Could such a fire propose to such a son?

869

865

870

875

880

If

If 'tis by your's and heav'n's high will decreed, 885

That you, and all, with hapless Troy, must bleed :

If not her least remains you deign to save ;

Behold ! the door lies open to the grave.

Pyrrhus will soon be here, all cover'd o'er

And red from venerable Priam's gore ; 890

Who stab'd the son before the father's view,

Then at the shrine the royal father slew.

Why, heavenly mother ! did thy guardian care

Snatch me from fires, and shield me in the war ?

Within these walls to see the Grecians roam, 895

And purple slaughter stride around the dome ;

To see my murder'd consort, son, and sire,

Steep'd in each other's blood, on heaps expire !

Arms ! arms ! my friends, with speed my arms supply,

'Tis our last hour, and summons us to die ; 900

My arms !---in vain you hold me,---let me go---

Give, give me back this moment to the foe.

'Tis well---we will not tamely perish all,

But die reveng'd, and triumph in our fall.

Now rushing forth, in radiant arms, I wield 905

The sword once more, and gripe the pond'rous shield.

When, at the door, my weeping spouse I meet,

The fair Creüsa, who embrac'd my feet,

And clinging round them, with distraction wild,

Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child : 910

And oh ! she cries, if bent on death thou run,

Take, take with thee, thy wretched wife and son ;

Or, if one glimmering hope from arms appear,

Defend these walls, and try thy valour here ;

Ah !

Ah! who shall guard thy fire, when thou art slain, 915
 Thy child, or me, thy consort once in vain?
 Thus while she raves, the vaulted dome replies
 To her loud shrieks, and agonizing cries.

When lo! a wond'rous prodigy appears,
 For while each parent kiss'd the boy with tears, 920
 Sudden a circling flame was seen to spread
 With beams refulgent round Iulus' head;
 'Then on his locks the lambent glory preys,
 And harmless fires around his temples blaze.
 'Trembling and pale we quench with busy care 925
 The sacred fires, and shake his flaming hair.
 But old Anchises lifts his joyful eyes,
 His hands and voice, in transport, to the skies.

Almighty Jove! in glory thron'd on high,
 This once regards us with a gracious eye; 930
 If e'er our vows deserv'd thy aid divine,
 Vouchsafe thy succour, and confirm thy sign.
 Scarce had he spoke, when sudden from the pole,
 Full on the left, the happy thunders roll;
 A star shot sweeping through the shades of night, 935
 And drew behind a radiant trail of light,
 That o'er the palace, gliding from above,
 To point our way, descends in Ida's grove;
 Then left a long continu'd stream in view,
 The track still glittering where the glory flew. 940
 The flame past gleaming with a bluish glare,
 And smokes of sulphur fill the tainted air.

At this convinc'd, arose my reverend fire,
 Address'd the gods, and hail'd the sacred fire.

Proceed, my friends, no longer I delay, 945
 But instant follow where you lead the way.
 Ye gods, by these your omens, you ordain
 That from the womb of fate shall rise again,
 To light and life, a glorious second Troy;
 Then save this house, and this auspicious boy; 950
 Convinc'd by omens so divinely bright,
 I go, my son, companion of thy flight.
 Thus he---and nearer now in curling spires
 Through the long walls roll'd on the roaring fires.
 Haste then, my fire, I cry'd, my neck ascend, 955
 With joy beneath your sacred load I bend;
 Together will we share, where-e'er I go,
 One common welfare, or one common woe.
 Ourself with care will young Iulus lead;
 At safer distance you my spouse succeed; 960
 Heed too these orders, ye attendant train;
 Without the wall stands Ceres' vacant fane,
 Rais'd on a mount; an aged cypress near,
 Preserv'd for ages with religious fear;
 Thither, from different roads assembling, come, 965
 And meet embody'd at the sacred dome:
 Thou, thou, my fire, our gods and relicks bear;
 These hands, yet horrid with the stains of war,
 Refrain their touch unhallow'd till the day,
 When the pure stream shall wash the guilt away. 970
 Now, with a lion's spoils bespread, I take
 My fire, a pleasing burthen, on my back;
 Close clinging to my hand, and pressing nigh,
 With steps unequal trip'd Iulus by;
 Behind,

Behind, my lov'd Creüsa took her way;
 Through every lonely dark recess we stray:
 And I, who late th' embattled Greeks could dare,
 Their flying darts, and whole embody'd war,
 Now take alarm, while horrors reign around,
 At every breeze, and start at every sound.
 With fancy'd fears my busy thoughts were wild
 For my dear father, and endanger'd child.

Now, to the city gates approaching near,
 I seem the sound of trampling feet to hear.
 Alarm'd my fire look'd forward through the shade,
 And, fly my son, they come, they come he said;
 Lo! from their shields I see the splendors stream;
 And ken distinct the helmet's fiery gleam,
 And here, some envious god, in this dismay,
 'This sudden terror, snatch'd my sense away.
 For while o'er devious paths I wildly trod,
 Studious to wander from the beaten road;
 I lost my dear Creüsa, nor can tell
 From that sad moment, if by fate she fell;
 Or sunk fatigu'd; or straggled from the train;
 But ah! she never blest these eyes again!
 Nor, till to Ceres' ancient wall we came,
 Did I suspect her lost, nor miss the dame.
 There all the train assembled, all but she,
 Lost to her friends, her father, son, and me.
 What men, what gods did my wild fury spare?
 At both I rav'd, and madden'd with despair.
 In Troy's last ruins did I ever know
 A scene so cruel! such transcendent woe!

975

980

985

990

995

1000

Our

Our gods, my son, and father to the train 1005 }
 I next commend, and hide them in the plain;
 Then fly for Troy, and shine in arms again. }
 Resolv'd the burning town to wander o'er,
 And tempt the dangers that I scap'd before.
 Now to the gate I run with furious haste, 1010
 Whence first from Ilion to the plain I past;
 Dart round my eyes in every place in vain,
 And tread my former footsteps o'er again.
 Surrounding horrors all my soul affright;
 And more, the dreadful silence of the night. 1015
 Next to my house I flew without delay,
 If there, if haply there she bent her way.
 In vain---the conquering foes were enter'd there;
 High o'er the dome, the flames emblaze the air;
 Fierce to devour, the fiery tempest flies, 1020
 Swells in the wind, and thunders to the skies.
 Back to th' embattled citadel I ran,
 And search'd her father's regal walls in vain.
 Ulysses now and Phœnix I survey,
 Who guard, in Juno's fane, the gather'd prey: 1025
 In one huge heap the Trojan wealth was roll'd,
 Refulgent robes, and bowls of massy gold;
 A pile of tables on the pavement nods,
 Snatch'd from the blazing temples of the gods.
 A mighty train of shrieking mothers bound, 1030
 Stood with their captive children trembling round.
 Yet more---I boldly raise my voice on high,
 And in the shade on dear Creüsa cry;

Call on her name a thousand times in vain,
 But still repeat the darling name again. 1035
 Thus while I rave and roll my searching eyes,
 Solemn and slow I saw her shade arise,
 The form'd enlarg'd majestic mov'd along;
 Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue:
 Thus as I stood amaz'd, the heav'nly fair 1040
 With these mild accents sooth'd my fierce despair.

Why with excess of sorrow raves in vain
 My dearest lord, at what the gods ordain?
 Oh could I share thy toils!---but fate denies;
 And Jove, dread Jove, the sovereign of the skies. 1045
 In long, long exile, art thou doom'd to sweep
 Seas after seas, and plough the wat'ry deep.
 Hesperia shall be thine, where Tyber glides
 Through fruitful realms, and rolls in easy tides.
 There shall thy Fates a happier lot provide, 1050
 A glorious empire, and a royal bride.
 Then let your sorrows for Creüsa cease;
 For know, I never shall be led to Greece;
 Nor feel the victor's chain, nor captive's shame,
 A slave to some imperious Argive dame. 1055
 No!---born a princess, sprung from heav'n above,
 Ally'd to Venus, and deriv'd from Jove,
 Sacred from Greece, 'tis mine, in these abodes,
 To serve the glorious mother of the gods.
 Farewell; and to our son thy care approve, 1060
 Our son, the pledge of our commutual love.

Thus she; and as I wept, and wish'd to say
 Ten thousand things, dissolv'd in air away.

Thrice

Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw ;
 Thrice from my empty arms the phantom flew, 1065
 Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
 Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.
 Now, day approaching, to my longing train,
 From ruin'd Ilion I return again ;
 To whom, with wonder and surprise, I find 1070
 A mighty crowd of new companions join'd ;
 A host of willing exiles round me stand,
 Matrons, and men, a miserable band ;
 Eager the wretches pour from every side,
 To share my fortunes on the foamy tide ; 1075
 Valiant, and arm'd, my conduct they implore,
 To lead and fix them on some foreign shore :
 And now, o'er Ida with an early ray
 Flames the bright star, that leads the golden day.
 No hopes of aid in view, and every gate 1080
 Possess'd by Greece, at length I yield to fate.
 Safe o'er the hill my father I convey,
 And bear the venerable load away.

End of the Second Book.

Æ

V I R G I L's
Æ N E I D.

B O O K III.

A R G U M E N T.

Æneas proceeds in his relation : he gives an account of the fleet in which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace : from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation ? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete ; his household gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy : he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily ; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK III.

WHEN heav'n destroy'd, by too severe a fate,
 The throne of Priam, and the Phrygian state,
 When Troy, though Neptune rais'd her bulwarks round,
 The pride of Asia, smok'd upon the ground ;
 We fought in vacant regions new abodes, 5
 Call'd by the guiding omens of the gods.

Secret, a sudden navy we provide,
 Beneath Antandros, and the hills of Ide.

Doubtful, where heav'n would fix our wand'ring train,
 Our gather'd pow'rs prepare to plough the main. 10

Scarce had the summer shot a genial ray ;
 My fire commands the canvas to display, }
 And steer wherever fate should point the way. }

With tears I leave the port, my native shore,
 And those dear fields, where Ilion rose before. 15

And exil'd wretch, I lead into the floods,
 My son, my friends, and all my vanquish'd gods.

The warlike Thracians till a boundless plain,
 Sacred to Mars, Lycurgus' ancient reign ;

Ally'd to Troy, while fortune own'd her cause ; 20
 The same their gods and hospitable laws ;

X 4

Thither,

Thither, with fates averſe, my courſe I bore,
 And rais'd a town amid the winding ſhore.
 Then from my name the riſing city call,
 And ſtretch along the ſtrand th' embattled wall.
 Here to my mother, and the favouring gods,
 I offer'd victims by the rolling floods;
 But ſlew a ſtately bull to mighty Jove,
 Who reigns the ſovereign of the pow'rs above.

Rais'd on a mount, a cornel grove was nigh,
 And with thick branches ſtood a myrtle by.
 With verdant boughs to ſhade my altars round,
 I came, and try'd to rend them from the ground.
 When lo! a horrid prodigy I ſee;
 For ſcarce my hands had wrench'd the rooted tree,
 When, from the fibres, drops of grimſon gore
 Ran trickling down, and ſtain'd the ſable ſhore.
 Amaz'd, I ſhook with horror and affright,
 My blood all curdl'd at the dreadful fight;
 Curious the latent cauſes to explore,
 With trembling hands a ſecond plant I tore;
 That ſecond wounded plant diſtill'd around
 Red drops of blood, and ſprinkled all the ground.
 Rack'd with a thouſand fears, devout I bow'd
 To every nymph, and Thracia's guardian god.
 Theſe omens to avert by pow'r divine,
 And kindly grant a more auſpicious ſign.
 But when once more we tug'd with toiling hands,
 And eager bent my knees againſt the ſands;
 Live I to ſpeak it?---from the tomb I hear
 A hollow groan, that ſhock'd my trembling ear,

How

How can thy pious hands, Æneas, rend
The bury'd body of thy hapless friend?
This stream that trickles from the wounded tree
Is Trojan blood, and once ally'd to thee, 55

Ah! fly this barbarous land, this guilty shore,
Fly, fly the fate of murder'd Polydore.
This grove of lances, from my body slain,
Now blooms with vegetable life again.

Then, as amaz'd in deep suspense I hung, 60
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue.

Ill-fated Priam, when the Grecian pow'rs
With a close siege begirt the Dardan tow'rs,
No more confiding in the strength of Troy,
Sent to the Thracian prince the hapless boy, 65
With mighty treasures, to support him there,
Remov'd from all the dangers of the war.

This wretch, when Ilion's better fortunes cease,
Clos'd with the proud victorious arms of Greece;
Broke through all sacred laws, and uncontroll'd 70
Destroy'd his royal charge, to seize the gold.

Curs'd gold!--how high will daring mortals rise
In ev'ry guilt, to reach the glittering prize?
Soon as my soul recover'd from her fears,
Before my father and the gather'd peers, 75

I lay the dreadful omens of the gods;
All vote at once to fly the dire abodes;
To leave th' unhospitable realm behind,
And spread our op'ning canvas to the wind.

But first we paid the rites to Polydore, 80
And rais'd a mighty tomb amid the shore.

Next,

Next, to his ghost, adorn'd with cypress boughs
 And fable wreaths, two solemn altars rose;
 With lamentable cries and hair unbound,
 The Trojan dames in order mov'd around. 85
 Warm milk and sacred blood in bowls we brought,
 To lure the spirit with the mingled draught;
 Compos'd the soul; and, with a dismal knell,
 Took thrice the melancholy last farewell.

Soon as our fleet could trust the smiling sea, 90
 And the soft breeze had smoothen'd the wat'ry way;
 Call'd by the whisp'ring gales, we rig the ships,
 Crowd round the shores, and launch into the deeps.
 Swift from the port our eager course we ply,
 And lands and towns roll backward, as we fly. 95

By Doris lov'd, and Ocean's azure god,
 Lies a fair isle amid th' Ægean flood;
 Which Phœbus fix'd; for once she wander'd round
 The shores, and floated on the vast profound.
 But now unmov'd, the peopled region braves 100
 The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves.
 Safe in her open ports the sacred isle
 Receiv'd us, harrafs'd with the naval toil.
 Our rever'nce due to Phœbus' town we pay,
 And holy Anius meets us on the way; 105
 Anius, whose brows the wreaths and laurels grace,
 Priest of the god, and sovereign of the place.
 Well-pleas'd to see our train the shore ascend,
 He flew to meet my fire, his ancient friend:
 In hospitable guise our hands he prest, 110
 Then to the palace led each honour'd guest.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. BOOK III. 315

To Phœbus' aged temple I repair,
 And suppliant to the god prefer my pray'r :
 To wand'ring wretches, who in exile roam,
 Grant, O Thymbræan god, a settled home ; 115
 Oh ! grant thy suppliants, their long labours past,
 A race to flourish, and a town to last ;
 Preserve this little second Troy in peace,
 Snatch'd from Achilles and the sword of Greece ;
 Vouchsafe, great father, some auspicious sign ; 120
 And oh ! inform us with thy light divine,
 Where lies our way ? and what auspicious guide,
 To foreign realms shall lead us o'er the tide ?
 Sudden, the dire alarm the temple took ;
 The laurels, gates, and lofty mountains shook. 125
 Burst with a dreadful roar, the veils display
 The hallow'd tripods in the face of day.
 Humbled we fell ; then, prostrate on the ground,
 We hear these accents in an awful sound :
 Ye valiant sons of Troy, the land that bore 130
 Your mighty ancestors to light before,
 Once more their great descendants shall embrace ;
 Go—seek the ancient mother of your race.
 There the wide world, Æneas' house shall sway,
 And down from son to son, th' imperial power convey.
 Thus Phœbus spoke ; and joy tumultuous fir'd 136
 The thronging crowds ; and eager all enquir'd,
 What realm, what town, his oracles ordain,
 Where the kind god would fix the wand'ring train ?
 Then in his mind my fire revolving o'er 140
 The long, long records of the times before ;
 Learn,

Learn, ye assembled, peers, he cries, from me,
 The happy realm the laws of fate decree ;
 Fair Crete sublimely tow'rs amid the floods,
 Proud nurse of Jove, the sovereign of the gods. 145
 There ancient Ida stands, and thence we trace
 The first memorials of the Trojan race ;
 A hundred cities the blest isle contains,
 And boasts a vast extent of fruitful plains.
 Hence our fam'd ancestor old Teucer bore 150
 His course, and gain'd the fair Rhætean shore,
 There the great chief the seat of empire chose,
 Before proud Troy's majestic structures rose ;
 Till then, if rightly I record the tale,
 Our old forefathers till'd the lowly vale. 155
 From hence arriv'd the mother of the gods,
 Hence her loud cymbals and her sacred woods :
 Hence, at her rites religious silence reigns,
 And lions whirl her chariot o'er the plains.
 Then fly we speedy where the gods command, 160
 Appease the winds, and seek the Cretan land :
 Nor distant is the shore ; if Jove but smile,
 Three days shall waft us to the blissful isle.

This said ; he slays the victims due, and loads
 In haste the smoking altars of the gods. 165
 A bull to Phœbus, and a bull was slain
 To thee, great Neptune, monarch of the main :
 A milk white ewe to ev'ry western breeze,
 A black, to ev'ry storm that sweeps the seas.
 Now fame reports Idomeneus' retreat, 170
 Expell'd and banish'd from the throne of Crete ;

Free

Free from the foe the vacant region lay :
 We leave the Delian shore, and plough the wat'ry way.
 By fruitful Naxos, o'er the flood we fly,
 Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply ; 175

145 By green Donyfa next and Paros steer,
 Where, white in air, her glitt'ring rocks appear.
 Thence through the Cyclades the navy glides,
 Whose clust'ring islands stud the silver tides.
 Loud shout the sailors, and to Crete we fly ; 180
 To Crete our country, was the general cry.
 Swift shoots the fleet before the driving blast,
 And on the Cretan shore descends at last.

With eager speed I frame a town, and call
 From ancient Pergamus the rising wall. 185

155 Pleas'd with the name, my Trojans I command
 To raise strong tow'rs, and settle in the land.
 Soon as our lusty youth the fleet could moor,
 And draw the vessels on the sandy shore,
 Some join the nuptial bands : with busy toil 190
 Their fellows plough the new-discover'd soil.

To frame impartial laws I bend my cares,
 Allot the dwellings, and assign the shares.
 When lo ! from standing air and poison'd skies,
 A sudden plague with dire contagion flies. 195

65 On corn and trees the dreadful pest began ;
 And last the fierce infection seiz'd on man.

They breathe their souls in air ; or drag with pain
 Their lives, now lengthen'd out for woes, in vain ;

70 Their wonted food the blasted fields deny, 200
 And the red dog-star fires the sultry sky,

My

My fire advis'd, to measure back the main,
 Consult, and beg the Delian god again
 To end our woes, his succour to display,
 And to our wand'rings point the certain way. 205

'Twas night; soft slumbers had the world possess'd,
 When, as I lay compos'd in pleasing rest,
 Those gods I bore from flaming Troy, arise
 In awful figures to my wond'ring eyes:
 Close at my couch they stood, divinely bright, 210
 And shone distinct by Cynthia's gleaming light,
 Then, to dispel the cares that rack'd my breast,
 These words the visionary pow'rs address'd:

Those truths the god in Delos would repeat,
 By us, his envoys, he unfolds in Crete; 215
 By us, companions of thy arms and thee,
 From flaming Ilion o'er the swelling sea.

Led by our care, shall thy descendants rise,
 The world's majestic monarchs, to the skies.
 Then build thy city for imperial sway, 220
 And boldly take the long laborious way.

Forfake this region; for the Delian pow'r
 Assign'd not for thy seat the Gnosian shore.
 Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
 'Twas call'd Hesperia by the Grecian race; 225
 For martial deeds and fruits renown'd by fame;
 But since, Italia, from the leader's name.

These are the native realms the Fates assign;
 Hence rose the fathers of the Trojan line;
 The great Iäsius, sprung from heaven above, 230
 And ancient Dardanus, deriv'd from Jove,

Rise

Rise then, in haste these joyful tidings bear,
 These truths unquestion'd to thy father's ear.
 Begone — the fair Ausonian realms explore,
 For Jove himself denies the Cretan shore.

235

Struck with the voice divine, and awful sight,
 No common dream, or vision of the night;
 I saw the wreaths, their features; and a stream
 Of trickling sweat ran down from every limb.

I started from my bed, and rais'd on high
 My hands and voice in rapture to the sky.

240

Then (to our gods the due oblations paid)
 The scene divine before my fire I laid.

He owns his error of each ancient place,
 Our two great founders, and the double race.

245

My son, he cry'd, whom adverse fates employ,
 Oh! exercis'd in all the woes of Troy!

Now I reflect, Cassandra's word divine
 Assign'd these regions to the Dardan line.

But who surmis'd, the sons of Troy should come
 To fair Hesperia from their distant home?

250

Or who gave credit to Cassandra's strain,
 Doom'd by the Fates to prophesy in vain?

Pursue we now a surer, safer road,

By Phœbus pointed, and obey the god.

255

Glad we comply, and leave a few behind;

Then spread our sails to catch the driving wind;

Forfake this realm; the sparkling waves divide,

And the swift vessels shoot along the tide.

Now vanish'd from our eyes the lessening ground;

And all the wide horizon stretching round,

261

Above was sky, beneath was sea profound:

When,

When, black'ning by degrees, a gathering cloud,
 Charg'd with big storms, frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,
 And darken'd all the main; the whirlwinds roar, 265
 And roll the waves in mountains to the shore.

Snatch'd by the furious gust, the vessels keep
 Their road no more, but scatter o'er the deep:
 The thunders roll, the forky light'nings fly;
 And in a burst of rain descends the sky. 270

Far from our course was dash'd the navy wide,
 And dark we wander o'er the tossing tide.

Not skilful Palinure in such a sea,
 So black with storms, distinguish'd night from day; }
 Nor knew to turn the helm, or point the way. 275 }

Three nights, without one guiding star in view,
 Three days, without the sun, the navy flew;
 The fourth, by dawn, the swelling shores we spy,
 See the thin smokes, that melt into the sky,
 And bluish hills just opening on the eye. 280 }

We furl the sails, with bending oars divide
 The flashing waves, and sweep the foamy tide.

Safe from the storm the Strophades I gain,
 Incircled by the vast Ionian main, }
 Where dwelt Celæno with her Harpy train; 285 }

Since Boreas' sons had chac'd the direful guests
 From Phineus' palace, and their wonted feasts.
 But fiends to scourge mankind, so fierce, so fell,
 Heav'n never summon'd from the depths of hell;
 Bloated and gorg'd with prey, with wombs obscene, 290
 Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean;
 A virgin face, with wings and hooky claws;
 Death in their eyes, and famine in their jaws.

The

The port we enter'd, and with joy beheld
 Huge herds of oxen graze the verdant field, 295
 And feeding flocks of goats, without a swain,
 That range at large, and bound along the plain;
 We seize, we slay, and to the copious feast
 Call every god, and Jove himself a guest.
 Then on the winding shore the tables plac'd, 300
 And fate indulging in the rich repast;
 When from the mountains, terrible to view,
 On sounding wings the monster Harpyes flew.
 They taint the banquet with their touch abhorr'd,
 Or snatch the smoking viands from the board. 305
 A stench offensive follows where they fly,
 And loud they scream, and raise a dreadful cry.
 Thence to a cavern'd rock the train remove,
 And the close shelter of a shady grove;
 Once more prepare the feast, the tables raise; 310
 Once more with fires the loaded altars blaze.
 Again the fiends from their dark covert fly,
 But from a different quarter of the sky;
 With loathsome claws they snatch the food away,
 Scream o'er our heads, and poison all the prey. 315
 Enrag'd, I bid my train their arms prepare,
 And with the direful monsters wage the war.
 Close in the grass, observant of the word,
 They hide the shining shield, and gleaming sword.
 Then, as the Harpyes from the hills once more 320
 Pour'd shrieking down, and crowded round the shore,
 On his high stand Misenus sounds from far
 The brazen trump, the signal of the war.

With unaccustom'd fight we flew, to slay
 The forms obscene, dread monsters of the sea. 325
 But proof to steel their hides and plumes remain;
 We strike th' impenetrable fiends in vain,
 Who from the fragments wing th' ærial way,
 And leave, involv'd in stench, the mangled prey;
 All but Celæno;—from a pointed rock 330
 Where perch'd she fate, the boding Fury spoke:
 Then was it not enough, ye sons of Troy,
 Our flocks to slaughter, and our herds destroy?
 But war, shall impious war your wrongs maintain,
 And drive the Harpyes from their native reign? 335
 Hear then your dreadful doom with due regard,
 Which mighty Jove to Phœbus has declar'd;
 Which Phœbus open'd to Celæno's view,
 And I, the Furies queen, unfold to you.
 To promis'd Italy your course you ply, 340
 And safe to Italy at length shall fly;
 But never, never raise your city there,
 'Till, in due vengeance for the wrongs we bear,
 Imperious hunger urge you to devour
 Those very boards on which you fed before. 345
 She ceas'd, and fled into the gloomy wood.
 With hearts dejected my companions stood,
 And sudden horrors froze their curdling blood.
 Down drop the shield and spear; from fight we cease,
 And humbly sue by suppliant vows for peace; 350
 And whether goddesses, or fiends from hell,
 Prostrate before the monstrous forms we fell.

But

But old Anchises, by the beating floods,
 Invok'd with sacrifice th' immortal gods;
 And rais'd his hands and voice : — ye pow'rs divine, 355
 Avert these woes, and spare a righteous line.
 Then he commands to cut the cords away ;
 With southern gales we plough the foamy sea.
 And, where the friendly breeze or pilot guides,
 With flying sails we stem the murmuring tides. 360
 Now, high in view, amid the circling floods
 We ken Zacynthus crown'd with waving woods.
 Dulichian coasts, and Samian hills we spy,
 And proud Neritos tow'ring in the sky.
 Rough Ithaca we shun, a rocky shore, 365
 And curse the land that dire Ulysses bore.
 Then dim Leucate swell'd to fight, who shrouds
 His tall aërial brow in ambient clouds ;
 Last opens, by degrees, Apollo's fane,
 The dread of sailors on the wintry main. 370
 To this small town, fatigu'd with toil, we haste ;
 The circling anchors from the prows are cast.
 Safe to the land beyond our hopes restor'd,
 We paid our vows to heaven's almighty lord.
 All bright in suppling oil, my friends employ 375 }
 Their limbs in wrestling, and revive with joy }
 On Actian shores the solemn games of Troy.
 Pleas'd we reflect that we had pass'd in peace
 Through foes unnumber'd, and the towns of Greece.
 Meantime the sun his annual race performs, 380
 And blust'ring Boreas fills the sea with storms ;

I hung the brazen buckler on the door,
 Which once in fight the warlike Abas bore;
 And thus inscrib'd—these arms with blood distain'd,
 From conquering Greece the great Æneas gain'd; 385
 Then, rous'd at my command, the sailors sweep
 And dash with bending oars the sparkling deep.
 Soon had we lost Phæacia's sinking tow'rs,
 And skimm'd along Epirus' flying shores.
 On the Chaonian port at length we fall;
 Thence we ascend to high Buthrotos' wall. 390
 Astonish'd here a strange report we found,
 That Trojan Helenus in Greece was crown'd.
 The captive prince, (victorious Pyrrhus dead)
 At once succeeded to his throne and bed; 395
 And fair Andromache, to Troy restor'd,
 Once more was wedded to a Dardan lord.
 With eager joy I left the fleet, and went
 To hail my royal friends, and learn the strange event.

Before the walls, within a gloomy wood, 400
 Where a new Simois roll'd his silver flood;
 By chance, Andromache that moment paid
 The mournful offerings to her Hector's shade.
 A tomb, an empty tomb her hands compose
 Of living turf; and two fair altars rose. 405
 Sad scene! that still provok'd the tears she shed;
 And here the queen invok'd the mighty dead.
 When lo! as I advanc'd, and drew more nigh,
 She saw my Trojan arms and ensigns fly;
 So strange a sight astonish'd to survey, 410
 The princess trembles, falls, and faints away.

Her

Her beauteous frame the vital warmth forsook,
And, scarce recover'd, thus at length she spoke :

Ha !—is it true ?—in person ? and alive ?

Still, dost thou still, oh ! goddess-born, survive ? 415

Or, if no more thou breathe the vital air,

Where is my lord, my Hector, tell me where ?

Then, the big sorrow streaming from her eyes,

She fill'd the air with agonizing cries.

Few words to sooth her raging grief I say, 420

And scarce those few, for sobs, could find their way.

Ah ! trust your eyes, no phantoms here impose ;

I live indeed, but drag a life of woes,

Say then, oh say, has fortune yet been just

To worth like yours, since Hector sunk in dust ? 425

Or oh ! is that great hero's comfort led

(His dear Andromache) to Pyrrhus' bed ?

To this, with lowly voice, the fair replies,

While on the ground she fixt her streaming eyes :

Thrice blest Polyxena ! condemn'd to fall 430

By vengeful Greece beneath the Trojan wall ;

Stab'd at Pelides' tomb the victim bled,

To death deliver'd from the victor's bed.

Nor lots disgrac'd her with a chain, like me,

A wretched captive, drag'd from sea to sea ! 435

Doom'd to that hero's haughty heir, I gave

A son to Pyrrhus, more than half a slave,

From me, to fair Hermoine he fled

Of Leda's race, and fought a Spartan bed ;

My slighted charms to Helenus resign'd, 440

And in the bridal bands his captives join'd.

But fierce Orestes, by the Furies tost
 And made with vengeance for the bride he lost,
 Swift on the monarch from his ambush flew,
 And at Apollo's hallow'd altar slew. 445
 On Helenus devolv'd (the tyrant slain)
 A portion of the realm, a large domain :
 From Chaon's name the fruitful tract he calls,
 And from old Pergamus, his growing walls.
 But oh ! what winds, what fates, what gracious pow'rs,
 Led you, unknowing, to these friendly shores ? 451
 Does yet Ascanius live, the hope of Troy ?
 Does his fond mother's death afflict the boy ?
 Or glory's charms his little soul inflame,
 To match my Hector's or his father's fame ? 455
 So spoke the queen with mingled sobs and cries,
 And tears in vain ran trickling from her eyes.
 When lo ! in royal pomp the king descends
 With a long train, and owns his ancient friends.
 Then to the town his welcome guests he led ; 460
 Tear follow'd tear, at ev'ry word he said.
 Here in a foreign region I behold
 A little Troy, an image of the old ;
 Here creeps along a poor penurious stream,
 That fondly bears Scamander's mighty name : 465
 A second Scæan gate I clasp with joy,
 In dear remembrance of the first in Troy.
 With me, the monarch bids my friends, and all,
 Indulge the banquet in the regal hall,
 Crown'd with rich wine the foamy goblets hold ; 470
 And the vast feast was serv'd in massy gold.

Two days were past, and now the southern gales
 Call us aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.
 A thousand doubts distract my anxious breast,
 And thus the royal prophet I address'd : 475

Oh sacred prince of Troy, to whom 'tis giv'n,
 To speak events, and search the will of heav'n,
 The secret mind of Phœbus to declare
 From laurels, tripods, and from every star :
 To know the voice of every fowl that flies, 480

The signs of every wing that beats the skies ;
 Instruct me, sacred seer ; since every god,
 With each blest omen, bids me plough the flood,
 To reach fair Italy, and measure o'er
 A length of ocean to the destin'd shore : 485

The Harpy queen, and she alone, relates
 A scene of sad unutterable fates,
 A dreadful famine sent from heaven on high,
 With all the gather'd vengeance of the sky :
 Tell me, what dangers I must first oppose, 490
 And how o'ercome the mighty weight of woes,

Now, the due victims slain, the king implores
 The grace and favour of th' immortal pow'rs ;
 Unbinds the fillets from his sacred head,
 Then, by the hand, in solemn state he led 495
 His trembling guest to Phœbus' fair abode,
 Struck with an awful reverence of the god.
 At length, with all the sacred fury fir'd,
 Thus spoke the prophet, as the god inspir'd :

Since, mighty chief, the deities, your guides, 500
 With prosperous omens waft you o'er the tides,

Such is the doom of fate, the will of Jove,
 The firm decree of him who reigns above
 Hear me, of many things, explain a few,
 Your future course with safety to pursue ; 505
 And, all these foreign floods and countries past,
 To reach the wish'd Ausonian port at last.
 The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal,
 And heav'n's dread queen forbids me to reveal.
 First then, that Italy, that promis'd land, 510
 Though thy fond hopes already grasp the strand,
 (Though now she seems so near) a mighty tide,
 And long, long regions from your reach divide.
 Sicilian seas must bend your plunging oars ;
 Your fleet must coast the fair Ausonian shores, 515
 And reach the dreadful isle, the dire abode
 Where Circe reigns ; and stem the Stygian flood,
 Before your fated city shall ascend.
 Hear then, and these auspicious signs attend :
 When, lost in contemplation deep, you find 520
 A large white mother of the bristly kind,
 With her white brood of thirty young, who drain
 Her swelling dugs, where Tyber bathes the plain :
 There, there, thy town shall rise, my godlike friend,
 And all thy labours find their destin'd end. 525
 Fear then Celæno's direful threats no more,
 That your fierce hunger shall your boards devour.
 Apollo, when invok'd, will teach the way,
 And fate the mystic riddle shall display.
 But these next borders of th' Italian shores, 530
 On whose rough rocky sides our ocean roars,

Avoid

Avoid with caution, for the Grecian train
 Possess those realms that stretch along the main.
 Here, the fierce Locrians hold their dreadful feat;
 There, brave Idomeneus, expell'd from Crete, 535
 Has fixt his armies on Salentine ground,
 And awes the wide Calabrian realms around.
 Here Philoctetes, from Thessalian shores,
 Rears strong Petilia fenc'd with walls and tow'rs.
 Soon as transported o'er the rolling floods, 540
 You pay due vows in honour of the gods;
 When on the shore the smoking altars rise,
 A purple veil draw cautious o'er your eyes;
 Lest hostile faces should appear in fight,
 To blast and discompose the hallow'd rite. 545
 Observe this form before the sacred shrine,
 Thou, and thy friends, and all thy future line.

When near Sicilian coasts thy bellying sails
 At length convey thee with the driving gales;
 Pelorus' straits just opening by degrees; 550
 Turn from the right; avoid the shores and seas.
 Far to the left thy course in safety keep,
 And fetch a mighty circle round the deep.
 That realm of old, a ruin huge! was rent
 In length of ages from the continent; 555
 With force convulsive burst the isle away;
 Through the dread op'ning broke the thund'ring sea:
 At once the thund'ring sea Sicilia tore,
 And sunder'd from the fair Hesperian shore;
 And still the neighbouring coasts and towns divides 560
 With scanty channels, and contracted tides.

Fierce

Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars,
 Charybdis on the left the flood devours :
 Thrice swallow'd in her womb, subsides the sea,
 Deep, deep as hell ; and thrice she spouts away 565
 From her black bellowing gulfs, disgorg'd on high,
 Waves after waves, that dash the distant sky.
 Lodg'd in a darksome cavern's dreadful shade,
 High o'er the surges Scylla rears her head :
 Grac'd with a virgin's breast, and female looks, 570
 She draws the vessels on the pointed rocks.
 Below, she lengthens in a monstrous whale,
 With dogs surrounded, and a dolphin's tail.
 But oh ! 'tis far, far safer with delay
 Still round and round to plough the wat'ry way, 575
 And coast Pachynus, than with curious eyes
 To see th' enormous den where Scylla lies ;
 The dire tremendous fury to explore, [roar.
 Where, round her cavern'd rocks, her wat'ry monsters
 Besides, if Helenus the truth inspires, 580
 If Phœbus warms me with prophetic fires ;
 One thing in chief, O prince of Venus' strain,
 Though oft repeated, I must urge again.
 To Juno first with gifts and vows repair,
 And vanquish heaven's imperial queen with pray'r. 585
 So shall your fleets in safety waft you o'er,
 From fair Trinacria to th' Hesperian shore ;
 There when arriv'd you visit Cuma's tow'rs,
 Where dark with shady woods Avernus roars,
 You see the Sibyl in her rocky cave, 590
 And hear the furious maid divinely rave.

The

The dark decrees of Fate the virgin sings,
 And writes on leaves, names, characters, and things.
 The mystic numbers, in the cavern laid,
 Are rang'd in order by the sacred maid; 595
 There they repose in ranks along the floor;
 At length a casual wind unfolds the door;
 The casual wind disorders the decrees,
 And the loose fates are scatter'd by the breeze.
 She scorns to range them, and again unite 600
 The fleeting scrolls, or stop their airy flight.
 Then back retreat the disappointed train,
 And curse the Sibyl they consult in vain.
 But thou more wise, thy purpos'd course delay,
 Though thy rash friends should summon thee away;
 And wait with patience, though the flattering gales 606
 Sing in thy throwds, and fill thy opening fails.
 With suppliant pray'rs intreat her to relate,
 In vocal accents all thy various fate.
 Her voice the Italian nations shall declare, 610
 And the whole progress of thy future war.
 Thy numerous toils the prophets shall show,
 And how to shun, or suffer every woe.
 With reverence due, her potent aid implore,
 So shalt thou safely reach the distant shore: 615 }
 Thus far I tell thee, but must tell no more.
 Proceed, brave prince, with courage in thy wars,
 And raise the Trojan glory to the stars.

When thus my fates the royal seer foretold,
 He sent rich gifts of elephant and gold; 620

Within

Within my navy's sides large treasures stow'd
 And brazen cauldrons that refulgent glow'd.
 To me the monarch gave a shining mail,
 With many a golden clasp, and golden scale;
 With this, a beauteous radiant helm, that bore 625
 A waving plume; the helm that Pyrrhus wore.
 My father too with costly gifts he loads,
 And sailors he supplies to stem the floods,
 And generous steeds, and arms to all my train,
 With skilful guides to lead us o'er the main. 630

And now my fire gave orders to unbind
 The gather'd sails, and catch the rising wind;
 Whom thus, at parting, the prophetic sage
 Address'd with all the reverence due to age.
 O favour'd of the skies! whom Venus led 635
 To the high honours of her genial bed,
 Her own immortal beauties to enjoy,
 And twice preserv'd thee from the flames of Troy:
 Lo! to your eyes Ausonian coasts appear;
 Go—to that realm your happy voyage steer. 640
 But far beyond those regions you survey,
 Your coasting fleet must cut the lengthen'd way.
 Still, still at distance lies the fated place,
 Assign'd by Phœbus to the Trojan race.
 Go then, he said, with full success go on, 645
 Oh blest! thrice blest in such a matchless son.
 Why longer should my words your course detain,
 When the soft gales invite you to the main?

Nor less the queen, her love and grief to tell,
 With costly presents takes her sad farewell. 650

She

She gave my son a robe ; the robe of old
 Her own fair hands embroider'd o'er with gold :
 With precious vests she loads the darling boy,
 And a refulgent mantle wrought in Troy.
 Accept, dear youth, she said, these robes I wove 655
 In happier days, memorial of my love.

This trifling token of thy friend receive,
 The last, last present Hector's wife can give.
 Ah ! now, methinks, and only now, I see
 My dear Aſtynax revive in thee ! 660

Such were his motions ! such a sprightly grace
 Charm'd from his eyes, and open'd in his face !
 And had it pleas'd, alas ! the pow'rs divine,
 His blooming years had been the same as thine.

Thus then the mournful last farewell I took, 665
 And, bath'd in tears, the royal pair bespoke :
 Live you long happy in a settled state ;
 'Tis our's to wander still from fate to fate.

Safe have you gain'd the peaceful port of ease,
 Not doom'd to plough th' immeasurable seas ; 670
 Nor seek for Latium, that deludes the view,
 A coast that flies as fast as we pursue.

Here you a new Scamander can enjoy ;
 Here your own hands erect a second Troy :
 With happier omens may she rise in peace, 675
 And less obnoxious than the first to Greece.

If e'er the long-expected shore I gain,
 Where Tyber's streams enrich the flow'ry plain ;
 Or if I live to raise our fated town ;

Our Latian Troy and yours shall join in one ; 680
 In

In one shall center both the kindred states,
 The same their founder, and the same their fates!
 And may their son to future times convey
 The sacred friendship which we sign to-day.

We take to Italy the shortest road, 685
 By steep Ceraunian mountains, o'er the flood.
 Now the descending sun roll'd down the light,
 The hills lie cover'd in the shades of night;
 When some by lot attend, and ply the oars,
 Some, worn with toil, lie stretch'd along the shores: 690
 There, by the murmurs of the heaving deep
 Rock'd to repose, they sunk in pleasing sleep.
 Scarce half the hours of silent night were fled,
 When careful Palinure forsakes his bed;
 And every breath explores that stirs the seas, 695
 And watchful listens to the passing breeze;
 Observes the course of ev'ry orb on high,
 That moves in silent pomp along the sky.
 Arcturus dreadful with the stormy star,
 The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car, 700
 In the blue vault his piercing eyes behold,
 And huge Orion flame in arms of gold.
 When all serene he saw th' ethereal plain,
 He gave the signal to the slumb'ring train.
 We rouse; our opening canvas we display, 705
 And wing with spreading sails the wat'ry way.

Now every star before Aurora flies,
 Whose glowing blushes streak the purple skies:
 When the dim hills of Italy we view'd,
 That peep'd by turns, and div'd beneath the flood. 710
 Lo!

Lo! Italy appears, Achates cries,
 And Italy with shouts, the crowd replies.
 My fire, transported, crowns a bowl with wine,
 Stands on the deck, and calls the pow'rs divine:
 Ye gods! who rule the tempests, earth, and seas, 715
 Befriend our course, and breathe a prosperous breeze.
 Up sprung th' expected breeze; the port we spy,
 Near, and more near; and Pallas' fane on high,
 With the steep hill, rose dancing to the eye. }
 Our sails are furl'd; and from the seas profound, 720
 We turn the prows to land, while ocean foams around.

Where from the raging east the surges flow,
 The land indented bends an ample bow,
 The port conceal'd within the winding shore,
 Dash'd on the fronting cliffs, the billows roar. 725
 Two lofty tow'ring rocks extended wide,
 With outstretch'd arms embrace the murmuring tide.
 Within the mighty wall the waters lie,
 And from the coast the temple seems to fly.

Here first, a dubious omen I beheld; 730
 Four milk-white coursers graz'd the verdant field.
 War, cry'd my fire, these hostile realms prepare;
 Train'd to the fight, these steeds denounce the war.
 But since sometimes they bear the guiding rein,
 Yok'd to the car; the hopes of peace remain. 735
 Then, as her temple rais'd our shouts, we paid
 Our first devotions to the martial maid.

Next, as the rules of Helenus enjoin,
 We veil'd our heads at Juno's sacred shrine;
 And fought heav'n's awful queen with rites divine. }

This

This done ;—once more with shifting sails we fly, 741
 And cautious pass the hostile regions by.
 Hence we renown'd Tarentum's bay behold,
 Renown'd, 'tis said, from Hercules of old.
 Oppos'd, Lacinia's temple rose on high, 745
 And proud Caulonian tow'rs salute the sky.
 Then, near the rocky Scylacæan bay
 For wrecks defam'd, we plough the wat'ry way.
 Now we behold, emerging to our eyes
 From distant floods, Sicilian Ætna rise; 750
 And hear a thund'ring din and dreadful roar
 Of billows breaking on the rocky shore.
 The smoking waves boil high, on every side,
 And scoop the sands, and blacken all the tide.
 Charybdis' gulf, my father cries, behold ! 755
 The direful rocks the royal seer foretold ;
 Ply, ply your oars, and stretch to every stroke :
 Swift as the word, their ready oars they took ;
 First skilful Palinure ; then all the train
 Steer to the left, and plough the liquid plain. 760
 Now on a tow'ring arch of waves we rise,
 Heav'd on the bounding billows, to the skies.
 Then, as the roaring surge retreating fell,
 We shoot down headlong to the depths of hell.
 Thrice the rough rocks rebellow in our ears ; 765
 Thrice mount the foamy tides, and dash the stars.
 The wind now sinking with the lamp of day,
 Spent with her toils, and dubious of the way ;
 We reach the dire Cyclopean shore, that forms
 An ample port, impervious to the storms. 770

But

But Ætna roars with dreadful ruins nigh,
 Now hurls a bursting cloud of cinders high,
 Involv'd in smoky whirlwinds to the sky;
 With loud dislosion, to the starry frame:
 Shoots fiery globes, and furious floods of flame: 775
 Now from her bellowing caverns burst away
 Vast piles of melted rocks, in open day.
 Her shatter'd entrails wide the mountain throws,
 And deep as hell her burning center glows.
 On vast Enceladus this pond'rous load 780
 Was thrown in vengeance by the thund'ring god;
 Who pants beneath the mountains, and expires,
 Through openings huge, the fierce tempestuous fires;
 Oft as he shifts his side, the caverns roar;
 With smoke and flame the skies are cover'd o'er, 785
 And all Trinacria shakes from shore to shore.
 That night we heard the loud tremendous sound,
 The monstrous mingled peal that thunder'd round;
 While in the shelt'ring wood we fought repose;
 Nor knew from whence the dreadful tumult rose. 790
 For not one star displays his golden light;
 The skies lie cover'd in the shades of night;
 The silver moon her glimmering splendor shrouds
 In gathering vapours, and a night of clouds.
 Now fled the dewy shades of night away, 795
 Before the blushes of the dawning day;
 When, from the wood, shot sudden forth in view
 A wretch, in rags that flutter'd as he flew.
 The human form in meager hunger lost;
 The suppliant stranger, more than half a ghost, 800
 Stretch'd forth his hands, and pointed to the coast.

We turn'd to view the fight ;—his vest was torn,
 And ail the tatter'd garb was tagg'd with thorn.
 His beard hangs long, and dust the wretch distains,
 And scarce the shadow of a man remains. 805
 In all besides, a Grecian he appears,
 And late a soldier in the Trojan wars.
 Soon as our Dardan dress and arms he view'd,
 In fear suspended for a space he stood ;
 Stood, stop'd, and paus'd ; then, springing forth, he flies
 All headlong to the shore with pray'rs and cries : 811
 Oh ! by this vital air, the stars on high,
 By every pitying pow'r who treads the sky !
 Ye Trojans, take me hence ; I ask no more ;
 But bear, oh bear me from this dreadful shore. 815
 I own myself a Grecian, and confess
 I storm'd your Ilion with the sons of Greece.
 If that offence must doom me to the grave,
 Ye Trojans, plunge me in the whelming wave.
 I die contented, if that grace I gain ; 820
 I die with pleasure, if I die by man.
 Then kneel'd the wretch, and suppliant clung around
 My knees with tears, and grovel'd on the ground.
 Mov'd with his cries, we urge him to relate
 His name, his lineage, and his cruel fate : 825
 Then by the hand my good old father took
 The trembling youth, who thus encourag'd spoke.
 Ulysses' friend, your empire to destroy,
 I left my native Ithaca for Troy,
 My sire, poor Adamaſtus, sent from far 830
 His son, his Achaemenides, to war ;

Oh !

Oh! had we both our humble state maintain'd,
 And safe in peace and poverty remain'd!
 For me my friends forgetful left behind,
 In the huge Cyclops' ample cave confin'd. 835
 Floating with human gore, the dreadful dome
 Lies wide and waste, a solitary gloom!
 With mangled limbs was all the pavement spread;
 High as the stars he heaves his horrid head.
 The tow'ring giant stalks with matchless might; 840
 A savage fiend! tremendous to the sight.
 (Far, far from earth, ye heav'nly pow'rs, repell
 A fiend so direful to the depths of hell!)
 For slaughter'd mortals are the monster's food,
 The bodies he devours, and quaffs the blood. 845
 These eyes beheld him, when his ample hand
 Seiz'd two poor wretches of our trembling band.
 Stretch'd o'er the cavern, with a dreadful stroke,
 He snatch'd, he dash'd, he brain'd 'em on the rock.
 In one black torrent swam the smoking floor; 850
 Fierce he devours the limbs that drop with gore;
 The limbs yet sprawling, dreadful to survey!
 Still heave and quiver while he grinds the prey.
 But mindful of himself, that fatal hour,
 Not unreveng'd their death Ulysses bore. 855
 For while the nodding savage sleeps supine,
 Gorg'd with his horrid feast, and drown'd in wine;
 And, stretch'd o'er half the cave, ejects the load
 Of human offals mixt with human blood:
 Trembling, by lot we took our posts around, 860
 Th' enormous giant slumb'ring on the ground.

Then (ev'ry god invok'd, who rules the sky)
 Plunge the sharp weapon in his monstrous eye ;
 His eye, that midst his frowning forehead shone,
 Like some broad buckler, or the blazing sun. 865
 Thus we reveng'd our dear companions lost :
 But fly, ye Trojans, fly this dreadful coast.
 For know, a hundred horrid Cyclops more
 Range on these hills, and dwell along the shore,
 As huge as Polypheme, the giant swain, 870
 Who milk, like him, in caves the woolly train.
 Now thrice the moon, fair empress of the night,
 Has fill'd her growing horns with borrow'd light,
 Since in these woods I pass'd the hours away,
 In dens of beasts, and savages of prey, 875
 Saw on the rocks the Cyclops ranging round,
 Heard their loud footsteps thund'ring on the ground,
 With each big bellowing voice, and trembled at the
 sound. }

Here every stony fruit I pluck for food,
 Herbs, cornels, roots, and berries of the wood. 880
 While round I gaze, your fleet I first explore,
 The first that touch'd on this detested shore ;
 To 'scape these savages, I flew with joy
 To meet your navy, though it sail'd from Troy. 885
 If I but shun the cruel hands of these ;
 Do you destroy me by what death you please.

Scarce had he said ; when lo ! th' enormous swain,
 Huge Polyphemus, 'midst his fleecy train,
 A bulk prodigious ! from the mountain's brow
 Descends terrific to the shore below : 890

A mon-

A monster grim, tremendous, vast, and high;
His front deform'd, and quench'd his blazing eye!
His huge hand held a pine, tall, large, and strong,
To guide his footsteps as he tow'r'd along.

His flock attends, the only joy he knows; 895

His pipe around his neck, the solace of his woes.
Soon as the giant reach'd the deeper flood,
With many a groan he cleans'd the gather'd blood
From his bor'd eye-ball in the briny main,
And, bellowing, grinds his teeth in agonizing pain. 900

Then stalks enormous through the midmost tides;
And scarce the topmast surges reach his sides.

Aboard, the well-deserving Greek we took,
And, pale with fear, the dreadful coast forsook;
Cut every cord with eager speed away, 905

Bend to the stroke, and sweep the foamy sea.
The giant heard; and, turning to the sound,
At first pursu'd us through the vast profound;
Stretch'd his huge hand to reach the fleet in vain;
Nor could he ford the deep Ionian main. 910

With that, the furious monster roar'd so loud,
That Ocean shook in ev'ry distant flood;
Trembled all Italy from shore to shore;
And Ætna's winding caves rebellow to the roar.

Rous'd at the peal, the fierce Cyclopean train 915
Rush'd from their woods and mountains to the main;
Around the port the ghastly brethren stand,
A dire assembly! covering all the strand.

In each grim forehead blaz'd the single eye;
In vain enrag'd the monstrous race we spy, 920 }
A host of giants tow'ring in the sky. }

So on some mountain tow'rs the lofty grove
 Of beauteous Dian, or imperial Jove ;
 Th' aërial pines in pointed spires from far,
 Or spreading oaks, majestic nod in air. 925
 Headlong we fly with horror, where the gales
 And speeding winds direct the flutt'ring sails.
 But Helenus forbids to plough the waves
 Where Scylla roars, and fierce Charybdis raves.
 As death stands dreadful 'midst the dangerous road, 930
 With backward course we plough the foamy flood ;
 When, from Pelorus' point a northern breeze
 Swells every sail, and wafts us o'er the seas ;
 First, where Pantagia's mouth appear'd in view,
 Flank'd by a range of rocks, the navy flew : 935
 Then, shooting by the fam'd Megarean bay,
 And lowly Tapfus cut the wat'ry way.
 These coasts by Achaemenides were shown,
 Who follow'd, late, Læertes' wand'ring son :
 Familiar with the track he past before, 940
 He names the lands, and points out ev'ry shore.
 An isle, once call'd Ortygia, fronts the sides
 Of rough Plemmyrium, and Sicanian tides.
 Hither, 'tis said, Alpheus, from his source
 In Elis' realms, direct his watry course : 945
 Beneath the main he takes his secret way,
 And mounts with Arethusa's streams to day :
 Now a Sicilian flood his course he keeps,
 And rolls with blended waters to the deeps.
 Admonish'd, I adore the guardian gods, 950
 Then pass the bounds of rich Helorus' floods.

Next

Next our fleet gallies by Pachynus glide,
 Whose rocks projecting stretch into the tide.
 The Camarinian marsh I now survey;
 By fate forbidden to be drain'd away. 955
 Then the Geloan fields with Gela came
 In view, who borrow'd from the flood their name.
 With her huge wall proud Agragas succeeds;
 A realm, of old renown'd for generous steeds.
 From thee, Selinus, swift before the wind 960
 We flew, and left thy sinking palms behind;
 By Lilybaeum's sides our course pursu'd,
 Whose rocks insidious hide beneath the flood:
 And reach (those dangerous shelves and shallows past)
 The fatal port of Drepanum at last. 965
 Wretch as I was, on this detested coast,
 The chief support of all my woes, I lost;
 My dear, dear father—sav'd, but sav'd in vain
 From all the tempests of the raging main.
 Nor did the royal sage this blow foretell; 970
 Nor did the direful Harpy-queen of hell,
 Among her frightful prodigies, foreshow
 This last sad stroke, this unexpected woe.
 Here all my labours, all my toils were o'er,
 And hence heav'n led me to your friendly shore. 975
 Thus, while the room was hush'd, the prince relates
 The wondrous series of his various fates;
 His long, long wand'rings, and unnumber'd woes:
 Then ceas'd; and sought the blessings of repose.

End of the Third Book.

P
To
Dr
An
i
On
On
On
Th
Th
To
Pa
On

C O N T E N T S

O F

P I T T ' S P O E M S .

P R E F A C E	-	-	Page 5
To Mr. Christopher Pitt, on his Poems and Translations,	-	-	7
Dr. Cobden to Mr. Pitt, on his having a Bay Leaf sent him from Virgil's Tomb,	-	-	10
An Epistle to Dr. Edward Young, at Eastbury, in Dorsetshire, on the Review at Sarum, 1722.	-	-	11
On the approaching Delivery of her Royal High- ness, in the Year 1721. An Ode.	-	-	14
On the Marriage of the Prince of Orange, and the Princess Royal of England,	-	-	17
On the Marriage of Frederic Prince of Wales, and Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha,	-	-	19
The First Hymn of Callimachus to Jupiter,	-	-	22
The Second Hymn of Callimachus to Apollo,	-	-	26
To Sir James Thornhill, on his excellent Painting, the Rape of Helen, at the Seat of General Erle in Dorsetshire. Written in the Year 1718,	-	-	32
Part of the Second Book of Statius,	-	-	38
On the Death of a Young Gentleman,	-	-	45
VOL. LII.	A a	-	Christ's

Christ's Passion, from a Greek Ode of Mr. Master's, formerly of New College. An Ode,	46
On the King's Return, in the Year 1720,	48
On the Masquerades, - -	50
On a Shadow. An Ode, - -	52
To Cælia playing on a Lute. An Ode, -	54
To the Unknown Author of the Battle of the Sexes, - - -	55
The Twelfth Ode of the First Book of Horace, Translated, - - -	56
The XXIIId Ode of the First Book of Horace,	58
A Prologue for the Strollers, -	60
Psalms VIII, Translated, - -	62
Psalms XXIV, Paraphrased, - -	63
Psalms XXIX, - - -	66
Psalms XLVI, Paraphrased, - -	67
Psalms XC, Paraphrased, - -	69
Psalms CXXXIX, Paraphrased, in Miltonic Verse,	72
Psalms CXLIV, Paraphrased, -	77
The Third Chapter of Job, - -	79
Job, Chap. XXV, Paraphrased, -	82
The Song of Moses, in the XVth Chapter of Exodus, Paraphrased, - -	84
The Third Ode of the Second Book of Horace, Paraphrased, - -	88
The Third Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace, Paraphrased, - - -	90
On the approaching Congress of Cambray. Written in the Year 1721, - -	92
The Fable of the Young Man and his Cat,	94
To	

CONTENTS.

347

To Mr. Pope, on his Translation of Homer's	
Iliad, - - -	97
Specimen of a Translation of the Odyssey,	99
On his Majesty's Playing with a Tiger in Ken-	
sington Gardens, - -	101
A Dialogue between a Poet and his Servant, in	
Imitation of Horace, Book II. Sat. VII.	103
Ode to John Pitt, Esq. advising him to build a	
Banquet-house on a Hill that overlooks the	
Sea, - - -	107
Ode to John Pitt, Esq. on the same Subject,	110
On Mrs. Walker's Poems, particularly that on	
the Author, - - -	112
Verses on a Flowered Carpet, worked by the	
Young Ladies at Kingston, -	113
Verses on a Flowered Carpet, - -	114
On the Art of Preaching. A Fragment. In Imi-	
tation of Horace's Art of Poetry, -	115
Invitation to Mr. Dodington. In Allusion to Ho-	
race, Book I. Epistle V. - -	118
Mr. R. Pitt, to his Brother C. Pitt. On his	
having a Fit of the Gout, - -	119
Written in the Folds of a Pin-paper, -	121
De Minimis Maxima. Autore Ludovico Dun-	
combe, - - -	122
Translation of the foregoing, by Mr. Pitt,	122
An Epitaph, inscribed on a Stone that covers his	
Father, Mother, and Brother, -	123
A Poem on the Death of Earl Stanhope,	124
Epitaph on Dr. Keil, the famous Astronomer,	131

Horace,

Horace, Book II. Ep. XIX. Imitated. An Epistle to Mr. Robert Lowth, - - -	132
To Mr. Spence, prefixed to the Essay on Pope's Odyssey, - - -	134
Imitation of Spenser, - - -	135
Epistle to J. Pitt, Esq. in Imitation of Horace,	137
Epistle to Mr. Spence, in Imitation of Horace,	139
Invitation to a Friend at Court, -	142
Epistle to Mr. Spence, when Tutor to Lord Mid- dlesex ; in Imitation of Horace, -	144
Vida's Art of Poetry, - - -	148
Virgil's <i>Æneid</i> . Book I. - - -	231
—Book II, - - -	269
—Book III, - - -	309



END OF THE FIFTY-SECOND VOLUME.

2

4

5

7

9

2

4

8

1

9

9